

FRONTIERS of HOPE



HORACE M. KALLEN

8 no

FRONTIERS
OF HOPE



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2023 with funding from
No Sponsor

»»»»»»»»»»

FRONTIERS OF HOPE

»»»»»»»»»»

*HORACE · M
KALLEN*



8416

1 . 9 . 2 . 9

»»»»»»»»»»

HORACE LIVERIGHT
NEW YORK

PROPERTY OF
PEARLMAN MEMORIAL LIBRARY
CENTRAL BIBLE INSTITUTE

Copyright • 1929 • by
HORACE LIVERIGHT·INC

Printed in the United States



Dedicated

TO THE MEMORY OF

ESTHER REBECCA GLAZIER KALLEN

CONTENTS



PART ONE

Remnants That Return

I. OUT OF EGYPT	3
II. JERUSALEM AND TEL AVIV .	23
III. OLD SETTLERS AND NEW COL- ONISTS	54
IV. ZIONIST IDEALS AND PALES- TINIAN REALITIES . . .	93

PART TWO

Out of the Polish Depths

I. NEW POLAND AND OLD PAN	121
II. RIGHTS WITHOUT POWER .	145
III. RABBIS, ROBOTS AND <i>Luft-</i> <i>menschen</i>	164
IV. HUNGER INTO POWER . .	211

PART THREE

Salvage in Russia

I. THE RUSSIAN SCENE . . .	271
♦ II. NEW SALVATION AND THE ANCIENT SIN	359

III. THE JACOB AND ESAU OF	
RUSSIAN JEWRY . . .	384
IV. LAND + HOMES = HOME-	
LAND	395

EPILOGUE

The Ways of Job

Part One

Remnants That Return

*And they that escape the sword
shall return out of the land of
Egypt into the land of Judah few
in number; and all the remnant of
Judah that are gone into the land
of Egypt to sojourn there shall
know whose word shall stand,
mine or theirs.*

— J E R . XLIV, 28.

CHAPTER I
OUT OF EGYPT

I

IN WINTER, the way from Rome to Jerusalem lies through Egypt. Then ships cannot make harbor at Jaffa, nor would it be profitable to them to do so if they could. Travelers to the east are hurrying to Egypt; for in Egypt the sands are warm and the air is dry all winter. The same journey costs more than in summer. The price of passage, of attendance, of everything, has gone up and the manners of the young gentlemen who wait behind the counters of tourists' bureaus have become noticeably less refined. Such is the custom of the market, when demand presses and the supply cannot increase. At this time, whatever class you travel by, you have become a beggar; how shall you receive the deference that belongs only to the choosers? Among those who serve the traveler, manners have their seasons; there are summer manners and winter manners. But who that seeks a winter sun, will buy his way to it in summer? Health and holidays are not arranged with so far a providence. Sufficient unto the day. . . . Especially in Rome. Especially when your

time is limited and an anxious sister is expecting you in Jerusalem. You stand not on the order of your going but go as you can.

A fascistically cleansed *wagon-lit* carries you to Brindisi. There you take the customary liner, which has come down from Trieste, *en route* for Alexandria. That liner is a ship too short for her width. She makes her way through the fine Mediterranean weather like a squat, bulging Neapolitan who has mixed too much *campari* with his *pasta*. Fortunately, it is only a three days' sail. Every one of those three days the sun shines and the wind blows and the blue sea lifts in feathered spray. You notice no Jews among your fellow travelers, alert though you are, nor any Americans that you can recognize. You would be lonely, did no sun and wind and wave fill even the moral vacuum created by British trippers and German *schieber*. If the costly old tub were only not dancing the black bottom on the blue Mediterranean waters, you would be, oh, so happily idle, loafing and inviting your soul. As it is, a thing not at all your soul threatens to come without invitation. To quiet not at all your soul you compose your mind. You review your Roman interlude. You write down, that those who have stayed at home may read and admire, how you spoke with Mussolini and what he said to you and what

you said to him. You reflect: Alas, that the dictator's omnipotence failed at the ship's side! Here you are, riding a piece of territory as Italian under the law of nations as the Chigi Palace, yet that griping sedative and gargantuan cathartic, the march on Rome, has done not a thing to pacify it!

However, the three days pass quickly. Soon—but none too soon, you think—comes Alexandria. No sooner do you get acquainted with Alexandria than you change your mind. You realize that Alexandria is altogether too previous, that you'd rather continue even on the unfasciticized old tank of a ship.

By and large, Egyptians live off three things: cotton, politics, and tourists. Cotton is an affair of the *fellah* and the foreigner, a matter of hard patient strainful labor and dubious income upon the endlessly oozy Nilotic flats; a matter of trade and gambling in low city counting rooms. Politics is an affair of students and landlords, eating up the increase of the countryside in cities, driven less by a concern for the well-being of their land than for the advancement of a special interest or the vanity of a special person. Tourists are the affair of everybody, particularly of entire municipal populations; they are manna in the desert of life, hunted down and bagged to the

last copper *metallik*. The chase begins as soon as a ship is sighted and her siren heard. Uncounted boats put out toward her, manned by huntsmen from every hotel and tourists' agency and pirate's den that hopes to shake the honest piastres down from the tourist's hide. They come, dirtily bright like a circus sideshow, shouting like a camp-meeting convicted of sin. Their design seems to be to confuse the quarry with sights and stun him with sounds. In this condition he may be easily captured and carried off for the plucking.

If the couriers, porters, dragomans, guides, commissionaires, pimps, or other legalized contactmen don't get him, he becomes the game of one or more of the mob of poachers, crowding, avid and stinking, at the pier gate. No sooner does he pass through it than he is singled out. A figure like Elijah or a floor-mop detaches itself from the mob. It does not beg; it does not speak; it just stalks like a Burns detective hunting a Washington juror. When the tourist reaches his destination—his carriage or the customs house—the figure gives voice: "Pay me, sare, for my wor-r-rk, and let me go home."

"Your work? Who are you? What work?"

"Have I not accompanied you to this place?"

"Bah! Get out!"

And thereupon begins a nagging monologue, running from whines and tears to curses and threats. In no way innocent bystanders corroborate the artist in high finance. With sundry Bismillahs they declare that a bargain was struck on the ship. That in their own honest presences a bargain was made that Elijah or the floor-mop should serve the Effendi as guide, philosopher and friend. And for a fabulous sum, which to save the Effendi's face and to enable the financier to go home quickly to his eight starving babes and one desolate wife, might be reduced by half—by three quarters—but “give him sometheeng, anytheeng, sare, for his work. I am not lying to you. He is a poor man and he has twelve very small children.” Inattention, kicks, threats to call the police are of no use. Such police as lounge about are scrupulously busy looking the other way. The financier sticks with a persistence which awakens admiration. This is the industry which built the pyramids, and set up the Sphinx. If only it were now devoted to building the pyramids instead of despoiling the Israelites! Well! Wearied at last, as the financier knew he would be, the tourist throws him a coin . . . the carriage is anyhow ready*to start. But the coin is a stimulant, not a sedative; the financier runs after the carriage: “You have not given me enough! It is not fair,

sare. You come here once a year and you give me nothing!"

And perhaps it isn't fair. The populace of Alexandria do not impress the casual eye as happy, or healthy, or busy. Their dwellings don't strike one as being the sort of slum that the municipal authorities of even Chicago or Glasgow would tolerate. Certainly the tourist coming once a year should do better by the permanent slum-population. But alas, he is compelled to devote the bulk of his Egyptian budget to the limited section of their more efficient competitors—the rapacious hotels, the treacherous, thieving hotel-porters and the rest of the peerage of parasites. He is relieved to have to face only the insolence and self-importance of the rabble of passport and customs bureaucrats. He is happy at last to be on a train that will take him from the fallen city of Alexander to the once more rising city of David.

2

EGYPT, as in the times before Abraham unto this very day, encloses not only the fat flat Nile lands of Africa, but the flat stark sands of Arabia Deserta. Sinai is Egypt's, and El Arish; the whole desert that stretches, two hundred kilometers long and uncertainly wide, from Kantara to Rafa, is

Egypt's. Kantara is where, in a ridiculous ferry, you cross the Suez Canal from Africa into Asia. Legend hath it that in the good old days before there was a canal, there were two lakes. These lakes were separated by a limestone ridge. This ridge was a great highway. Over it the horse and his rider, the camels, the asses, and the she-asses of caravans, their attendants and their owners and their guards, used to pass on intercontinental journeys. Before that, in even better days, God the son, Mary his mother and Joseph his step-father followed the ridge in their flight to Egypt. And before that in days better still, it was the great white way to Mizraim for the generations of the fathers of Israel, for Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. Believe it or not, it is an honest and hard-working legend and when it's told you dithyrambically with appropriate grimaces and gestures, you must willy-nilly be ready with an appropriate sentiment—in cold cash, one round silver dollar. If you are not, you are an unregenerate misbeliever, a giaour, a Jew, and an Epicurean.

Besides being a very ancient and immensely respectable bridge which has, for its sins perhaps, been transformed into a modern ferry, Kantara is a health resort for sand flies. These benefit the Jewish upbuilding of the Jewish homeland to the

extent of keeping one busy professor at the Hebrew University fully occupied. He is no sluggard, but he considers the sand fly. Its fellow institutions at Kantara are the customhouse and railway station. You go through the sand from the one to the other. Long after the oh, so important young customs clerks have done with you and the porters and dragomans have been tipped once and have returned an hour or so later to see what they can wheedle or sneak again, you enter the scrupulously unclean *wagon-lit* maintained by the Palestine Railways for the costly discomfort of travelers to the Promised Land, and stay awake all the way to Jerusalem . . .

Why did I stay awake? Not, alas, because I shared the glamorous passion of Jehuda Halevy for the Daughter of Zion. Lover of legend though I am, and not without lore in Zion's ancient story, I was, I must confess it, much more deeply stirred when my ship passed the isles of Greece than when my train entered the hills of Judah. Others, Jews, fellow travelers, whom I met the next day, told me that they had not slept either. But they had patriotism, they had piety. In the eyes of some was the gleam of vision; in the voices of others, the cadence of ecstasy. I remember one girl: she told me she had been traveling third class from New York, all the way. . . . They had

sung songs and chanted psalms and talked and talked and shouted. And that was one reason why I could not sleep. Another was that it was that kind of train; it had the motion of an arrack-drunken camel with the hiccups, and a harmonizing smell. (I found later that this was the standard equipment for trains in Palestine.) A third was my companion.

Ah, my companion! His name—his name doesn't matter. He and it were all over Nordic. A little fat ball of a man he was, with two bags as large as himself. From Alexandria to Jerusalem his life was a battle for the possession of those bags with every gentle ruffian of a porter or commissionaire who tried to yank them out of his tight little grasp so that he might restore them for the price of an adequate number of piastres. I delight to record that never once did a swine of an infidel win. In this chain of battles between Christianity and Islam, the West and the East, the West was ever the victor. Let us, in these days of sibylline warnings against rising tides of color and the like, accept the omen. Never once did any Egyptian misbeliever succeed in getting so much as a grip on the handle of one of my companion's bulging bags. Glory be, his grasp was as firm as his fear was great and his fear was great as his English pride was excessive

and his English pride was excessive as the land of his nativity and life was far from England. He was an Australian by birth and breeding, a Methodist by confession, a preacher by vocation. For voice he owned a penetrating treble, that ran the gamut of a Cockney dialect which ancestral London had made and filial Australia perfected. During the whole ride from Alexandria to Kantara his choice accents laid bare to all the fez-crowned Pharaohs in our compartment how barbarous, dirty, cowardly and ungrateful were the Egyptians. Where, he asked, unanswerably, would they be without the British? When I ventured mildly, "In Egypt," a lovely but fattened Tut opposite us snickered and said, in authentic Oxford English: "Certainly. With the British we are also in many other places. Without them we should be only in Egypt." Whereupon my little Methodist glared and his knees closed tighter round the bag between them. In the customs he was so afraid that they would cheat him that the so wise and vigilant inspectors came to think that he was trying to cheat them and left their unmistakable signs manual on his clean underthings. In the *wagon-lit* the washstand baffled him—it would not have helped anybody to understand it, but then—and he moistened his handkerchief from the water bottle to wash his face. Suggestions as to

the ritual proper for the working of a *wagon-lit* washbasin did not win his gratitude. His discomfort took the form of a pæan to Australia. There things were better, things were bigger, things were busier; the earth was earthier, the wool woolier, the sheep more sheepish and the cattle—ah!—Australia was by way of supplying the whole world, Palestine included, with beef. . . . After he had bedded himself down I discovered that Australia was by way of supplying the world, Palestine included, also with snores. No ram's horn on Atonement Day could blow so shattering a blast. What chance had sentiment or piety or romance or Jericho before it? . . .

Slowly the night wore on. Against the closed window of the compartment the desert sand sprayed and drummed and rapped and fell. I listened, tossing, to that sandy susurrations beating like surf of the sea. I should have liked to open the window and look out, but I dared not. Once I had done it, and for that glimpse of star-glitter, bright white in a silk-blue sky, my mouth and nose were stopped with sand; my eyes were stung. No, the window must stay down, the stars shut out. But through the grayed glass, looking straight, I could see the white and shining sands lift in rhythmical massed shapes against the far horizon—lift and lilt, lift and lilt, now slowly,

now swiftly, now high, now low, a ghostly company of furtive dancers, stepping a ritual before an unseen ark. How bright they were, how like cold flame! "This," I discovered myself thinking, "this is the pillar of fire by night, the cloud by day. Should it blow harder, or the train go faster, would there not be a voice out of the whirlwind? . . ."

Slowly the night wore on, the train clacking its way on flat, reluctant wheels among the ghostly dancers of the shifting, shining sands. All at once the morning; no sun, but another light pitiless as awakening from a golden dream. Gone is the magic, gone the glamour, gone the dancers and the God. Only dim gray sand stretches like a blotchy skin to the horizon's edge; cold shadows fall damply. In his berth the Methodist turns and grunts; his snoring stops. Northward and eastward appears a high, thin, undulating line of vegetation, palms perhaps. The tattoo of the sand on the train dies down. I doze. . . .

A rattle; shouting; the screech and grind of brakes. I start full awake. Day is already a lusty two hours old and we are at Ludd. They say St. George of Merrie England was born and was finally buried here. It did the place no good, so far as I can see, nor does Ludd seem to have sucked any benefit from the visit a saint no less

than Peter is reported to have paid it. Looking at the shining morning faces of the natives collected to view their day's most dramatic scene, I decide that even Boston, Mass., would be a strong competitor as a home city. My Australian is far more positive. Nothing in sight is worth even comparing with Australia.

"It's a poor country, a poor country," runs his psalm of life, piercingly. "Backward, that's what it is, backward. They can't be up and enterprising here."

In the compartment, after the train has turned eastward and begun to climb the sad Judean hills, he became emphatic. "Barren," he shrills, "barren! It's a desert. It's the judgment of the Lord. Look at those rocks. Look at the sheep— Now in Queensland we have sheep— Did you see—call that a farm? How can anybody live here? Why, I wouldn't live here—"

"Jesus lived here," I ventured softly.

This shocked him, rather. He had, it was clear, clean forgotten about Jesus. I could see the word working on him, see him trying to reorder his mood to the correct one of reverence and humility, to work up a feeling of glamour and mystery. But he couldn't. The Holy Land as a sight in Palestine had nothing in common with the Holy Land as a vision in Australia. Methodist and

minister he might be; disillusion held him captive none the less. Only later, when he shall have returned to his beloved Australia and be talking wonders in pulpit and press, when the envy of the stay-at-homes will soothe him and the presence of the reality not sober him, will the glamour and the mystery return. Then the vision will swallow up the sight and the two be one. But not in Palestine. In Australia the Holy Land can flow with milk and honey; in Australia the Holy Land can be holy. Not in Palestine. I recall how Allenby's troops, building this very railroad we are traveling over, named it the Milk and Honey Railroad when they started and the Desert Railroad when they finished.

We climb. Right and left the train puffs by monuments—the reputed crusaders' tower of the "forty martyrs"; the long, low mound of Gezer that figures so often in the Tel-el-Amarna tablets; war vestiges at the vale of Sorek . . . and cliff and rubble and stone . . . and stone and cliff and rubble. . . . All over this area, as far as the train meanders or the eye can reach, were enacted those trivial scenes in the life-drama of a barbarous strong people which, in the pathos of religion, are now so momentous and unforgettable to their too civilized weak descendants. Over there, at Ekron, the Philistines suffered and died

because the Ark of the Lord was among them when the Lord didn't want it to be. At another point, south and west, is Elah, where, under the eyes of opposing armies, young David killed Goliath with his sling. In Sorek itself Delilah lived and lured and Samson did his stuff. . . . Some say Samson was a sun myth. . . .

But what's the use? We climb. There is nothing to attach all this remembering to but sheer and shining rock. Barren, barren! The shrill word of the little round minister echoes in my mind. Barren, barren—and beautiful. Ah, beautiful! These hills we climb and valleys we thread are of limestone rock. Where the sunlight falls on them they glow with an inward fire of topaz or ruby or cinnabar; in the shade they are a dark warm brown. Roadways spin a slim and silver maze among them. Gardens lie, shining patterns of green coolness, upon their slopes. Groves of olive trees make a darker, grayer, terraced tracery. The gleaming villages with their white buildings and occasional domes are like pearls under the sunlight. Among them herds of black goats graze, and tiny goatherds tend them; when they move, it is as a pool of brightness.

And the scene is one complete well-ordered pattern. Here no mountains stretch and lose themselves in clouds, no valleys spread to drop over

the horizon's edge. Nothing is vague, nothing unfinished, nothing exceeds and looms. Far places are near in the clear air; depths and heights are measured to the human scale. Wherever you turn the scene is self-contained. Its colors are high and warm, sometimes indeed, hot. Against the general sand-gold earth tint the blue of the heaven deepens; against the deeper blue of heaven earth's golden gamut brightens. Never have I seen, nowhere have I seen, a blue so deeply yet so brightly blue, an earth of gold so glowing radiant yellow to a secret orange flame. The very air is shining, shining; alive with light, and trembling. What the Psalmist said was true—in this light, the mountains do skip like rams, the little hills like lambs.

Later I found wherever I went in Palestine the same general effect of semi-translucent limestone upon atmosphere and sky. The soil drinks in light, light of the burnished sun or light of the silver moon, and pours it forth again, as a mirror might, but stained with the soil's own radiance. The air tingles and thrills with this light. Light beats and breaks when a wind stirs. Withal, there is that in the cadence of the landscape, in the grouping and slope of the hills, in the spread and the break of the plains, which runs a plaintive counterpoint upon the shining theme. The spirit is taken with a poignant beauty; the heart flutters

on a tragic edge of joy, realized perhaps but once and forever unforgettable.

3

Weeks after, in Tel Aviv, not far from the barracks of the *G'dud Awodah*, where, because Ernst Toller asked me to, I had gone to find the *G'dud's* philosopher Dawid Hurwitz (I never did find him), there came my way an involuntary testimony of the meaning of this scene which is Palestine. The raggle-taggle dwellings of the Workers' Battalion lie far up the Tel Aviv shore, near the admirable Workers' House which stands, almost on the edge of the town, a monument to freedom and fellowship among disinherited young men who had nothing to give but their work. Returning to my hotel, I went down a long road, mostly over unpaved streets of deep sand. As I picked my difficult way, an obvious stranger, there overtook me what I noticed first as a pair of bare bronzed feet, none too clean. The limbs they were ends to were covered by khaki knickers through which at inappropriate spots showed more bronzed flesh, also not too clean. A similarly ventilated cotton khaki shirt completed the costume. Its wearer had a stick in his hand, a cigarette in his mouth.

"A stranger, ha? *Shalom*," he said. The face

that turned to me was young and red and several days unshaven: of a definitely Slavic cast, the cheekbones high, the mouth wide and thin-lipped—the nose snub, the eyes blue, the hair tawny where it was not burned by the sun.

“*Shalom*,” I returned. He walked beside me silent, puffing his cigarette.

“What are you doing?” I asked at last.

“Nothing.”

“What’s the matter?”

“No work. There’s a crisis. There’s been a crisis for a year.”

“How do you live, then?”

“Et-t-t-t.” This is as near as I can come to the peculiarly Yiddish sound—the dialogue was in the dubious Hebrew each of us could muster—by which he expressed deprecation. “The comrades help—a day’s work here, a day’s work there. Then the *Histadruth*, when it can collect, pays me something. I do odd jobs—even waiting on table—when I can get them. I am a good guide. I have been all over Palestine eleven times, up and down, back and forth. I know it as I know myself. I know the Arabs. But I prefer to stay in the city. Only there’s nothing doing. I think I shall have to join up with a *Kwutzah* again. I don’t want to. I wish I had never returned to Palestine.”

“Returned?”

“Yes. What is there so wonderful about that?”

I came over with the first *Halutzim*—how long ago was it—five years, six years ago? I was hopeful of Palestine and fed up with Europe. After eighteen months I wasn't so hopeful; I thought I'd try Russia, where things were moving faster."

"Did you?"

"Did I? And if I tell you I was president of Xover Soviet and fought the counter-revolutionists, will you believe me?"

"Why didn't you stay?"

"Oh, I couldn't go it. I wanted to come back here. I did come back, got restless again and went to France, to Paris—Paris didn't turn the trick either. Before I knew it I was back here again, in their quarry with the *G'dud*, and after, working at odd jobs for myself. The *G'dud* people made me tired. So did the odd jobs. I beat it out of the country again—to Switzerland. Thought I'd study to be a doctor in Berne. I have an uncle there, not badly off. I was a year in Berne, now here I am again, plop, right in the middle of the crisis."

"Why did you come back?"

"I don't know. It draws me."

I looked at my watch and invited him, as he was going my way anyhow, to come all the way and lunch with me. His eyes gleamed but his body stiffened. It took persuasion to get him to accept, even though acceptance was a foregone conclu-

sion. Over lunch he told me his story—the comfortable childhood home in Kiev, the tradesman father dealing in grain, the school, the gymnasium, the anti-Semitism of teachers and students, the reaction toward revolution, the reaction toward Zionism, the secret and open work for these causes, the war, conscription, a German prison-life, the determination then to settle in Palestine, and—disillusion. *Kwutzah*, *G'dud*, *Moshav*, he had tried them all. At present he was ostensibly in *Solelboneh*, a stonecutter, but unemployed. No, Russia wasn't any better. All he could see, in Palestine or in Russia—futility. Yet he had come back to Palestine. No, no, no, not because of a woman—what is a woman, anyway?—nor yet for the sake of any particular near friend. He had simply come back; he didn't know why. But out there, *chuz l'aaretz*, he couldn't rest. There was something—color of earth . . . or sky—or something. It drew him, it just drew him. He had to come back.

And that is what, after hours of talk, the whole story boiled down to. There is something: it draws one, it just draws. Draws against hunger, poverty, disillusion and the hope itself of a good life outside this land. Those who have had the eyes to see and the good luck to be taken with its indescribable sad beauty know what I mean.

CHAPTER II

JERUSALEM AND TEL AVIV

I

JERUSALEM, like Rome, sits upon her seven hills, more or less, and though she never had a throne of beauty, she was believed for a thousand years to be the rule and center of the world. Anciently her children, looking across Arabia Petra to Babylon or across the desert of Sinai to Mizraim, were envious for her place in the eyes of the world. They dreamed her dreams of empire. They put pledges in the mouth of Jehovah their God. They foretold a Cæsarian future for the seed of Israel his people whom he had chosen. But the dreams stayed dreams. Until our own times, throughout all the changes and chances of her history, Jerusalem has remained in fact what she always was, a hill town from whose several tops her sons may be shown by Satan the whole of Palestine; a place of stones without water, easy to garrison, simple to defend. Does not *Zion* itself mean "arid"? And what else was in David's mind when he chose that stony, heaping hill and took the city of the Jebusites for his own? Not Calvary, certainly, whence a thousand

years later she did become the chiefest city of the western world, the ruling city of its despairful dream. It is not the image of David, however, nor the thought of Calvary that stirs the heart at the sight of Jerusalem which may be had from Olivet—a dome-topped near-eastern town, sprawling black and white and golden over sundry hills, possessed by quarreling Christian sects, administered by Moslem graft, policed by British authority and inhabited nearly half by Arabs, nearly half by Jews, a little by monks of various Christian orders. What stir the heart are other, nobler images; of that passionate sad prophet of Anathoth, Jeremiah, and his bitter, bitter mourning: of the fiery patriot Isaiah, who loved righteousness better than security and for three years strode the streets of his beloved city, bare of foot and stripped to the waist, denouncing the sins of the daughter of Zion, urging her to repent, promising her millennial empire and universal peace.

Almost this Isaiah might be any porter, staggering and striding with his burden to the railroad station on the outskirts of his city. What, one wonders, would he have made of the scene? The crawling, roaring engine. The squeaking brakes. The flat-wheeled smelly cars. The unkempt travelers, the seats of their Arab pants

flapping beneath the skirts of their European overcoats; their turbans topped with an occasional bowler. The cabs called victorias, and the half-starved horses that drew them. The Fords and the busses and the other motors. The tumult of the coachmen, and the shouting. *And* the smells. And far away and over all, the first faint hum and whirl of an airplane, swelling, mounting, swelling, until it is the thunder and the black cloud home of thunder in the very pith and center of the bluey brightness that passes here for sky. Would the prophet have called the names of cherubim and seraphim? Would he have been afraid? Or would he have blessed his Jehovah and given thanks that he had lived and stood up and attained the vision of such miracles and wonders on this day? To the stolid rabble hereabout, whose hearts and ways are no more learned than the prophets' of nearly thirty hundred years ago, these monstrosities are common-places now; the airplane gets scarcely a glance; the train and automobiles are as little remarkable as camels and asses. Interest is fastened upon the alighting travelers, the gold bringers, the bak-sheesh and work givers. These absorb the rabble. But they are not a rabble like the Alexandrian. Their manners are less importunate, their greed is more controlled. Their rags are a miscellany, and

they stink. They fawn and whine and beg. . . . Yet they have a dignity.

Or perhaps it is that the unmediated British authority makes a difference, the soft smartness and the sudden snap, the easy assurance and the quick justice. . . . On the homeward journey, at Gaza, where Samson once pulled the temple down and the leisurely Palestine express now makes one of its gossipy long stops, I happened upon the inwardness of this authority. A big lout began to bully a small boy with a delight not unpathological. The crowd gathered around watched the cruel game with gratification. The boy wept and screamed and rolled on the ground. Standing there in conversation, his back to the scene, was a British officer. At the cry he turned. Swiftly he took in the situation. He could hardly have been expected to soil his hands. But with casual quick deliberateness he caught the lout by the nape of the neck, turned him over and down, with his swagger stick administered a spanking in the classic place and in the classic manner, then dropped him and lightly resumed the conversation he had as lightly interrupted. He might have been flicking a handkerchief or brushing a fly. The lout whined, "Oh, sare! Oh, sare!" The crowd looked sheepish and guilty and began to drop away. It was justice. It was summary and intelligible jus-

tice, done by authority and done without effort, without mummery and without delay. It is the kind of justice that is being done to-day everywhere in Palestine, a justice everybody recognizes, everybody understands, everybody learns from. It has cleaned the roads of bandits. It has enabled single policemen to ignore the blood-feud and to take their murderers from the wild hearts of their own towns and encampments. It has made Palestine safe as no land in Asia Minor is safe to-day. Yet I do not doubt that if it suited the needful graft of Arab politicians this cream of the administrative gesture could be whipped up into a great frothing at the mouth before the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations, and that indignant journalists passionate for humanity everywhere but at home could once more denounce the horrors of British imperialism. That with all the horrors, the masses of men live better, more securely, more hopefully, is of course an impertinent irrelevance. . . . Especially to Arab politicians, whose people are so far the only indubitable beneficiaries of the Balfour Declaration. . . .

2

In Jerusalem, memories crowd. It is too easy to give way to them, and exploiting them is the

principal source of the excellent income which churches and cicerones take from the uncommercial traveler.

But there are two Jerusalems. There is Jerusalem the Golden whose hue draws tourists and pilgrims with the season's turn. And there is Jerusalem the Drab, which has no hue and which the tourist may look at but never sees. This is the Jerusalem of those whose permanent habitation she is, who barter or battle or beg their daily bread in her shops or offices or streets, who sleep their troubled nightly sleep in her slums and hovels. In Jerusalem the Golden are the Mosque of Omar, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Wailing Wall, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and churches, churches, churches. In this Jerusalem, shining greasily under the black dome, is the ancient Rock which tradition made the center of the Universe. Upon this Rock Abraham sacrificed unto Jehovah the ram which Jehovah provided to be a scapegoat for Isaac. From this Rock, *el Buraq*, the man-faced horse, vaulted, with Mohammed the only prophet of Allah on his back, straight to high heaven. Beneath this Rock are the waters of the flood, awaiting the Judgment Day; through its caverns only does one go down to hell. Some Rock, sare. . . .

Here in Jerusalem the Golden you shall see the precise spot where old Adam was buried. Here your eyes shall drink merit from the light of the impress which the blessed Savior's blessed foot made upon hard stone. Here you shall behold still standing the very slab on which he mounted the tribunal—it has been there as on the very day he mounted it, in its historic place under the roof of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, since 1808—an authentic holy antiquity. Here, too, is the very pillar where he was bound and beaten—a living witness to the event since 1384 and at frequent intervals miraculously transformed in size and color ever since. Here you may win grace by resting your eyes upon the most infallibly true of the true crosses on which the Savior was crucified. Here look upon Golgotha. Reverence the very spot where Mary, God's mother, stood. Weep to see the stone upon which the temporarily dead body of Jehovah's only son was anointed for burial. Stand in hushed worship before the tomb which could not hold him after three days. Glorify the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, who gave the Savior's temporarily dead body its due last rites. . . . Here, in Jerusalem the Golden, your prayers mount to heaven with unique certainty and swiftness. And on the Saturday before Easter, fire comes down from heaven more certainly and

realistically than anywhere else in the world. Here Jerusalem is golden, for the presence and use of these miracles and wonders brings their owners worldly lucre from every quarter of the Christian globe.

Their owners. The Mosque of Omar and the other holy places of the Moslem are now in the keeping of the Supreme Moslem Council under the Mufti. The Council is a British confection created to bring some order into the confused dishonesty in the administration of communal and religious institutions under the Turks. Every Moslem center in Palestine has a delegate on it. That it is a great improvement on the administration which it replaced I, for one, cannot doubt. In the circumstances, improvement was a thing impossible to avoid. Whether, even with British encouragement, it can swiftly overcome the inertia of a long-standing tradition of feudatory graft and feudist vendetta in communal affairs, is a sociological question which only the event can answer. In matters of this kind, one should remember even the West moves slowly. What is one to expect of the unchanging East? As a Syrian who had lived long in Paris told me: "One should not hurry."

Ownership of the Christian holies is variously distributed. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre

is, of course, the chief one. It is in the keeping of Catholics, Roman and Greek; of Armenians, Copts, Jacobites, Abyssinians. Each sect practices its separate rite; each holds dominion over a separate domain; each adores the common Savior at the same hours with the others. And woe betide any adherent of an alien rite who wittingly or unwittingly so much as passes the set bounds by a single step. Then blood may be shed or life taken. The government may be advised that the ruin of the world is imminent. All these things have happened and, one who knows well told me, may happen at any time again. Mohammedan policemen ever guard the peace of the spot where the Christian prince of peace is supposed to have been buried. When I left Palestine, the authority of this spot had been seriously threatened; the quintuple monopoly of the holiest place of the Christian cultus was endangered. Archæological scholarship had laid bare the third wall around Jerusalem. The certain identification of this wall dissolves the entire ecclesiastical cartography of the Holy City into the figment of a dream. However, the exploiters of Golgotha are good psychologists, they need have no fear in their hearts. They may carry on business as usual. When, in matters of religion, has truth ever been stronger than tradition or experience than faith? The

Church of the Holy Sepulchre which now Is, is mightier than the real sepulchre of the Savior which only has been, is mightier and will prevail. . . .

Other Christian holies are in other Christian hands. Sects are naturally numerous. Each has its enclosure or monastery or relic. The Church of England maintains a bishop and a complete ecclesiastical system, as comically and provincially British as a stage piece. The Greek Church has a patriarchate, now in the hands of a benevolent governmental receivership. The conduct of the Patriarch had been no better than it should be. It brought on a schism and the threat of a lawsuit and a public scandal. It was the last which troubled the British. Good Form is a fetich of theirs; they are truly reverent to appearances, especially in church; they cannot go scandals in religion whether about evolution in England or moral moratoriums in Palestine. So they compromised the lawsuit. They hushed the scandal up. Underneath the hush, the conflict, of course, goes on. . . . It is needless to say that the Greek Church is not unique. Churchmen cannot, any more than mere men, live by wafer alone, nor can their spirits thrive only on the wine.

Beside the major Christian sects there are the missions. The British have several; the Scotch

have one; the Quakers have one. And there is a focus of protestant Christian Science, split off from the Mother Church in Boston, set up against its monopolistic pretensions, and maintained, I am told, by money derived from the manufacture of arms. The protagonists of this sect believe the genuine Eddyian revelation is to be found only in the first edition of that best seller, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures." This is what came to the Eddy direct, not from Quimby but from God. . . . She was then only Mrs. Glover. Eddy was added after. As, however, this edition of the revelation is covered in the United States by a copyright, and as the holders of the copyright neither reprint the work themselves nor allow others to reprint it, those who want the actual word of God according to Mother Mary Baker Glover Eddy may get it in Jerusalem, where the American copyright laws do not as yet reach. . . .

The concentration of diversified Christianisms in Jerusalem the Golden brings home more vividly and clearly than any book can how much salvation hangs by a hair. You are struck, as you stroll through the streets, by the scope and variety of religious hairdressing. That priests and monks must dress their parts, you already know. And you are familiar with the Roman Catholic tonsure

from the Latin countries. But here in Jerusalem you see some churchmen with hair and beards that have never been cut nor combed; others with uncut hair tucked in and drawn up in a single curl laid flat against the back of the head; others with curls hanging down like Mary Pickford's; others with braided hair; others with heads shaved clean. What you see mitigates a little your distaste for the comic earlocks which pious Judaists wear in various mode of kempt and unkemptness to the glory of Jehovah. You see with your own eyes that tonsorial religion is not a specialty of the chosen people. . . .

3

So much for Jerusalem the Golden. Jews seem to have no portion in it. Even at the Wailing Wall, theirs is a not unchallenged standing, still more a sufferance than a right. To redress the balance, they have a lion's share in Jerusalem the Drab, which lies underneath Jerusalem the Golden, sustaining it, making it possible. Jerusalem the Drab sprawls over the hills, drifts and huddles in the valleys, at Beth Hakerem and Siloam, on all the landscape round. But its core is the "picturesque" Old City which the Walls enclosed. Here long streets stretch, of bazaars,

vaulted over; narrow alleys run between façades of ancient arabesques and measured Moslem tracery, almost indiscernible under the dung and dust of years, and reeking. Here dogs and men alike serve their needs against some forgotten sacred pillar, some holy cornice or consecrated bastion. Here staircases lead down into the streets and up again. Here are old synagogues that you descend into. Here "out of the depths" the Karaite congregation cry unto the Lord and its female guardian unwraps for you, in the shy and hungry hope of baksheesh, the plush-enfolded *Book of the Law*. Here long flights of steps lead to flat stone courts enclosed by old olescent houses. Here on the lintels of the doors are mezuzahs not only, but cabalistic signs to exorcise demons of earth and air and other evil spirits. Here arrack may be had from the still or wine from the cask. . . . The horrid Turkish coffee also, a slimy syrup served in a small bronze cup. Or *shashlik*, or leban, or Turkish delight, handed you by grimy fingers from vessels standing on the street. If your appetite is not tempted, your eye may be. The bazaars will sell you anything, from Yankee fancies to Yemenite filigree. But watch your step, as you peer and pry. Lest stalking camels or stinking donkeys crowd you against unsavory walls or blear-eyed children stumble against your

legs. Here is the home of beggars; here the people live and work and breed and die. Here is the native habitat of the metropolitan Jew of Palestine. Here you see the true Jerusalemite, his son and his son's son; his synagogue and his home, his rabbi and his rite in the fullness of their glory. It is an unspeakable slum.

But it is romantic with age and dirt, "artistic" by its architectural compactness and consistency. It supplies views for alluring picture post-cards. It is a monument. A monument! The British authority, operating through the pro-Jerusalem Society which was formed, a short time after Sir Herbert Samuel took office as High Commissioner, especially to preserve and embellish the monuments, will undoubtedly keep intact the perfections of this one, reverently, thoroughly, as is the way of the British with old and useless things—kingships and prayerbooks, for example. Though the people perish, monuments shall be preserved. After all, there are always people. . . .

My feelings, I am afraid, carry me away. Feelings won't do. Before power they cannot influence, they are an impertinence. Especially when power has its sensibilities and preferences and is discriminating about this type of monuments. There are some that nothing shall prevent it from destroying. . . . At the other end of the Old City

there could still be seen, when I was there, another unspeakable slum, a slum to me more pathetically monumental than anything in Jerusalem the holy, or the unholy. It used to lie on the fringe of one of the two new Jewish quarters which have been growing up since the Mandatory undertook to "facilitate" Jewish immigration to Palestine. West of it is the old established slum of the Hundred Gates, during generations a quarter for immigrant Jews crowded between the properties possessed by Russian piety and Abyssinian devotion for the greater glory of the world's salvation. The condemned monument of a slum had been a military barracks. It was, when I visited it, the home of the Jerusalem company of the *G'dud Awodah*. Rain had turned the earth around the barracks into a mobile mud. It had washed away the pitiful fences, the abortive wooden walks, the frail boundary lines of abolished garden patches. The clump of barracks huddled like a sickly-gray drove of covered wagons, shipwrecked in the rain. Inside they were no more alluring than outside, half smear, half dampness. They provided local habitation and the name of home for these *Halutzim* who are the saints of the strange bright piteous children's crusade which so much of Zionist pioneering starts as.

They are young, these saints, young and fighting disillusion. The sons and daughters, many of them, of well-to-do parents; experienced, all of them, in the amenities and comforts of civil life of continental cities; capable and propertied enough to enjoy it, they had nevertheless found it bitter fruit and had arisen and gone forth—to an especial Jerusalem the Golden of their own visioning. They had imposed upon themselves a way of life inconceivably hard and even to my not unsympathetic eye, inconceivably futile. Futile, that is, amid the economic and social realities which must be regarded if the creation of the Jewish homeland is to be more than pious hope or charitable palliative. Not futile, however, but swiftly, marvelously successful in the setting up of the distributive personal salvation of these *Halutzim*. They had abandoned father and mother and followed the Gleam. They had thrown over pride, property, station and status. They had ignored sex. They had proclaimed an utter inwardness of equality, a life according to the rule of “One for all and all for one,” “To each according to his needs, from each according to his powers.” So they dreamed. They were “proletarianizing” themselves. They sought the hardest and most disagreeable work, which was beyond their strength to do. They “prepared” soil in the

Emek and elsewhere. Their members were among the hardy in Kfar Gileadi, in Tel Yosef, in Tel Hai. In the towns, those who could, formed producers' "coöperatives" and turned in their savings, when they had any, to the commune. Those who couldn't worked at their trades or at such jobs as they could get and brought their wages, when they received any, home to the common store. In Jerusalem somebody gave them a hilly acre where they quarried yellow stone, men and women side by side, knee-deep in winter water, to sell and to build with. . . . As soil preparers, how could they compare with the fellah labor corps from Egypt, skilled, and inured to work? Amateurs all, they had to show, for the time and the money they had cost, not only inadequate work but broken health and strained spirits. Exposure took its toll. Malaria swept them, bronchial affections, hunger. Their clothes fell to rags. Their communes became resorts for drones and parasites, grafters and malingerers whom the working brethren fed and would not turn out. The dream of a just and happy commonwealth of which they were the pioneers, in this lovely land of Israel, repaid them for that unjust and unhappy experience which was their pioneering. The dream became a passion as the waking life became a pang: its pattern became a theme of fanatic vision. De-

tails of it split them into sects. There was talk of money and men from Moscow. Communism became an issue of religion in a debaters' civil war. As if there could be a communist way or a socialist or a capitalist way of plowing a field or milking a cow, of pulling a tooth or curing a colic, of running a motor or keeping accounts!

Strayed children, so saintly and so sad, accepting gifts of chocolates and cigarettes with an eagerness scarce held in; rigid before an offer of more sustaining help! Their self-imposed misery seemed so young, so splendid here on the frontier of hope, and so defeating of the very end it had been dedicated to, like all faith without reason, all works without wisdom. If ever youth was holy, this was holy youth. But precisely because it was youth, no one would deem it sacred. Its dwelling-places, unlike the holes in the Old City, could not be regarded as monuments. They could be regarded only as mere slums and they had to come down. The foxes have holes and the Arabs tents, but . . .

4

In Jerusalem the soldiers of the *G'dud* made a separate company. Voluble in their sectarian affairs, they were inaudible in the affairs of the *Va'ad Ha'ir* and the ecclesiastical council. Toward

the end of 1926 the *Va'ad Ha'ir* was still a voluntary organization without status in the law, without power, save such as came from the distributive good will of the Jews of the city, to enforce its regulations. In common with other communities, it has since been endowed with legal status. It now has the right to levy taxes for educational purposes. The right opens up possibilities for secular self-government of Jewish communities in mixed populations. There is need. A peculiar mixture of sociological wisdom, administrative experience and that queer British tenderness for the type of vested interest called "spiritual" has retained for ecclesiasticism the position of advantage it had held under the Turkish system of recognizing sectarian groups as political entities. Early in Sir Herbert Samuel's day a "communities' ordinance" had been promulgated whereby all matters of personal status and ritual observance, such as marriage and divorce, inheritance, and *shechitah*, are within the jurisdiction of a rabbinical court. The court is made up of rabbis representing the various sectarian interests of Jerusalem—and Palestine—Judaists. It operates, ostensibly, according to the traditional Judaistic code. But it is an institution bitterly denounced. Responsible members of the Jewish community say of it that it uses its powers cor-

ruptly. They charge it with oppression, exploitation and graft. Judaistic laws of personal status like, for example, *melitzah*, provide many opportunities and the princes of the Beth Din are described as swift to grasp opportunity by the earlock. Women are declared to be especially its victims; the Judaistic code makes them easy marks.

Whether this be true or not, it is true that the "communities' ordinance" works great hardship on all those who cannot conscientiously submit their personal status to ecclesiastical authority. An American in Palestine, or any other national who prefers a civil marriage can go to his consul. A Palestinian Jew has no consul to go to, and the law of Palestine does not provide for civil marriage. It compels its citizens either to violate their consciences by submitting to a religious ceremony, or to have it said that they are living in sin. I got the impression that much of the whispering campaign and the open charges of sexual immorality among the new Palestinians had its roots in this situation, the evils of which could be so easily remedied by declaring civil unions as legal as ecclesiastical ones. But here, both wittingly and unwittingly, vested interests are in play. Marriages are a source of ecclesiastical income: control over them is not easily given up. Who will

not be married according to the law of Moses and of Israel shall not be married at all. After all, what is the Jewish homeland for, save to cleave to the Law and obey its commandments? Commandments which, judiciously applied, enable this one to establish a monopoly of burying the dead; that one to gather an income for allowing a woman not to marry her dead husband's brother; another one to do himself well out of the manipulation of *shechitah*; a fourth one to do himself still better out of the by no means abolished *chalukah*; and all to carry on vendettas over jurisdiction of the sources of income and division of the gains. So the interpreters of the commandments and their courts may live and not die. . . .

The situation is, as every one knows, traditional. British tender-mindedness and perhaps Jewish superstition have merely helped to give it legal sanction. The traveler may witness a visible symbol of its power and persistence at the sunset hour of any Friday afternoon. Then frail old *Shamashim*, dressed in their long, plush sabbath gaberdines, bright soiled blue and soiled wine-red, great fur-bound *streimels* on their heads, push passionately at the Jewish shops. They bang at the windows. They thrust in at doors. They command that the ancient lunar taboo of the seventh day

shall be observed. The practice is called "guarding the Sabbath."

Later, you can see them maybe importantly making a way, anyhow quite unobstructed, for their rabbi to the synagogue. The rabbi is magnificently decked out in medieval regalia—not a detail lacking, except the yellow badge.

5

THERE are more Jews in Jerusalem than in Tel Aviv, but Tel Aviv is a Jewish city. In Jerusalem, the prevailing tongue is Arabic, with English for an official second: Hebrew is spoken only by Zionist Jews and by school children. In Tel Aviv the prevailing tongue is Hebrew with Russian for a sociable second. English is spoken only when need or interest compels. To reach Tel Aviv, you must go by Jaffa. An automobile rushes you from Jerusalem at a breath-taking speed over a winding precipitous admirably engineered road, where any skid would mean the abyss, down to the coastal plain. Then you shoot northward into Jaffa. Jaffa is where you land if you go by ship direct to Palestine. Wise travelers would not go direct, but they find an abominable landing easier to endure than the human plagues of Egypt. As a town, Jaffa is like Alexandria or like what Jerusa-

lem would be if it were not possessed by Christian sects. St. Peter's visit did not in any noticeable way accrue to its advantage, and as for the crusaders—silence is kindest everywhere. The British educational policy, which makes the crusading phase in the history of Palestine that is taught to Arab children a glorious episode in a drab narrative, is dedicated by loyalty to the Christian religion, not by regard for historic truth. . . . So far as any one can notice, donkeys and camels and men still carry the customary loads and beg for the customary baksheesh in the name of Allah the all-powerful, the compassionate: they smell the customary smells and loaf in the customary shade. The one glory of the town is the somewhat egg-shaped oranges it gives its name to, for aroma and flavor the best that Europe gets.

Tel Aviv lies on Jaffa's northern edge, a radiant white pattern checked out on gray and yellow sands. Recently it has been mode to sneer at Tel Aviv, regardless of the real feelings which the town arouses. I can understand why, knowing how the tourist, especially when a Jew and a Zionist, seeks romance and strangeness for his journey's end. In many senses Tel Aviv is with romance and strangeness all compact. These are hidden senses. To the outward seeming, it might be some Californian small city on the ocean's

edge, or one of New York's Rockaways basking in sand and sun. Among the square white houses that stand like jig-saw cubes in half well-ordered rows, occasional red roofs gleam ruby where the sunlight strikes the tiles. Automobiles trumpet and toot over well-laid roads that fade down to faint tracks in the sands. Fronded spots of green are eucalyptus groves, that Jews' tree, making aromatic coolness of color in the general glare. Round about, the greens shot through with red and gold, orange groves make spots of calmer darkness against the searing whiteness of the town. In 1910 the town was a sandy beach. In 1926 it was the foremost Jewish city in all Palestine, with a population that had once reached over forty thousand and that was well over thirty thousand even during the distressing "crisis" of that year.

Do not look for the romance and strangeness of Tel Aviv in its boom-town story. You will not find them in the pyramiding of land-values during a period of speculative overbuilding brought on and kept on by the immigration of Polish *baale batim* who, when they had lost their own money at their own game, went in large numbers back to Poland. Nor will you find Tel Aviv's romance and strangeness in the power plant, built by *Solel-boneh*, of the Palestine Electric Company, which

owes its existence to the tenacity and drive of that not unparadoxical promoter, Pinhas Rutenberg. Nor will you find them in the costly and doubtful high school which supports as principal the so distinguished Dr. Benzion Mossinsohn. Nor will you find them in the variegated staffing of the admirable agricultural experiment station. Romance and strangeness are of the entire spirit of the town, its cheerfulness under duress, its somewhat *luftmenschlich* enthusiasm, its faith in the future Zion, in its own share in the future Zion. Romance and strangeness are the spirit of the newest Yishub, whose authentic work Tel Aviv is.

This Yishub, the immigration of the seven years since 1920, has willy-nilly endeavored to make its living and to perform its tasks in the framework of a general ideal. The framework has been the limiting influence upon all efforts, whether they were those of "boorjooi" or those of socialists. It has been the limiting influence because it has been the pattern for action set up by the one association of Jews in Palestine which has had a steady, consistent policy from its beginnings. This association is the *Histadruth Ovdim*. Its policy has been to unify labor and to keep it unified and to use and extend coöperative methods. Its ideology is generally Marxian; its ideals are traditionally Hebraic. Both are as religious intrinsi-

cally and can be as illusory functionally as any of the special forms of the Judaistic cultus. But because of them, Tel Aviv is to Jerusalem what scientific medicine is to Christian Science, or a Diesel engine to a donkey. . . .

Tel Aviv is the headquarters of organized Jewish labor in Palestine. That is why Tel Aviv is spiritually what Tel Aviv is. The organization which presents, in relation to the Zionist Executive, a government within a government, paralleling its institutions, reduplicating or replacing its efforts, has a dual juridical personality and a multiple social one. Its virtues are outstanding and notorious and its defects are such as go with such virtues.

Juridically, the *Histadruth Ovdim* is at one and the same time the One Big Union of Palestinian Jewry, and a registered coöperative society, empowered by its charter to go into any business whatsoever. It owns and leases machinery to "co-operative" groups of artisans and craftsmen. It organized and manipulated the great roadmaking and building society, *Solelboneh*. It preponderates in the Workers' Bank. It has been the really responsible power behind that extraordinary "consumers' coöperative," which I found in its functioning to be indistinguishable from a company store, *Hamashbir*. It maintains the most efficacious

Hebraizing agency in Palestine, the *Histadruth Hatarbuth*, with its remarkably effective scheme of adult education by means of circuit-riding lecturers, circulating libraries, evening classes in the towns and colonies, and the like. It keeps up a system of labor schools for children. It has its extremely imaginative statistical department, whence you can draw unverifiable figures on any matter. It had a Workers' Sick Benefit Fund, *Kupath Holim*, with a large and interesting deficit. It has a press of its own with a disregard of facts in reporting and editorializing worthy of the best continental traditions of Europe, and excelled only by the practice of the Arabs, who appear to be able to conjure events and statements out of the void, in the classic manner of the Arabian Nights. And many other things the *Histadruth Ovdim* owns and encourages. For example: an admirable dramatic company, recruited from among its members, playing in the Hebrew tongue and the Russian manner, in *mises en scène* that leave nothing to be desired for modernity; a great Workers' House in Tel Aviv built, under the direction of *Solelboneh*, by members of the city local unions with their own hands, each member contributing two 'days' work or wages to the task.

Ask any worker about *Histadruth* and he will tell you how he came, however passionately

Zionist, through the hands of the immigration officers, a stranger in a strange land. How the *Histadruth* took him in, giving him standing, a feeling that he belongs in a great fellowship of men and women engaged upon the high adventure of waging the class war and building up a free coöperative economy in Palestine. How the *Histadruth* found him, or promised to find him, work. How it taught him Hebrew. How it provided him with opportunities for companionship and play. How it served his spiritual needs even when his body was starved, steadily and consistently. What you learn from the testimony of workers is that the *Histadruth Ovdim* is the most powerful morale-builder and morale-sustainer in Jewish Palestine. That it is the foremost agency of assimilation to Hebraism in Jewish Palestine. The *Histadruth* takes Jews from the Mississippi Valley and from Mesopotamia, from Siberia and from Samarcand, from Teman and from Tunis, and makes Palestinians of them. It teaches them Hebrew for their common speech. It sets up and maintains their morale.

And, feeding them, as it so often does, upon air, promise-crammed, it also confuses and debauches them. For the *Histadruth Ovdim* is a political as well as an economic and cultural institution. It is a system of vested interests as well

as a compromise among a chaos of ideologies. And it was political before it became economic and cultural. It must maintain its unity against the centrifugal strain of its constituent sects and parties. It must keep up its end in the Zionist organization so as to retain its share of the budget and its proportion of the patronage. It must hold up its end before the British authority which, accustomed to the unorganized docility of the masses in Egypt, in Mesopotamia, in the Sudan, is kept in a state of nervous irritability under the persistent vociferation of the representatives of Jewry. And finally, the leaders of the *Histadruth* must maintain their hold upon their constituencies in the face of the fact that their professions are always so much better than their practices, their promises than their performances.

The contrast between pretense and fact is in part inevitable in the nature of things. In part it is due to the romantic endeavor to impose ideologies born of the social economy of central European countries upon economic conditions characteristic of a poor small coastal strip of the barbarous Near East. In part it is due to subordination of technological or professional competency to partisan advantage, to the substitution of the upbuilding of the party for the upbuilding of Palestine. Under the conditions leaders skilled in

political manipulation are placed in posts requiring skill in engineering construction; success in oratory is regarded as a qualification for success in colonization. The arts of flattering the constituency, of passing the buck, of making large promises and the like, become more important than a realistic understanding of the changing economy of Palestine and an intelligent readjustment thereto.

When I was in Palestine, Palestinian Jewry was in the acute stage of one of these economic crises that attack it about every eighteen to twenty-four months. Palestinian Jewry, not Palestine. It was a Jewish crisis, confined to Jews. Four to five thousand people were without work, and although those with work were doing their proper bits and more, toward the upkeep of their unemployed fellows, hardship was real and rife. The immediate cause of the "crisis" seems to have been the bursting of the Tel Aviv building bubble and the failure of the Zionist collecting agency, Keren Hayesod, to keep up the stream of money into Palestine. Locally credit had been stretched to the utmost. *Hamashbir* was in difficulties. *Solelboneh* was on the rocks. I have since heard that *Solelboneh* has been liquidated. I regard it as a misfortune and a mistake. There is no doubt that *Solelboneh* committed all the errors that the

British Building Guilds committed, that the Amalgamated Clothing Workers committed,* when these labor unions went into business. There is no doubt that most of the errors were avoidable; were the results almost wholly of conducting economic enterprises, which are matters for technical competency, by political methods, which are matters for the manipulation of mobs. But defeated, yes, self-defeated, though *Solelboneh* was, its achievements and its promise as an instrument of construction in the upbuilding of Palestine indicated salvage, not liquidation.

I might go on. But *Solelboneh* is typical, and the situation will not be made any more vivid by multiplying instances. Its lesson, like the lesson of so many Palestinian enterprises, has been an expensive lesson, when money was scarce and morale not high; its liquidation makes it a wasted lesson. For wisdom, in Palestine as in America, cannot be had for the asking. The enterprise of the pioneer is ever a hazard and never a haven; and the adventure of the Jewish pioneer in Palestine, with its deep religious sentiment and moral overtones, more so than any.

* For the details of these errors see my *Education, the Machine and the Worker*, New Republic Publishing Co.

CHAPTER III

OLD SETTLERS AND NEW COLONISTS

I

FROM JAFFA northward, a wide track stretches gray and rutted and dusty, the few miles to Petach Tikwah. Of the threescore or more of Jewish settlements in Palestine, Petach Tikwah is the oldest. Men who were youths at its founding are grandfathers now, and the women their sweethearts are—mostly dead. Their sons and their sons' sons are scattered. Cities have taken some, and foreign lands; a few may be met with in other colonies. The number who remain to carry on the torch of life that was new-lit nearly half a century ago represents a statistical type of the workings of urban allure upon country living. It stands for a ratio between those who grow up and those who grow old where they grow up, which recurs wherever cities compete with farms and plantations as seats of the good life. Yet the devout dwellers in the Jerusalem slum who were among the founders of Petach Tikwah founded it as an asylum from the good life of the Holy City. This is why, with that optimistic symbolism so

significant in Judaist literature, they called their foundation "The Gate of Hope."

And to those Jews who have not come to this gate by birth and inheritance, perhaps it has been such. Petach Tikwah has grown, through accretion and immigration. It is to-day a community of four thousand souls and more. It has thriving orangeries and rich vineyards and almond groves. And they are worked by the Arab fellahin and the Jewish *Halutz*, and the delicate dark men and women of Yemen. To most of the four thousand "Gate of Hope" is a polite euphemism for the good luck which enables them to earn their intermittent daily bread by the sweat of their seamed brows. Hebrew is an idiom of such euphemisms. . . .

To reach Petach Tikwah, you must drive through Sarona. Sarona is one of the six Templar communities that maintain their laborious and slowly fading lives in the Holy Land. They are all German and have, of course, nothing to do with that freebooting, piratical organization whose racketeering added so much glory to the glorious chivalry of the crusades. These Templars are a religious sect, confessors of the revelations beheld, toward the middle of the last century, by the Württemberger brothers, William and Christopher Hoffman. To these devout and kindly

readers of the mysteries of Christian meaning, only in the land of Jesus' life and passion could the admonition of St. Paul be fulfilled that the human "building fitly framed together should grow unto a holy temple for the Lord." In the New Testament this admonition was addressed to the Corinthians, and the miracle of the transubstantiation whereby certain Württembergers became their avatars is not explained by the Hoffmans. But such are the ways of religion; and it is not for the profane mind to question them. The point is, that because of this admonition, Germans came to live in Palestine and brought their German virtues to live there with them. You can see them manifest in the quarter of Haifa where, in 1868, they established their first settlement. You can see them, with variations, in their quiet section of Jerusalem, in Wilhelma, and in Sarona—rich well-tended fields and groves, neat gardens, tidy houses, widely spaced decorous streets. In the swamp of immemorial inertia and traditional slovenly backwardness which is rural Palestine, these laborious and malaria-whipped settlements are a *terra firma* of good order and good workmanship. This is what you glimpse as you pass the neat, squat shaded houses and bright gardens of Sarona, on your way to the Gate of Hope. . . . To Lord Plumer they were tokens of

the imperial design of the German war lords now deposed. The dear kind man made me feel, in the course of an hour's talk, that he saw such tokens in every German work. . . .

It is November. The rains are overdue. There is a tang of them in the air, a tremor under the clear sky which shakes the morning sunshine into blues of its own light. Before long the open track narrows down into a dark cool funnel between the glistening-leaved orange plantations which stretch on either side. The ripe fruit gleams like a flight of golden birds as you bump, helter-skelter, over the track. Here and there the leaves stir. You catch a passing twitter of voices, a flash of flesh from a picker's bare arm or knee. . . . Halutzim are employed here; only they have skins that gleam so white. . . . Groves give way to a street of houses—the chauffeur mumbles something about a monument to soldiers. . . . The car turns . . . you are unexpectedly in an unkempt open square among a score of other Fords and near-Fords. Apart from dingy, bazaarlike stalls you might be on any littered common of a frontier town, there is such a blowzy and unkempt air about it. And the natives there seem like their piazza, squat and somehow unkempt. The effect is not of their clothing, which is well enough, so

much as of their hair and beards, black mostly, of straggled curls, with earlocks not oversized. Their bodies seem compact and hard, and in manner and speech they assimilate well to the loitering Arabs who decorate the scene, and who are to be found, hewers of wood and drawers of water, all over the colony. They assimilate well even in the Yiddish which they speak to each other and to the Arabs; the Halutzim, who are the rivals of the Arabs for the hewing of wood and the drawing of water, with their shaven faces and open throats, make a significant contrast to their grudging employers.

Together, immigrant Jew and native testify to the power to make alike and to draw apart which labor and the natural scene exert upon the forms of men. The common Jewish tradition may sustain a common ground for their ways and moods; but the different soils of Europe and the soil of Palestine diversify and transform them according to their peculiar qualities. . . . "What mutual hope have they here," I ask myself as I watch the scene, "these proprietors of the Gate of Hope, who speak Yiddish to Arabs and Arabic to Jews, and the willful Hebrew speakers serving as hewers of their wood and drawers of their water for a wage?" The servants, for the present, anyhow, serve as Jacob served for Rachel, out of a ro-

mantic love, the visionary love of Zion of the Zionists. The masters are not Zionists. Perhaps, on the occasion of a solemn holy day, on a Pass-over or a day of Atonement, they may chant of the pentecostal Zion of the Messiah's coming. But what they hope for in their daily life is security: that they may eat their bread in peace, and prosper and not fear. You sense in Petach Tikwah a stripped spirit, a quality of the immemorial rural mind, without vision and without illusion. . . . Bread and peace! Bread and peace! Imperial Russia fell by that cry of despairful hope, the eternal cry of the heart of the world, forever war-riven, forever on the edge of hungry death. . . .

2

REHOBOTH. The main street climbs a yellow sliding dune like a glacier of sand, climbs and then dips down. It is a wide way that comes to an abrupt stop at two general stores about which loiters the life of the town. Streets straggle raggedly on either side, and the houses are as in Petach Tikwah. Somehow, they do not seem so squat, so dreary. Perhaps because there are greater spaces between them, perhaps because they are really larger. Or is it because the old settlers of this colony, who have been living there

since 1890, were men and women of more spacious mind?

One I knew well in the United States. Born in the older Russia of the Tzars, his youth was given to the cultivations and rebellions which pre-occupied the more prosperous Jews of that period. Those who were not absorbed in russifying themselves, body and soul, were carried by the swelling tide of the *Haskalah*—that nineteenth century Jewish renaissance which broke the cerements of a millennium of Talmudism and set free the Jewish mind for the secular adventure of art and letters in the wider world. Of this adventure, the movement of the *Hovevi Zion*, the Lovers of Zion, was a hot high point, and of that *Bilu* came as a consuming fire. *Bilu* is one of the characteristic Hebrew words compound of the initial letters of the phrase *Beth Jacob l'chu v'nelcho*. The English is—House of Jacob, arise and go forth. It named a company of ascetic young men who had pledged themselves to leave the graces and securities of the world they grew up in to assume a new life in Palestine. The inner history of *Bilu* has not been written, and there is nothing in all the ironies of the Zionist story which more deserves the writing. It is the story of a high integrity like Job's, beaten upon by like assaults, and where vindicated, vindicated by after-fruits as

tenuous and beautiful as the hope which moved the *Bilu* was passionate and the pain it answered was profound. For the most part, their integrity was not vindicated but frittered away; frittered away in the routine of a daily life from which the sustaining vision had dissolved till nothing was left but irony or tears.

My friend was of those spirits from whom the gleam can never be parted, and he read the vindication of his forty-year-long passion in the Balfour Declaration, in the glamorous pioneering of the Halutzim and the speculations about a new national life. In his father's house, where he had come from America to live, over a very successful Médoc from his own vineyard, he stuttered with eagerness to convince me of a scheme of organizing Jewish immigration to Palestine, so that it should be self-supporting and numerous from the very start. That in this same year of crisis immigrants were making of themselves emigrants by the hundreds he declared to be an irrelevant detail of bad current management. His thought was for the ages. His was the infallible plan of human engineering that should in the end build up the Jewish land. "They will have to come to it. . . ."

I remembered the scheme. It was the same millennial project which he had set before how many

American Zionists, in meeting and out, from the day the Balfour Declaration was made public. In Rehoboth, he was preaching his faith to the Halutzim and drawing parable and precept from his Biluic youth. There was an encampment of them in Rehoboth and by his sentiment toward them he was their father and friend. He took me to see their habitations and secured for me the privilege of sitting in at a conference, an important conference under a close tent, which was to plan how to meet the exigencies of the winter now so near at hand. They were a polyglot collection of boys and girls, threadbare and not well-fed, but buoyant still with the hope that brought them the long way to Rehoboth. I could see that my friend was reassurance to them and that they were glamour to him. Their being where they were and as they were, renewed his youth and vindicated it.

Later, he brought me together with a man whose hope, I thought, had turned to irony and tears. This man had also been of the company of the Bilu. He had not wandered, like my friend, but had, in Rehoboth, cultivated his garden all the twoscore years. He knew his Palestine as a realist knows it; the confusions of philanthropy and agricultural economy in the old Jewish settlements, the vagaries of its markets, the inward transfor-

mations of the old settlers, the callousness and opinionatedness of the new. But the vision of his youth cast a ghostly light over the experience of his later years, and gave his judgments a bitter tang he had not in his heart. As successful a citrus grower as any in Petach Tikwah, his plantations were not his all in all to his desire, though he recognized with his head that they could be nothing less. His acquired realism made him a pungent and ironic critic of the projects and speculations of official Zionists, and indulgently humorous about my friend and the romantic and other-worldly utopianism the latter seemed to live by. One of his projects involving the simple exploitation of one or another of the characteristic minerals of Palestine had won the benevolent support of American Zionists; in the view of his Rehobothite neighbor it was a Laputan scheme. . . .

A divided soul, this neighbor, I thought, in whom faith had turned from a hope into a frustration, paralyzing effort without deadening sensibility or quieting the too active mind. He is representative of that section of the old settlers who have suffered the compromise of their ideals by their lives but have not been able to stop loving them.⁶ In the way of some men to their women, the affections of these settlers cleaved to their ideals although they knew that what they loved had

deceived them and had become common and vulgarized and had brought them a doubtful fruitage for their devotion and self-sacrifice. This old Biluist had seen his nearest and dearest taken by malaria; his friends picked off by Bedouin raiders, his fields harried and his hut gutted. He was among the bringers to Palestine of the eucalyptus which is now "the Jews' tree" of the Arab vernacular. He had undergone the saving benevolence of the Rothschilds, without which the whole old settlement might have become a graveyard, and with which it was so long and so characteristically in danger of remaining in the degradation of a charity. He had been lifted up and then flattened out by the revolution of the Young Turks. The struggle for Hebrew, just before the war, had been fire to his spirit, and the burden and degradations of the war itself, before the British took Palestine had, my friend told me, almost driven him to suicide. Yet the Balfour Declaration did not excite him and he could not quite share the exaltation of his fellow Jews when Allenby took Jerusalem. He greeted the appointment of Sir Herbert Samuel as the first High Commissioner of a Palestine which was at last under the law of nations to be built up as a Jewish homeland, with quiet good cheer that changed, as he watched the Samuel administration approach its term, to cyni-

cal displeasure. The Jews, he said, expected to see in this modern avatar of Nehemiah a builder of Jewish life. But they were wrong. What they saw was an administrator of British imperialism, often the butt and the dupe of his Christian subordinates.

The years and the sorrows of the years had made this lonely pioneer a skeptic of fortune. The soldier of hope in his youth had become the scoffer of hope in these his maturer years. Did not the psalmist say all men are liars? What matter whether you call the lie an ideal or a hope? Men must have them as they must have bread. They cannot truly live by bread alone; they can live truly by bread and lies if the proportion is right. But unhappy those who mix too little bread with too many lies . . . like the Zionist officials in Jerusalem and the Halutzim here and in the Emek . . . the promoters in Tel Aviv . . . and the American Jews who set up Afuleh to be the commercial center of a province with nothing to sell and no money to buy with.

Bread and lies!

The reverberations of the phrase in my mind brought thoughts of Nietzsche, and of Vaihinger and Vernon Lee and other thinkers who saw in the fabric of human faith and human works only the insubstantial exhalations of a dreamer, inven-

tions to meet a self-created need, fictions to fulfill a self-conditioned hope, vital lies. . . . But the maker of this phrase was no naïve metaphysician of our modern world, seeking from his cloister to rationalize a metaphysical idealism by means of a dialectic scheme. He was a Jewish devotee turned ironist, summing up his experience of life in the land of the Jewish Hope.

Bread and lies. . . . Among the Yemenites, on the Sabbath when alone I was able to visit them, the phrase gave me pause. These dark-skinned Jews with their fine features and their shining black curls and graceful slight bodies, had come into Palestine out of an age-old bondage. Their ancestors, when also Islam was still a hope and Mohammed an adventurer, were powers among the nomad and half-nomad communities of Arabia. When Islam had hardened from a hope into the over-ruling vested interest upon oasis and desert, they were concentrated in the Yemen. There, against a fanatical religious enmity as intense as anything the occidental Jews experienced from Christian Europe, they maintained themselves and the orthodox fullness of their tradition. They were the workers in wood and metal and stuffs, the sustainers of the industrial arts for their Arab masters. With all their submissiveness and application, they lived, in Arabia, on an edge of

starvation. Palestine, where the scant lands of the Jewish National Fund provided them a place where to lay their heads, offered them not less bread than the Yemen and certainly more freedom and more peace. They came in their thousands, accepting their portions without question, carrying their burdens without protest. Their lives are busy and frugal and hard and they live among the Jews apart, in ghettos of a nearly utter separation. That Yemenite ghetto of Rehoboth lies on the southern edge of the village, mainly a narrow, smelly way between two rows of low, single-roomed houses. It was the Sabbath and quietness was in the air. Even the curiosity we aroused had a subdued Sabbath tone. . . .

My guide had acquaintances in the quarter and we entered the house of one of these through the open door. Three generations were assembled at the Sabbath meal. The women, from the old grandmother to the latest newly married granddaughter-in-law, all bedecked with their chains and bangles, were standing, at a respectful distance, before their men. Those sat, Arab-fashion, upon the floor, before a small tabouret, laid out with roasted millet, the seeds of squash or watermelon and other such delicacies. As we entered, the younger man poured arrack from a bottle into a glass on the floor and covered it with a

cloth, at the same time swaying to and fro in perfect rhythm with the older man and mumbling with him, out of the prayer book they held together, some Sabbath liturgy whose Hebrew they pronounced in the Ashkenazic manner. . . . They greeted us with an almost pathetic deference, offering food and drink and the bed and only chair to sit on. I have an impression of some ten or eleven souls, children and grown-ups, in this small square chamber—all there was to their dwelling. The younger women were extraordinarily beautiful, with gold-brown complexions, masses of black hair and sad dark eyes. The face of one of the loveliest was black and blue with bruises. It was to be seen that the Yemenites have yet to unlearn the Arab misprision of women, their cruelty and their tyrannical exploitation of them. . . .

The Sabbath ceremony we witnessed reminded me sharply of the "bread and lies" of the other night's conversation. Here certainly was a very thin and scanty bread, and a massive, hard and patterned age-old lie. But was it a lie—this imaginative oriental Judaism in whose name women endured indignities and worked beyond their strength? Somehow, beside the bread it blessed, it seemed the more solid and veritable of the two, the more certain and reassuring. Drawn fine at fighting weight as was the economy of living for

these poor people, the emotional certainties of their faith, so bald, so matter of fact, enabled them to endure with a noble air the material uncertainties of their livelihood. Those religious certainties were nothing that they had made, or had had to make. They were existences outside their minds that they had been born to, that they encountered and acquiesced in. Only if they could learn to deny them, could they learn to deprecate them as lies. Then, however, they would be emptied of meaning. For the meaning of the articles of faith is their truth, and how can a known fiction be taken for true by its knower? The illusionist misses something . . . he misses the *innocence* of belief, the simplicity which can no longer entertain as a hope or as an ideal that which it has recognized as a lie. The dumb heart of faith is here nearer to reality than the discursive head of reason. Only a certain spiritual defeatism, a despair of the will, can call an ideal a fiction or a truth a vital lie. The works of man are as real as the works of God, and unfold in an analogous lottery. The Messiah, son of David, is an idea; but it must come as such to birth not less infallibly than next year's harvest or last year's Cæsar. No more than they is it involved in the changes of fate or the chances of fortune. Alone the form, but neither the quality nor the stuff of its existence is

different from that of a stone or a man. Calling it a fiction or a lie is not an alteration of its existence but a deprecation of its importance.

3

ARABIZED planter, tender-hearted *maskil* ironic by disillusion, invincible romantic planning Utopias and sure in his faith—to these types of the old settlement must be added another, which is somehow compact of these three. It is close to the soil without being Arabized. It has that somewhat sardonic outlook which is sometimes described as the essence of Jewish humor, but which arises wherever the human spirit takes thought of hopes defeated and unfruitful work. But barrenness has not paralyzed its effort, defeat has not diminished its ambition nor dimmed its passion. It has learned to compromise with untoward events without surrendering its will. It has preserved its hope not by inertia but by volition.

Such a type may best be seen in Hederah.

The character of the builders of this old settlement was already manifest in its origin. It was a moral, not a material necessity which drove the men who founded this colony, converting desert barrens into generous plantations, miasmatic swamplands into great eucalyptus groves—the

greatest in Palestine—and themselves, children of the study and the counting-house, skilled in argument and foolish with tools, into men of their hands in field and shop. They had paid their bill to malaria—what settlement in Palestine, old or new, has not?—and to the fatalities of warfare and weather. They had taken no alms from an alien hand; what had been lent them they had treated as a loan and were paying back with the interest that had been bred on it by the work of their hands. The battle had been bitter, but it had made them strong.

They manifested, what I found in no other of the older settlements, a pride of locality and a sense of civic order. The streets of Hederah, even in the masterful muds of the winter rain, in which I saw them, had a kempt appearance I encountered neither in Petach Tikwah, Rehoboth or anywhere else. There had just been one of those heavenly floods so overwhelming to a traveler from the north. I had bumped down from Haifa in the wheezy and rheumatic railroad which the mandatory power keeps up at profitable prices and poor engineering for the good of the country. The train was late because the sample of what fell 'on Noah's contemporaries delayed us. The perennial washout which the rains bring on at certain points in the doubtfully ballasted railroad

bed had not been quite repaired. Sacred and profane history had been clamoring all along the slow and wheezy way. Acre, the sacred city of the Holy Maid of Orleans, a pearl in a far cloud. Hidden by a high wall, Elisha's cave, where he kept his school for prophets! Beyond, after the turn of the promontory, on a hill topped by a lighthouse, the monastery whence in the thirteenth century the Carmelite order had spread until it had houses all over Europe. Four or five miles lower down, a buttress set out in the sea, Athlit. Here, early in the thirteenth century, those high-minded and chivalrous business men, the Knights of the Temple, had built their *Castra Peregrinorum* for Christian pilgrims harassed by the paynim inconsiderateness of the claims of the faith. Hence, in the end, the last Crusader had gone, and the final surrender had come of the endeavor to win for his followers by bloody battle and bloodier rapine, the hallowed homeland of their Prince of Peace. Within the great ruined walls a peace now broods they never knew when they were whole. Without, accursed Jews upon whose forefathers each crusader would have avenged the death of his Lord without which is no salvation, now till and bring to fruitfulness a starved and barren soil. Here even the waters of the tideless inland sea they gather up to distill

and purify its salt. . . . Bread and salt! Unforgotten tokens of peace and welcome to the stranger seeking shelter, in all the folkways of the western world! . . . After Athlit, far down the coast, the mound that once was Cæsarea, and beyond that the dusted green olive trees and gnarled vineyards of the living monument to the father of Baron Rothschild—Zichron Jacob. All along the way between the railroad and the sea, under the tidal wave of rain, are sand dunes. Here at great cost and with much effort, the Jews are planting seedlings to win back a sick and waste land to fertility. They do so under patent from the Mandatory. Here, consuming what is planted, herds of Bedouin goats are pastured, and none may hold them back. The pasture is an ancient Bedouin right. So says the punctilious Mandatory, dealing justice with both hands upon the waste land called Kabara. . . . At last, Hederah.

The rain has stopped and the unutterable blue of the Palestinian sky is to be seen between rifts in the smoke-black clouds as we alight. The station is an island in a sea of mud and the town is a mile away. After a long wait, during which the train pulls out, the diligence comes, four horses at the shafts, to the hub in earthy ooze. A motor could not pass here. The horses are covered with sweat and trembling. They have brought up a

load of passengers for Jerusalem and having come too late must take them back, together with newcomers headed for Hederah. It is a tight squeeze. Somehow I make a place between a woman overflowing in every direction like rising dough in a pan, and a short spare man with a sty in his eye and a stubby beard. The way is too perilous for conversation. The horses pull with a slow funereal plop. Every turn of the wheel throws mud into the faces or on the laps and clothes of the outward passengers. Ruts bring on strange interludes, about which there are jokes in Hebrew, to me unintelligible. Miraculously, the journey perilous comes to a happy end. We make the *terra firma* of the public square. . . .

The friend whom I had come to see takes me into the new town hall. It is a handsome building, not quite finished, with a charming entrance. It houses not only the Selectmen's offices, but the community's financial institutions—a coöperative building and loan bank and a savings bank. In the committee room of the Va'ad tea is served. Other members of the Va'ad come in. The talk is of problems of the locality and of the growth of Jewish Palestine. Clearly, one is in the presence here of neither quixotism nor panzaism, nor irony. The men who are speaking to me are men who have been thinking of the development of

the homeland in specific and workable terms, yet in the perspectives of time and money and effort which the prospect requires and imposes. There are no grandiose schemes—a loan for this one, a job for that, a road to the railway station to be built—since the government which ought to take at least a share of the public necessity just will not—by Jewish labor and financed, on the security of the village, by the Central Coöperative Bank. The great project is the absorption of one hundred additional Jewish families into Hederah. The settlement has the resources in land, in employment, . . . it is as eager to grow as an American town but for no reason that any Kiwanian could recognize or Rotarian feel the slightest sympathy for. . . .

Jewish Palestine, my friend declares, can grow most securely and quickly through the expansion of the existing nuclei of settlement. New colonies are of course desirable, but they are precarious adventures in a wilderness; teeming with waste; inexperienced, dogmatic youth is left to find itself without effective guidance and gets lost; there are losses of morale; there are financial losses; there is no profit from the bitter illuminating experience of the old settlements. An old settlement is a going concern; it has its established ways to check new ways up by; it has its momentum of life and

expansion; its greater certainty of survival. Given a modicum of land and money, it is the natural assimilation center. Hederah was welcoming Halutzim, was ready to go more than halfway to incorporate them into its community.

Across the mellow fields of warm brown squashy earth, through orange groves where the pickers were humming busily, through great crating-sheds where Jaffa oranges were being wrapped and packed for the London palate, we slipped and stamped and waded our way to the *Kwutzah*. . . . On the edge of a wide space which we must cross voices came to us, and cheerful laughter; young voices, young laughter, stopping short as we stepped upon the long, narrow porch of the common house of the *Kwutzah*. The boys and girls who were at dinner rose, the others moved to the doors. There was meat on the table. . . . The glance that passed between my host and them and the looks of one to the other were not of friendship. Cool good mornings, restraint . . . silence. My host withdrew on the pretext of examining a new building. The atmosphere relaxed at once. We spoke. These young pioneers were not long upon their enterprise. A handsome, well set-up company. I had yet to meet any better groomed or a phalanstery more solid and attractive, with kitchen and sleeping rooms in better

order. They owned a garden and a cow and hoped to get a horse. One lad showed me a stable he had built of mud and straw in his free time. He was a day laborer in the settlement: they all were. Their relations to their employers? Oh—friendly enough. Of course, there was strain . . . capital and labor . . . and in general, different points of view. Still. . . .

Strain. It was to be sensed everywhere that the two generations came into contact. In Petach Tikwah it often took an aggravated form; a few months after I left Palestine it broke out in a general strike in vineyard and orangery. Jews, was the claim, should employ none but Jewish labor. But the leaders of Jewish labor demanded to apply, to a primitive agricultural economy in an impoverished land, the whole European theory of the class conflict and the trade-union notion of hours and wages and conditions of labor brought in from rich industrial countries. And there were, for each job to be done, three Arabs bidding against every Jew. . . . Strain. The young new immigration—with nothing in its purse, the latest European notions of political economy in its program; with nothing on its back, but the last cry of European art and letters on its tongue—was callow and superior. It despised the pseudo-Gallicism, vintage 1890, of some of the older set-

tlers, the politic and conversational *maskilism* of the more Hebraic. It wrote jeering songs about them and printed and sang them. In Rehoboth the Halutzim had laid themselves a formal patterned garden on their land, the first, they boasted, and only public garden in the settlement. . . . Mannerless, bumptious beggars demanding to be choosers, said the old settlers, lazy, not-to-be-relied-on know-it-alls, spoiling what they touch, not worth their keep, and demanding ruinous wages, putting on airs. . . . Lowbrow exploiters, self-seekers, boorish profiteers out of the needs of the homeland, said the Halutzim. . . . Strain. Yet with all their talk the one gives work and the other takes work, and out of the squabbles and compromises of each day, ways lay themselves of going more smoothly together. . . . Strain. When the moon is full of a night, and the Halutzim sing their songs, the daughters of the old settlers are not far, under the moon. On the dance floors the Halutzim are not the partners of their fellow-immigrants alone, nor mostly. I have seen them and I have heard them, under the late moon.

4

THE same moon shines on a different scene in the valley of Esdraelon. This area where are Megiddo

and Endor and Naboth's vineyard and Gideon's well, is the scene of the major work of the Zionist colonization since Palestine was opened to settlement as the Jewish homeland. It is a queer spreading depression sunk like a bird's claw between the Galilean hills and Carmel and Gilboa. The middle toe dips into the Jordan valley. When the Zionists acquired it, it was waste land. The spring by whose waters Gideon had once chosen his three hundred warriors had become a crawling tarn fifteen feet broad and two feet deep, that spread in ooze beyond. Where Naboth held a vineyard his king could covet, was a still swamp, covered with malarial miasma. For centuries nothing human could thrive there. In their beginnings the German Templars had tried it, and until the Jews came, forty years after, they were the last. To the Arabs the well was poison; whoever drank of its waters, they believed, would die.

The Jews who came were the Jews of the G'dud Awodah, self-dedicated to winning back the soil. They cleansed the cave of the fountain of Harod from its pollutions. They gathered up the waters of the swamp in reservoirs and gave the rich earth back to plantation. They cleaned the springs from afar and channeled their waters; the deadly tarn was now a wholesome reservoir. They paid their heavy toll to black-water fever

and the simpler malaria, but now, where for a hundred years no human habitation was, are many Jewish villages; the waters of the well of Gideon are waters of life once more. A modern engine drives them through pipes to the high ground of Kfar Yechezkiel. They feed Giveah and Tel Josef. Naboth's vineyard and the country round has become fruitful again, a place of trees and grains and grasses. Cattle flourish and children are born. . . .

To come in the winter season to the Fountain of Harod mindful of this background of ancient history and recent heroism is an initiation of the soul. We had driven down in a motor car from Nazareth to Afuleh. In Nazareth there had fallen a fine rain which sprayed dim religious mistiness upon the ancient holies in view there. We had drunk the water from Mary's well; we had marveled, in the church built to enshrine them, at Mary's kitchen and Joseph's workshop and tomb. We had tried to imagine what it would feel like to live in a grotto in the rock as our guide said Mary did, and in another church we gave due appreciation to the miracle of topography by which two pillars could be set to mark precisely the respective positions of Mary and the Angel Gabriel when that heavenly messenger came to her announcing. . . .

The rain getting heavier, our chauffeur would not permit us to view the little Orthodox parish church which stands where stood the ancient synagogue when Nazareth was a Jewish village and the Christian Savior a Jewish village boy. We had to miss talking with the one Jewish carpenter in town who makes the wooden plows his Christian neighbors use on their far fields. Down the hills of Galilee we drove until we reached the straight road to Afuleh, racing the rain. By the time we took that road, the rain had more than taken it, and we entered the lingering hotel of Afuleh dripping like water-goblins. Beyond this promoter's nightmare, no chauffeur would drive. From Afuleh we should have to continue the next afternoon on the one train which comes through from Haifa. By morning the rain had let up. Afuleh looked like some motion picture set of an abandoned mining camp in the American Motion Picture West. It was, in fact, the monstrously drab reality corresponding to the prospectuses of an American real estate company, organized to do business in Palestine. Afuleh was to be the market center of the whole Emek, a provincial capital of life and fortune. As a business fact it presented the picture of a village of discouraged humans somehow surviving an abandoned hope. . . .

The grimy and rheumatic train was hours more than usually late. Afuleh's possibilities of conversation and inspection exhausted, we loitered in the dark and smelly railroad station, which filled up with an extraordinary number of travelers, mostly young Halutzim. Many were going, it seemed, to or from important conferences regarding the critical affairs of the *G'dud*. Others were taking a sick child or a sick wife to the *Kupath Holim* (Workers' Sick Fund) hospital in Ain Harod. One, especially friendly, with whom we shared the sandwiches we had returned to the hotel to get, for lunch, had walked in from the colony to see about repairs for some tool. It was now too wet for a return journey on foot; he would have to ride. He was, he told us, one of the elected executive committee responsible for the affairs of the colony, and very proud of it and the work of his committee. He took charge of us. On the train, which finally did arrive, he found us the least dirty places in the car. He brought to us the devoted and meticulously thorough director of the Malaria Unit, Dr. Schapiro. And he was glad to talk to us new listeners about his world and its wife. So the short journey passed quickly, even in the long time this train could take to make short journeys.

From the station the road to the colony is still

a dust-clouded track in summer and in winter a sink of sticky mud. We stepped it in the dusk to the drum-beat of the engine pumping the waters of the fountain of Gideon.

Ain Harod is the largest of the new colonies. Most of its 400 members, more or less, are soldiers in the *G'dud*. Their settlement is a temporary one, taken up to hold the water right; they were expecting before long to remove to healthier upland ground. Here, they live in wooden shacks and corrugated tin barracks left over from the war. There is a great wooden common room where they dine and debate; for their parents there is another, smaller one where they may worship Jehovah and live according to the *Shulchan Aruch* and obey its commandments. The effective partners in the colony do not share their parents' faith. The traditional ritualistic way of life precious to their fathers is replaced, for the sons, by the communistic way of life which they hope, by virtue of their present sacrifices and hardships, to build up into a perfect example of social justice for all Palestine. They are not less orthodox in this religion of theirs than their parents are in theirs; nor are the sons less strict in their own rituals. To hear them, they are the heirs of the prophets indeed, setting up a just

commonwealth where Elisha once denounced the crime of Naboth's vineyard.

The terms of their thought are conventional enough; it is the utterance that has prophetic fire. . . . I heard it before dinner from the secretary of the Works Committee, later from the guiding spirit of the commune himself. A long, spare, narrow-faced man, clean-shaven, with frame and garb of one of our southern mountaineers and the mystic's removed glance. He was an old Palestinian and in his youth had served as watchman for the early settlements. So he had had plenty of time under the moon and the stars to work out his scheme of salvation. Groups of mere farmers, he had noticed, somehow do not hold together. They do not get their work done and in the end they fail. Asking himself why, he decided that they suffered from a defect in the scale of their group economy. In our days, a commune, to be a going concern from the start, must be an organic whole in which each part owns and exercises its particular function. There must be a real division of labor and all the basic services of the common economy must be provided for. It requires not only its various agricultural functionaries but its smiths, its shoemakers, its teachers, and the like. These must be administered and directed as a single unit so that there shall be no

motion wasted and no time lost. In that way each contributes his interest to the welfare of all and all to each. . . . How the administration was going? Well, the Kwutzah was not yet on a paying basis . . . but the fault was not theirs. They had not received their full equipment from the Zionist organization. Many felt that the Kwutzah form of settlement was being discriminated against. . . .

The material incarnation of this attractive and plausible theory: a straggling village . . . military housing without military tidiness . . . machinery rusting on the ground . . . sanitary arrangements a stench and a menace . . . the kitchen with the screen doors and windows all open or ajar . . . omnipresent flies over everything; a thick, black, buzzing, beating layer of life on freshly baked bread set out to cool.

Dinner. We are summoned by a gong. It is Friday night; there is barley soup and the rare feast of flesh. The comrades troop into the great common hall. They crowd on the narrow benches at either side of the long wood tables lined against the walls. Their children are squeezed in, and the guests. There is a great confusion of gay sound. From one end of the long room the white whiskers and bushy head of Karl Marx look down upon this congregation of his faithful; from

the other, the black Assyrian beard of Theodor Herzl. What a difference the style in the cut of the beard makes! Suppose that Marx had worn his hair like Herzl, Herzl like Marx? . . . But there is no time for these cogitations upon the hair that perhaps divides the false and true. The food is being brought in pails and bowls from the kitchen and passed from hand to hand, badly cooked, without nourishment to the eye, unalluring to the palate. But how quickly consumed! While the everlasting doctrinal argument flows high, and the flies buzz. My mind reverts to the brief visit we had paid to the barrack which was the dwelling of my acquaintance of the train and his wife; the carefully whitewashed walls; the scrubbed floor; the neat curtains of mosquito netting, the kindly tidiness, the here and there unnecessary touch merely to please the eye. A ration of herring and bread and olives brought in from the common kitchen, was somehow neatly served and neatly divided, though tableware was lacking. . . .

Are we not, I reflected, in the presence of a sardonic and mean revenge which behavior takes of thought? Must it always be that when the nearnesses and intimacies of life are made everybody's business, nobody busies himself about them? that a too high profession must always go with

an opposite practice? that every saint must be an embodiment of insanitation, and the greater idealist ever less able to make the ideal real? Here is embodied Utopia; a philosophy of labor as elaborate and noble as any, and how rudimentary the instinct of workmanship which embodies it! How lacking that patient and thorough industry which peasants have! In Tel Josef, in Tel Hai, in Kfar Gileadi, wherever I came to view the fruits of the labor wherewith these passionate and self-immolating humanitarians of the G'dud Awodah had set up as a shrine to their ideal, seeking so much and attaining so little, these thoughts came up.

It was the Christmas season and the Christians of the land were making solemn holiday. By Christmas Eve we had reached the poignant muddy barracks of Tel Josef. The clouds had broken in the late afternoon and by night the sky had cleared. There was schism in the colony on a point of social doctrine; its unity was threatened and sadness weighed down the whole of that once gay company, bound to each other here by the comradeship of battle as of work. They were on a verge, one felt . . . and the merest nothing might bring down hysteria. . . . "They used to be so gay and comradely," a lost-looking young American from Smith College told me.

"When I first knew them they used to sing and dance. They seemed to have the secret of a happy life. Now—" Her completing gesture wrote a finis of disillusion. . . . I suppose that I was the only one in that whole company who had any idea that it was holiday time in the width of the western world because of a supposed birth in a manger not fifty miles away. The great barrack at last was emptied. Then on the hour, the electric light winked out. I went to my hut. In their shacks, bedded as they could, lay tired, tired people sleeping on hard cots, cold with the tepid cold of the Palestinian winter. Outside was the dark sky, littered with icy stars. When morning came, we had a breakfast of sour bread, sour milk and dark thick water called tea, while birds dashed at the bread from without, and flies made a thick buzzing over all. . . . In New York, I thought, there is not the devoutest Jew unstirred by a holiday feeling; here the holiday is for a to-morrow doubtfully traced among the birthdays of time. The hope which animates the negligences and grimnesses and utter helplessness of this chaotic regiment of work is so beautiful . . . and so vain. . . .

I recall Kfar Yechezkiel on the high ground across the way. This is what the Zionists call a *Moshav Ovdim*. In a *Moshav* each man sits, if

he gets the time, under his own vine and fig tree; he owns his own field as a freehold or under perpetual lease from the Jewish National Fund. He may command no man servant or maid servant. He must till his own ground with his own hands. He must join with his neighbors in those enterprises which are inevitably common to the personal life: in the building of roads, in sanitation, in schooling; in the buying of seeds or fertilizer or automatic tools; in marketing. But regarding the way of work and life in which his idiosyncrasy is in play, he is his own man.

It was a feast that brought me to Kfar Yechezkiel. The community dairy had been installed and was being dedicated. We went by car from Jerusalem over admirable highroads, lifting and swinging and dipping on the mountain's edge. The rains had not quite come and the Palestinian glamour wrapped your spirit like good wine. Delegations were there from all the neighboring settlements; the Zionist executive had an official representative from Jerusalem; the Labor Organization from Tel Aviv. There were speeches and gratulatory backslapping and handshaking. The dairy was inspected, the first butter and cheese shown. And there was a feast, provided like a church supper by the different housewives of the

village—no meats, but all the confections of milk and its derivatives known to Jewry, excellently cooked and neatly served. No one who could cook like that could have tolerated the abused and dangerous kitchens of Ain Harod or Tel Josef. . . . Kfar Yechezkiel was beginning, as the accountants say, to come out of red ink. If for any reason other than that faith had here been absorbed in works and not in rationalizations and theology, I have not been able to discover what it is. The human material is the same. It has the same hope, the same eagerness, the same sense of dedication to a cause that is more than any one man or any one community, the same loyalty to a goodness still not seen. Leadership? Undoubtedly. But, then, there is Nahalal—also a Moshav Ovdim, the prize show place of official Zionism, already for some time “out of the red.” Can it be that there is something in the form of a society which defeats its very aim? But then there is little Gibeah, a small phalanstery of a score of souls . . . self-sustaining, paying back its debts. And there, at the end of a bitter score of years, is Daganiah, on the fertile but malarial left bank of the Jordan; industrious, well-ordered, clean, and self-maintaining. Daganiah, however, may be called an old settlement. It dates from early Zionist times. . . .

5

Is the difference between the Biluist and the Halutz no more than such difference as comes with the years, some little property and the vested interests of matter and manner that grow up when one lives long in a given place? In essential human quality, perhaps yes, but not in those ways by which an historian distinguishes one generation from another. The contrast of the European of the 80's and 90's of the past century and the European of to-day carries over into Palestine. The Halutz is naturally a laborite and a doctrinaire socialist. He is a pacifist with the passions of the greatest war in his past. He is passionate about education. He has the modernist preoccupation with the arts as special branches of life. He seeks in Palestine no simple personal salvation nor even the healing of the children of Israel. His aspiration is the prophetic one; like the sect of the reformers in the traditional cult of Judaism, he believes in the mission of Israel and in Jewry's duty and destiny to be a light unto the nations. His Kwutzoth and his Moshavim, his labor organization and his—he calls them—coöperative societies, are endeavors to kindle that light. His vision of a future counterweighs the orthodox Judaist's security of the past. His ex-

periments, with all their grime and negligence, have the spark of life in them. They more than offset the black and unhappy repetitions that wring the heart here and there in this shining Palestinian countryside. Out of Poland have come also Chasidim, with their chalats and earlocks, despairfully trying to repeat in the milder climate the works and ways of the Polish scene that so benefit the sacred person of the Rebbe. To the religious mind of Palestine, they bring neither message nor challenge. The ecclesiastical vested interest known as Agudath Israel makes its special claim on the Holy Land, and the Mizrachi set up their doctrines and colonies and schools. . . . All these are perhaps closer to the suffering Jewish masses of central Europe, to whom the shadowy right to enter Palestine set up for them by the law of nations is the one responsive answer to their cry out of the depths; Palestine is the living frontier of their hope. Yet of the realization of the adventure after the Jewish homeland, it is the experimenting Halutzim who are the symbols and not the repetitive foils. For they are the growing edge of the common life; the pathfinders and the renewers. They are the living frontier. . . .

CHAPTER IV

ZIONIST IDEALS AND PALESTINIAN REALITIES

I

SEEING the Jewry of this land, one sees how deeply all the Jews of the world are stirred by the thought of Palestine. The Jews who live here or come here to live, range in their ways from the set orthodoxies of an ancient past to the indeterminate forms of a future still unshaped. The hope which stirred them enflamed the world's Jewry for and against. In the end they all unite—godless and godly, jingo and assimilator—to insure its local habitation and name. . . .

It is a time of crisis. Jews are emigrating from Palestine as well as seeking to enter it. Yet it is the emigrants who seem the more depressed. Those who have committed their souls to this land show you, though their words are cynicism and hunger cries in their bellies, vivid eager faces; and the eyes that look out at you have that in their look which you have seen in the eyes of soldiers marching to the front or apostles of a new salvation preaching their faith. It is a look that meets you everywhere in the new Palestine; along

the highways, in the colonies, in the schools. The faith and enthusiasm it conveys transform what would be otherwise a common enough episode in the economies of giving and getting into a consecrated adventure, an act of religion, in which the Jews not alone of Palestine, but of the whole world, have a share.

It has not been our custom to think of this adventure as consecrated and of Zionist effort as religious. The Zionists themselves have, in modern times, tended to ignore and forget the pious and liturgical background of their endeavor. Those among them to whom it is paramount are a minority, ever under the stress of vindicating their traditionalism. Among the Halutzim it is negligible. True, they keep the Sabbath and eat no pork. That, however, is an incident of their nationalism, not a principle of their faith. And formally they assimilate this nationalism to the other ones of Europe with which it properly belongs.

Psychologically closest to Zionism used to be the nationalism of the Irish and the nationalism of the Poles. Each of these people manifested before the war the same emotional tone and behavior pattern as the Jews. Their political subjection had created in them a sense of abiding wrong, had set going in them feelings of in-

feriority which they were constantly trying to overcome. Their nationalism was animated by this sense and by these feelings. They directed their behavior into forms of rebellion and aspiration which should offset the feelings, and vindicate their personal parity with the other peoples of the world. Thus, Poles and Irish were champions of democracy abroad and conspirators at home. They defended lost causes and projected others still to be won. They figured as tribunes of the people and champions of the rights of man. Against their cultural insignificance in present fact they invoked, by way of compensation, ancient cultural glories, as often imagined as real; they resurrected, and saved and sanctified, in the face of the conqueror's objections, the national letters and the national tongue; they wore their national faith passionately, as a panache. Wanderers over the world, they carried wherever they went their nationalist ideals, and yearned and labored and conspired for the freedom of the fatherland eagerly, unremittingly. They had their like among the Greeks and the Croats, the Albanians and the Bulgars and the Serbs; their like but not their peers. Not even the nationalism of Garibaldi's Italians stands out, for devotion and intransigence, like that of the sons of Erin and the Poles. Of all the subject peoples of Europe they

were most like the Jews, and between the Jews and them the difference was so great as to make their nationalism of another kind. For although both the Poles and the Irish were scattered in all four corners of the earth, there were always more Irish than others in Ireland and more Poles than others in Poland. Their fatherlands had remained theirs by physical location as well as by patriotic tradition. If they were only servants in their home, they were, nevertheless, still at home.

Not so the Jews. Although the dominant tradition of our civilization regards Palestine as the land of Israel and Israel as the people of Palestine and this connection between the two stands as a religious matter of course, Israel had not spent much time living in the land of Israel. The actual relation has been largely one of desire, not possession. The Bible, which is the foundation and ground of the dominant tradition, presents the Jews as God's chosen people and Palestine as their promised land. It was promised because it was not possessed. Even when possessed it was held in fear, without security, Judea being always a precarious Belgium between the France of Egypt and the Germany of the Mesopotamian empires. Thus Palestine had for the Jews ever the ideality of things hoped for but not held, the comfortable excellence of that salvation which rewards piety

and crowns virtue. This gave Palestine, in the eyes of the Jews, a unique significance, an importance without parallel, such as no other country has for its lovers; and the extraordinary appreciation spread from the Jews to the whole Christian world. It made of Palestine the center of the Jewish theory of life and the Jews' outlook on the universe. "Entering it, staying in it, being driven from it, returning to it, are the instigating motives of their historic narratives, of their prophetic books, of their psalms, their liturgy, their prayers, their idea of a future life and their present endeavor in the community of mankind." Dispersed throughout the western world, living everywhere under inconceivable disabilities, personal and social, the Jews came to take the return to Palestine as the one symbol of that future time when to be a Jew should not be the same as to carry the burden of some stigma, however faint, yet ineradicable, in the opinion of the non-Jews among whom they lived.

The general name for this opinion is anti-Semitism. Its first form was religious. It was set up by the peculiar position of the Jews in the doctrine of salvation of the Christian churches. Having refused to accept the Savior whom God had sent to them, the Chosen People, they were cast off by God. The Old Testament was superseded

by the New and the Chosen People became the Rejected People. Throughout the Dark and Middle Ages, until well into the nineteenth century, such was in fact their status; without standing in the law, without rights, without redress, existing on sufferance, at best tolerated, never accepted. When, about the middle of the eighteenth century, a great wave of secular and scientific thinking about human institutions swept Europe, and skeptics like Gibbon and Hume rewrote history, humanitarians like Voltaire and Diderot and Rousseau rewrote politics and ethics, a different, secular view of the Jews arose to compete with the theological one. This became the view of the liberals and the intellectuals of Europe. They recognized that a Jew was as much a child of Nature as a Frenchman or Englishman or German, entitled to the same rights and charged with the same duties. If he was different from the others, it was not because of what he was born as but because of what was imposed on him by powers in society which he could not control and for which he was not responsible. The life of the Jewish communities in Europe, its alienity and otherness, was due to outer menace and inner fear. To make it a good life, all that was needful was that the Jews should emerge, once the Christian law permitted it, from their ghettos

and become Frenchmen or Englishmen or Germans of the Mosaic persuasion.

To numbers of Jews this came as a Gospel of Liberation. They took the action it implied and formulated for themselves a philosophy with which to justify it. The action and philosophy are known to-day as the Reform Movement in Judaism. It provided for many of the Jews in Western Europe and America a way into the larger life of the western world. But it was not a way open to the great mass of Jewish people. The mass, West and East alike, remained untouched by "Reform."

In the course of time, moreover, it became apparent that the millennial hopes which had been stirred by the illuminati of the eighteenth century, and raised high by the French Revolution, were not going to be realized. Revolution was followed by reaction, reaction by the slow uncertain laborious process of piecemeal political and social liberation from medievalism and monarchical absolutism of which so much of nineteenth century history consists. Men found by experience that they could not win to freedom and security distributively, each for himself alone. Throughout Europe, the ideals of democracy were organically bound up with the ideals of nationality. Greeks, Italians, Poles, Irish, Serbs, Croats, Czechs, Slo-

vaks, Magyars, Letts, Lithuanians—they all aspired to national freedom. Some achieved it early, others late. Constantly their ranks were added to and the World War increased their number. When the war ended, a great collection of nationalities, from the Baltic Sea to the Black, from the Ural Mountains to the Atlantic Ocean, gained, under the slogan of “self-determination,” something like national independence; while national minorities in such new nations gained “minority rights” safeguarded under international law by the League of Nations.

The Jews figured both as nationality and as national minority. They had discovered early that the principle of “the rights of man” fell far short of abolishing anti-Semitism. On the contrary. To anti-Semitism in its religious form there had been now added several new varieties. The deep foundation of these new ones was still religious teaching; and the given reason for the anti-Semitisms—what the new psychology calls rationalizations—were as various as the special interests that sought to gain their special ends by means of them. Particularly conspicuous were the racial-cultural and the economic rationalizations. All had for their objectives the disfranchisement and expropriation of Jews and their reduction to their former medieval status. Often they involved

extensive conspiracies against the Jewish people in such forms as accusations of ritual murder, the Dreyfus case, the myth of the "Elders of Zion," down to the most recent and elaborate systems of anti-Jewish machinations of Hungarian or Polish or Rumanian reactionaries, or the American Henry Ford or the Ku Klux Klan. Henry Ford, significantly, has admitted the entire falsehood of his anti-Jewish system and promises all in his power to undo the harm his propaganda has accomplished.

2

OUT of the feelings stirred by one of these conspiracies—the Dreyfus case—arose Zionism, as organized, secular Jewish nationalism is called. The *affaire Dreyfus* deeply stirred Theodore Herzl, then a man of Jewish allegiance by blood alone. It awakened in him the realization of how intimately bound up with one another are the freedom and security of the individual with the freedom and security of his group. His *Judenstaat* touched off the frustrated needs and unfulfilled hopes of Jews in all walks of life in all parts of the world. It supplemented with political ideals and a practical program the vague cultural and colonizing interests of the Nationalist Jew of eastern Europe. Representatives of all of them

came together at Basle, Switzerland, in 1897, as delegates to the first international Zionist congress, and there adopted a platform which defines the persistent endeavor of the Zionists from that time on: "to create in Palestine for the Jewish people a publicly recognized homeland under legal guaranties." Zionism thus added the Jews to the group of disenfranchised and oppressed nationalities openly struggling for status and freedom, before the law of nations, in the western world. As Mr. Justice Brandeis summed up the underlying philosophy of the movement, almost a score of years later: "Councils of rabbis and others have undertaken at times to prescribe by definition that only those shall be deemed Jews who professedly adhere to the orthodox or reformed faith. But in the connection in which we are considering the term, it is not in the power of any single body of Jews—or indeed of all Jews collectively—to establish the effective definition. The meaning of the word Jewish in the term Jewish Problem must be accepted as coextensive with the disabilities which it is our problem to remove. It is the non-Jews who create the disabilities and in so doing give definition to the term Jew. These disabilities extend substantially to all of Jewish blood. They do not end with a renunciation of faith, however sincere. They do not end with the elimination,

however complete, of external Jewish mannerisms. The disabilities do not end ordinarily until the Jewish blood has been so thoroughly diluted by repeated intermarriage as to result in practically obliterating the Jew. . . . Enlightened countries grant to individuals equality before the law; but they fail to recognize the equality of whole peoples or nationalities. We seek to protect as individuals those constituting a minority, but we fail to realize that protection cannot be complete unless group equality also is recognized."

Such are the facts and the philosophy of Jewish nationalism. To recognize them is to recognize that the position of the Jew in the western world is historically abnormal. Dwellers in many lands, authoritative sacred tradition assigns them their national home in a land where they had little dwelt. As definitively a nationality as any ethnic or cultural group in Europe, and so recognized both by belief and by custom, they yet had no existence whatever before the law of nations, and among their neighbors they lived always insecurely and in fear, since wherever Christianity flourished anti-Semitism threatened, and was indeed most actual and most powerful in those lands and among those classes of society in which tradition was least challenged by science and democracy and conservative privilege was least moved by

events. Such countries, with the exception of Spain, which had long ago expelled them for the glory of Christ, were the countries in which the Jews were most numerous—the countries of central and eastern Europe.

How could the anomalies of their political and social status fail to set up in the Jews corresponding anomalies of body and mind? Among them were great virtues—deep and vivid rationalism, humanitarian passion and moral idealism, patience and great endurance, subtle and practical intellectuality, lovingkindness—but also and especially the defects of such virtues: undernourishment, small stature, neurasthenia, disputatiousness, evasion and trickiness, forwardness, shyness, ostentation and pushiness. By setting up and maintaining in practice the social traits which theoretical anti-Semitism justified itself by, anti-Semitism set up a vicious circle which only the success of Jewish nationalism could break through.

The terms of this success are extremely modest. The Basle platform does not ask for a Jewish State in Palestine, it asks for a homeland there, recognized as such among the nations and guaranteed as such by international law. During the war when the Allies were eager to bind the Jewish interest to them, they offered to declare for a complete political sovereignty. The astounding mod-

eration of the terms of the well-known Balfour Declaration, which is the basis of the present Jewish adventure in Palestine, is due to the generosity of the Jews toward the vested interests already established in the land, not to the niggardliness of Allied statesmen toward Jewish hopes. That this generosity was a mistaken and self-mutilating one, the subsequent conduct of the British foreign office has made sufficiently clear. So far as British conduct is concerned, the Jews and their homeland have been a pawn in the policies of empire; the British part in the building up of the homeland is still to take . . .

The Balfour Declaration provides for "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people . . . it being clearly understood that nothing may be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of the existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country." This is what has been written in the British Mandate for Palestine from the League of Nations: "The Mandatory shall be responsible for placing the country under such political, administrative and economic conditions as will secure the establishment of the Jewish national home . . . and the development of self-governing institutions and also for safeguarding the civil and

religious rights of all the inhabitants of Palestine, irrespective of race or religion." The work of safeguarding the Mandatory is attending to, to the last letter of the law; the work of establishing the Jewish homeland—well, the Zionist Organization is doing that so far as it is being done. This organization has been to date the sole existing "appropriate Jewish Agency" which is to help the government in executing the Mandate regarding the Jewish national home. . . . Fortunately, it is to be alone no longer.

3

Fortunately. . . . For the Zionist Organization from the beginning had been a political and propaganda organization, not an industrial and financial one with a colonial concession to build up a waste and holy land into a flourishing homeland for the Jewish people. The most matter-of-fact and realistic Zionist in the world, when he thought of Palestine, thought of something with somehow an otherworldly dimension, beglamoured with age-old memories, glorified with compensatory visions. None of the techniques and standards of workaday existence could quite apply. It was a city of God which was here to be built, and faith would make its own works.

But whatever faith can do in the way of a

city of God, it does in Heaven. Even a very earthy, sketchy city of earth requires business acumen and technical skill. Without them, faith is self-defeating; it can build only a city not made with hands. The Jewish homeland requires to be made with hands, and to the making of anything with hands, except gestures, the Zionist tradition has been ineffably tangent, from its remote origins in Messianic Judaism, through its modern phases of Hovevei and political Zionism, with its Biluim and Halutzim. Zionist leadership grew up by writing for journals and swaying audiences; by arguing ideologies and spinning utopian programs on paper. Zionist income was not earnings but collections, and Zionist expenditures could not help being influenced by the fact that those who made them were applying other people's money for a mystic purpose, in situations which they were not fitted either by training or by interest or insight to understand or control. In pre-Zionist days, the consequent misfortunes were attributed to the evils of Halukah. But they were the same evils whether dispensed in that vague incompetent way of irresponsible collectors or in the specific and grandiose largess of the Rothschild fortune, or in the more pretentious nationalist distributions of the Keren Hayesod. In all cases there was an unconscious conflict of interest be-

tween those who came to make a life in Zion and those who had established themselves as making a living out of Zionism. The overruling interest of the latter had ineluctably to be organization politics. The overruling compulsion upon the former was ineluctably to find the way to something like a good life in a waste land by the method of trial and error. Organization politicians could not contaminate their ideal program with the realities of Palestine; Jewish workers could not keep their programs from being swamped by the facts. And the sufferings and the needs of the disinherited Jewish masses could not be mitigated in one iota of their sordid irony. After the waste of work and wealth, of life and lovingkindness written into the brave sad record of the modern Jewish Palestine, the miracle, one thinks, is not that so much has been squandered, but that anything has been won at all. Faith survived the attritions of reality until a new reality had patterned a new faith.

4

THE Zionist scheme could not help being grandiose. Automatically, the compensatory dream was set up in that fullness of form which an economy, to be healthy, can only grow into. It became at

once, in essentials, a government within a government. It set up in Palestine a whole complex of national institutions—a banking system, a department of colonization, of health, of education, and the like. It encouraged the voluntary upkeep of traditional systems of justice. It worked jealously for autonomy in every detail of the common life. How unconscious, how illusory and impracticable this was may be inferred from the fact that these functions of government were initiated without the powers of government. Except the labor organizations, the various *Va'ads* and committees and commissions had neither the police power to enforce their decisions and ordinances nor the taxing power to make them inwardly efficacious and self-sustaining. In place of police power it had to rely on "honor" and voluntary consent; in place of taxing power it had to rely on contributions and gifts from the Jewry of the Diaspora. Consequently, the Zionist system breaks down before any dispute of its authority and the "new" Jewish Palestine gets involved in a financial crisis whenever the flow of gifts and contributions is in any noticeable degree diminished. In the Zionist administration in Palestine there was to be sensed, at least when I was there, a certain quality of hysteria and make-believe which was due to the basic unreality of its fundamental position and

was enhanced by the fact that the bureaucracy which composed it were in place not because of competency in their professions or technical fitness for their tasks, but because they represented this or that powerful faction in the Zionist Organization, or were loyal henchmen of this or that leader in the political alignment of the groups.

In view of these facts, the increase of the Jewish population of Palestine—from about 10% of the whole in 1920 to about 18% in 1926—is a testimony to the place of the Holy Land in the deep heart of Jewry rather than to the abilities of the Zionist administration. The immigration stations in various east and central European centers, the training schools in which boys and girls study farming in Europe that they have to unlearn in Palestine, are aspects rather of a religious vision than of a realistic administrative power.

So is the concentration upon agricultural colonization. Palestine is a country beautiful but barren. Available arable land is nearly all taken up, and precisely because of the artificial Jewish demand, is constantly rising in price without increasing in value. Sooner or later the price must become prohibitive. Meanwhile it is forgotten that more than eighty thousand Jews have entered Palestine since 1920 and that of these thousands, only 4,628 actually live in the 41 colonies maintained by the

Keren Hayesod. Of this handful, a third are children. The figures are those of the Zionist executive itself. . . .

So is the concentration upon education an aspect of religious vision. This is in the classic Jewish tradition and it is a matter of pride that the school population of Jewish Palestine is nearly 26,000, about 19,000 attending the Zionist schools. The rest are in communal or non-Jewish schools. The total school population of the country is a few hundred short of 65,000. As the Jews are less than 18% of the total population of Palestine, the significance of these figures needs no comment. The Zionist budget for education for the year 1927 was £158,000—about \$750,000. It is not possible to estimate what the non-Zionist schools cost. The budget has been consistently hard to raise. Intermittent payments, difficult housing, inadequate inspection and similar items have made it well-nigh impossible to convert the paper program into a factual system. Compared with the government schools, Jewish schools are chaotic, lacking discipline, order and consistent purpose. On the other hand, they are alive, experimental, and courageous. Their best, public or private, is as good as anything the United States or Russia can boast of; their worst is worthy at least of a church school conducted by a British curate. Best

or worst, nobody seeing them can fail to be impressed by the terrific verbalism and abstractness of the reputed Jewish love of learning, and by the devotion to the well-being of their young which characterizes the Jews. The latter is particularly noticeable in the colonies. The most down-at-the-heels Kwutzah has a bright, substantial nursery and children's house, scrupulously clean and gay as its piteous resources can make it. The children seem invariably better fed and clothed than their parents; better kept and far more alert than the Arab; eager, healthy and—poorly schooled. Whether they are thereby better educated, time alone can tell. The authorities of the Department of Education do not think highly of the Jewish schools, they fall so entirely outside of what they had learned a generation or so ago to regard as schooling. On the other hand, judged by the standards set in the school of the Parents' Education Association in Jerusalem, where the endeavor is made to found a general education upon the specific realities of Palestinian life, the Jewish schools have too little of the strength of the modern program and too many of its weaknesses.

Fiscal and economic institutions exhibit a similar constitutional inferiority. Religious messianism of the tradition secures in modern dress the vision

of a coöperative commonwealth. The labor faction of the Zionist Organization has the usual socialist philosophy of European labor and has its own instrumentalities for building within the framework of the Zionist controls, something that will establish social justice. The American Zionists, particularly those identified as the Mack-Brandeis group, are interested in coöperation as a technique of efficiency and a device for preventing financial oppression; their contribution to the economics of Palestine is the Central Bank of the Coöperative Institutions of Palestine, which serves not only as a source of credit but as a disciplinary and educational instrument, continuously molding the conduct of the Palestinian economy, wherever the Bank touches it, in the direction of successful coöperative practice. Nevertheless, success for coöperation in Palestine, on the whole and in the long run, cannot be claimed. *Hamashbir*, which began as a consumers' coöperative, developed practically into a company store for all the labor organizations. Its own members have no faith in it and demand it shall be completely reorganized. Solelboneh, which was to be a great coöperative building guild, had to be liquidated, after having cost its backers great sums and thrown the workers' banks into difficulties. The status of the Kwutzoth is problematical, the vari-

ous "industrial coöperatives" to which the labor organization hires out tools and machinery are in effect joint stock companies. *Pardess*, the co-operative selling agency of the old colonies, cannot maintain a united front toward the market and is always in danger of dissolution. The glory of the coöperative movement has been the achievement of the *G'dud Awodah* in the conquest of the marshes and the desert, in the face of malaria, hunger, and the warfare of marauding Arabs. The achievement is sealed with the blood of Trumpeldor and lesser members of this army of peace.

5

To what degree the jealous and compensatory autonomy of the Zionists affected the attitude of the government toward the positive work of building the Jewish homeland, I am not able to guess. Even if its influence was considerable, there are enough other factors of greater importance. The pledge to the Jews was, so far as British conservatives were concerned, from the beginning, simply an irritating item in the policies of empire, to be used or discarded at need. It was a vexatious survival of a war measure to trouble the policy-making of peace times. The Christian interest was counter to the keeping of the pledge, and the anti-

Semitism explicit in the churchmen and high officials manifested itself in indirect ways throughout the whole civil service. So far as I have been able to gather, it was aggravated during Sir Herbert Samuel's incumbency as High Commissioner. The position of that distinguished British official was extremely difficult. Being a Jew, he had to show what a thoroughgoing servant of empire he could be. He left office with a well-policed, orderly country behind him, a surplus in the treasury, and a body of interesting ordinances on the statute books. But he left it also with the precedent that where any other interest comes into conflict with that of the upbuilding of the Jewish homeland, the other interest comes first. The Jews could build their homeland if they wanted to; the mandatory power was not preventing them, but it was not helping them.

The attitude of the first High Commissioner became that of all his subordinates and survived his incumbency. As always happens in such situations the attitude of non-interference generated movements of obstruction. While the Turks themselves have been modernizing their country, the old Turkish fiscal and legal system is kept up by the British authority in Palestine. The tithe has been slightly reduced—from $12\frac{1}{2}\%$ to 10% ; the *werko*, or property tax, remains unaltered. The

tendency of the changes in taxation is to inhibit rather than to forward growth. Thus every transfer in land involves a rise in the tax rate. As the transfer is almost invariably from Arab to Jews, the new Jewish owner pays on the same land a tax six times as great as the Arab owner paid, although its productive value has not been increased by the transfer. Where other governments not only exempt new enterprises—especially colonies and plantations—but even help them with credit and goods, the mandatory power levies on Jewish plantations as soon as they are started; nor does it return any of the taxes it collects by way of local roads or drainage or irrigation work. It levies taxes on new houses and buildings. It charges a disproportionately high head tax on Jewish immigrants. Although it has distributed some public lands, none so far have reached the Jews, except as sales from Arabs who took them up for this purpose. It must be added, however, that under Lord Plumer, all the terms of the mandate have been more faithfully observed than under Sir Herbert Samuel. Something of what the Jews have paid in as taxes has begun to come back in the form of a subvention to the educational system, the removal of some duties on raw materials, the employment of out-of-work Jewish laborers on public works. . . . But it is a far cry

from the responsible trusteeship written into the mandate.

To date, apart from the policies of empire, the only section of the population of Palestine to whom the Balfour Declaration has been an un-mixed good is the Arab. The fellah has a greater market for his produce, more money, more things; on the whole, a better life. The town worker has more employment and rising standards. The effendi—the landlord, the “intellectual,” the white-collar worker, one who professes Christianity especially—has benefited from his artificial nationalism, often manufactured by British officials, in the same way. A good many have been placed in government posts; others have made unexpected fortunes in real estate deals. . . . Whatever they may say for political effect, in their hearts and pockets they have no quarrel with the Balfour Declaration. Their anti-Semitism will fade out once it ceases to be the thing among British administrative officials and high churchmen.

6

THE body which is to succeed the World Zionist Organization as the Jewish Agency cannot, as the agency for the mandate, have other than Zionist ideals. But it can and undoubtedly will have other instruments than the Zionist to make

these ideals into realities—instruments that will in the first order be professional and technological and adapted to the working over of Palestinian realities. Agricultural Palestine, Colonel Sawyer, the government commissioner for Agriculture, told me, can absorb at most another million into its agricultural population. The industrial future of Palestine is a function of management, capital and neighboring markets and is indefinite. Large settlements can be only industrial and the needs of the Jewry of Eastern Europe require large settlements on this most precious and most ironic frontier of their hope. How shall those bitter needs be met? . . . There comes to mind the headquarters of the Agrojoint in Kherson. I am at the worn table of the dingy private office, making entries in my diary. A company of people enter, and Dr. Rosen presents a man with fierce moustachios and a gentle voice. It is Felix Warburg, head of the Joint Distribution Committee, leader with Louis Marshall in the effort to set up the Agency. He is just from Palestine, *via* the Orient and Siberia. We talk . . . of course, of Palestine particularly. Before long, there comes to me that sense of vision disciplined to reality which had come to me in Hederah. I think those needs will have their answer. . . . Let but Israel be united. . . .

Part Two

Out of the Polish Depths

*Out of the depths have I cried
unto thee. O Jehovah, Lord, hear
my voice: Give ear to the voice of
my supplication.*

PSALMS 130, i, ii.

CHAPTER I

NEW POLAND AND OLD PAN

I

BECAUSE of the Great War and the small peace, Poland is hours nearer to Germany in time. Before you know it, you are at the boundary and somewhat smeary, flat-faced officials are taking up your passport and thrusting dirty fingers among your clean underclothes. They contrast sharply with the smart and quiet Germans who had done passport and customs duty on your way into Germany. Their truculence reminds you of the fascisti in Italy; there is something about it sprayed in, like the foam on Woolworth root beer; it is not the boiling over of the spirit underneath. Both in manners and in competence, you observe, Germany remains to sovereign Poland, in spite of four years of occupation, a far country.

Not that she must stay so. In another decade, or two, or three, the moral climate of Poland may begin to be as near Germany as her geographical one now is. For the pleasant German infection has a virulence and there is a center of it right in the new Poland. If that slatternly land grow in organization and wealth and well-being, not a

little is likely to be owing to the initiative and skill of new Poles who had learned modern ways in the old Germany and the old Austria. That Posen and Silesia and Galicia have been long under a German regimen in government and in affairs, is a safeguard for the Polish Poland of *pans* and peasants put together out of bits of the torn empires of middle and eastern Europe. Where this regimen was most thoroughgoing, the population is thickest. It is the area of oil and coal and salt. Industry has flourished there and western amenities of life have taken a far root. Polish nationalism used to be a sentiment with a kinship to religion—a flourish of rebellious individuality in the face of police power alien of faith and of blood; the puff which, in subject nations, individuality gives itself in order to swell up to the measure of its masters. The nationalism worked, indeed, as a compensation to a feeling of inferiority whose animus lay, not in the vital economy of the Silesian folk but in the fantastic honor of their legendary Slavic masters. “Had we known,” an outstanding industrialist said to me, in a moment of impatient confidence, “the troubles we were laying up for ourselves, I doubt if we should have made this venture. We thought only of the troubles we wanted to get rid of. Mere pin-pricks now. We did not know when we were well

off. We had visions. . . ." The sentiment was not new to me, but to hear it from a Pole, that was new. It had last come to me, hardly six weeks earlier, from the mouth of a distinguished Czech parliamentarian, a former minister of state with a record of intransigent nationalism in the Austrian diet, and a great expert of international repute in his special administrative field. We had been talking of the labors of the Bohemian nationalists before the war. "Had we known then," he told me in his still, unhappy voice, "what we know now, we would have let well enough alone. Now . . ." There was in the gesture which completed the sentiment, a flat *finis*; the surrender of endless disillusion.

Candor and the wise recognition of dangers seem natural enough in a Bohemian. The Bohemians are the most intelligent and realistic of the nearer Slavs, and they have a long experience in parliamentary government. To meet these qualities in a Pole is a shock to one's sense of the past. They are out of character. And, indeed, the disillusioned magnate was not representative. He had been trained in German schools and had had during his forty years in business to conduct his affairs in German ways; that is why he is a magnate still, more than a decade after the war. The veritable oracles and avatars of Poland are

her gentlemen—the *ancienne noblesse*, the captains and the princes of her military establishments, her churchmen, her great landlords, her journalists and politicians. These vindicate the continuity of Polish history. They throw the bright image of life upon her dark, dead past, her precarious present, her ambiguous future. The old *pan* has not died. The fatalities of his visionless lusts which destroyed the old Polish state put no blemish upon his immortality. What he was then, his descendants are to-day. Like the *ancienne noblesse* of France, they have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. They see visions and they dream dreams. . . .

The visions are of a restored old military empire where the Polish conqueror ruled from the Baltic Sea to the Black. The dreams are of a restoration in which not a soul among the conquered peoples speaks with any other tongue than Polish or confesses any other God than that whose vicar is the Pope in Rome. These visions are the patriotism of the gentlemen of Poland. These dreams are their nationalism. *In eo nomine* they remain in a brigand state of war with Lithuania; are on the constant verge of trouble with Russia; pay forty per cent of the public income for one of the largest and costliest military establishments

in Europe. For the sake of this nationalism and patriotism they dishonor the terms of the treaty which restored the sovereign Polish state under the law of nations and made nineteen million Poles the guardians of the national integrity of eleven millions of Lithuanians, White Russians, Germans, Ukrainians and Jews. In their name they impose upon others the repressions and indignities they denounced to the world when the Russians and Germans imposed them upon Poles. Their own experience seems not to teach them. Like their fathers before them they grasp at the shadow and pass by the substance. They believe that Poles are not as other men—a more sensitive flesh, a more delicate honor, a more invincible loyalty—that Poles suffer where other men delight, that Poles rebel where other men submit. They think that if they do unto Ukrainians and Jews and White Russians and Germans what Austrians and Germans did unto them, and more so, they will not lay up for themselves the evils which Russians and Germans laid up for *themselves*.

2

THE gentlemen of Poland come honestly enough by these delusions. . . .

Grandeest of a kingdom of pagan landlords liv-

ing off landworkers, always in danger from the successful arms of the Holy Roman Empire, whose monarchs claimed their Poland as a province of the imperial dominion, their kings sought security, in the tenth century, by adopting Christianity. Missionaries from Byzantium and from Rome were both offering their special arrangements for salvation. Polish policy saw greater security in the Roman arrangement than in the Orthodox, and Roman Catholic, accordingly, the royal house became. In the course of centuries *pans* and *shlakhta* and *khlops* were all persuaded to the royal faith. Dynastic alliances, military conquests and diplomatic compromises assembled a doubtful and shadowy empire whose western boundaries remained set until the partition of 1772. For two hundred years the formal holders of this empire were Lithuanians, princes of the house of Jagiello. After that it was anybody's who could buy an election to the Kingdom of Poland.

As a political economy this empire was a combination of parasitism and piracy. Its technique consisted in taking other peoples' lands away from them at the point of the sword, reducing the owners to slavery and dividing them and their earth among the *pans* and the *shlakhta*, the great lords and the petty gentry. These castes consti-

tuted the Polish people. The working mass on whose land and labor they lived they called *khlops*, that is, rubbish, and they held their lives and persons in less regard than those of dogs. The gentlemen's dogs, indeed, were a more precious property.

On his own estate, the will of each gentleman, whether great noble or poor squire, was absolute. There was nothing that he might not lawfully do if he chose, and there was nothing that he did not choose to do. The bolder spirits among the *khlops*, like the bolder spirits among the slaves in the United States, were constantly running away. They found asylum in the prairie wilderness to the south and east of Poland proper. There they formed free Cossack communities, making a precarious livelihood out of tilling the soil and raiding the richer. They were the initiators and leaders of the great uprising of 1648, that murderous peasants' rebellion under Chmielnicki which reduced the superficial civilization of Poland to almost nothing and imposed the last degree of horror upon the Polish Jews. The Cossack defeat the following year by the Polish army was followed by the reduction of their *khlop* supporters to the ultimate depth of misery and subjection.

The misery was of the spirit as well as of the

flesh. The subject peoples of Poland were in the main of the Orthodox faith. Their masters were Roman Catholics by policy, and did not much care what one believed so long as the faith put no obstacles in the happy ways of eating and drinking and lusting and killing, and otherwise imposed no boredom. The cult of Luther met with no resistance when it began to spread among them. Indeed, they might all have been converted to Protestantism if Sigismund II had not, in 1565, declared his submission to the decrees of the council of Trent and called in the Jesuits to purify the faith. The Society of Jesus was then in the mounting tide of its enthusiasm for the ecclesiastical establishment of the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, and the Polish brethren of the Society set up for every deviation from the Church's rule a burning hatred fed by time and political disaster. From now on, the clergy take rank with the *pans* and the *shlakhta* as masters of Poland. Where they could not change the rite of the Orthodox subjects of the Pole, they imposed ecclesiastical allegiance to the Roman pontiff. The church of the *khlops*, called for this reason the Uniat Church, consists of this combination of Greek rite and Roman rule.

Princes of the Church were joined in the councils of the empire. When kings were to be elected

they also sold their suffrage for privilege according to the electoral custom. When they were called upon in the Diet to accept a limitation of any of their private privileges for the sake of the unity of the State, they followed the legislative precedent of using their *liberum veto*. They enriched the chaos of the *sejms* by adding the theological interest to the battle royal of armed *shlakhta* and armed *pan*, of manor and township, of every privileged body with every other privileged body. The unanimity which was required to enact a proposal into a law was mostly attained by the expulsion or slaughter of the opposition. A mitigation of bloodshed was won by recognizing that any deputy who so chose had the right to dissolve the Diet. . . .

On their own estates the *panic* magnates exercised absolute power; how could they tolerate any check upon it abroad? And how could the small fry endure a privilege less than that of their betters? Thus, the only cause the Polish people could make common was the cause of war; the only unity—and this so often a precarious one—which Poland in her piratical greatness knew, was the unity of a common hatred. To conquer and to overrule—and if in the name of God and the Church, all the better—was the ruling passion of the Poles. When they could not hate a foreign

foe they hated each other, and each other's properties.

Among those properties were the Jews of Poland. They and the German settlers fulfilled the functions of the lacking native middle class. They were the artisans and craftsmen and merchants of the towns, the stewards, the superintendents, the managers, the butchers, the bakers, the candlestick makers of the estates. But civil status they had no more than the *khlops*. Collectively, they were the property of the king and lived under the charter of his protection; distributively, they were the properties of the *pans* on whose estates they served. A sport of magnates in Poland used to consist in hunting, torturing or killing each other's Jews and *khlops*. On the other hand, the Jews were used, in their capacity as stewards and agents and middlemen, to exploit the *khlops*. As the visible engines of oppression and extortion, who squeezed out of the serfs the taxes and gifts and tributes which their masters required, the Jews were the natural first objects of serfdom's hate. Since failure to gratify the *pan* carried with it penalties worse than death, the Jews could hardly be gentle with the *khlops*. Thus a beautiful ring of mutual hatreds was set up as the prevailing mood of the Polish empire.

The *pan* had powers without abilities, privileges

without obligations. He ate and he drank, he fought and he fornicated. He had his will of the world and he was answerable to no one. Poland was his paradise. His *khlops* might frequently run away, but rise against him as they did when Chmielnicki brought them a hope and a flag, they might but once in a millennium. A less infantilely self-sufficient caste might have learned from that despairful uprising something about the insecurity of their foundations. Not the gentlemen of Poland. Anarchs of a state without good will from the masses beneath, without love from the middleman between, without decencies or friendship or honor among the classes above, their arrogance, self-will and selfishness condemned their state to the partitions which befell it.

3

THESE partitions the sentimental whinings of the *pan* and *shlakhta* have written into history as a great political crime committed by military brigands. And there is no doubt that the masters of Russia and Prussia and Austria, in taking for themselves what they had no legal title to, after the manner of high sovereign states, were committing a formal injustice. But in the consequences to the masses of Poland, they were

establishing a substantial justice. By confronting the abominable inhumanity of the gentlemen of Poland with the strong laws of their own countries, they imposed upon them at least the external decencies of a civilized regard for other human lives, even though they were the lives of the *khlops* and the Jews. By setting up within the divided territories of Poland their own laws and justice, they set up for the brutalized *khlop* an immeasurable opportunity; they gave him a halcyon security of person and property, so that he increased and multiplied and waxed fat, as the story of his economy in Silesia and Posen and Galicia shows. Even the Russian, kinsman of the Pole, with no greater culture and no wider humanity, did better by the Polish masses than their own gentlemen, giving them land and freedom and the hope of a good life. Writers upon the subject are accustomed to elaborate the selfish ends which moved the masters of Russia to set free the Polish serfs. That the liberty which came to the *khlops* of Poland was one with the liberty which came to the muzhik bondsmen of all Russia, they ignore. It seems to signify nothing to commentators beglamoured by the idea of how wrong were the partitions, that in history, consequences, not motives, fix values, good intentions being as nothing before good effects. . . .

The modifications of the Polish mentality, between the first partition and the last—which reduced Poland to a reminiscent geographical term—were not of the kind to move the heart. Mostly they took form as compensations for repressions. Repressions of the gentleman's arbitrariness regarding Jew and peasant. Repressions of his vanity as authoritative citizen of a ruthless piratical military empire. Repressions of his itch for political power and political intrigue. Repressions of the savory disregard of the larger interests of national unity and national order. The compensations for these repressions became the elaborate pattern of Polish nationalism. The gentlemen of Poland now found a modicum of unity in hating as one the tripartite "oppressors." The old intrigues against their own kings became secret conspiracies against the alien rule. The greed for personal privilege was now rationalized as "national liberation." Deprived of the power to frustrate their own government by right, unwilling to bear arms for the governments they could not frustrate, the gentlemen of Poland either sulked on their estates, or sought military and erotic adventure "in the service of freedom" in the far reaches of the world, or endeavored to embody in the literary expression of their suppressed desires the satisfactions they

could not attain in the real world. Their nationalism now took a cultural turn.

An ennobling and transforming addition to their desire! . . . and aided and abetted by the stupid policy of the partitioning powers; a policy now being as stupidly and far from as legally carried out in their turn by the newly sovereign Poles. Especially Russia and Prussia were guilty of stupidities. Although they gave the landless serfs land and freedom, they forbade them the Polish language and their ancestral traditions. They required German and Russian in their common schools. They oppressed their priests on the ground that the priests were using the privilege of clergy for purposes of sedition. So, the Prussians nullified beneficent economic reforms which might have attached the Polish masses to them and completely isolated the classes, by repressions of culture and cultus which instead brought masses and classes for the first time together.

The Russians defeated their own ends by analogous methods. To accentuate the divisions among the Poles, they encouraged the *shlakhta* at the expense of the *pans*, permitting them high office in the army, opening opportunities in business to them, and in other ways soliciting them into the functions of a native bourgeoisie. But they were too arbitrary and inconsistent. They demanded in

return that the *shlakhta* russify. They tried to compel the peasant to the same thing as the price of the genuine humanitarian reforms they had instituted for his benefit, and they might have accomplished it if not for the high-handedness of the irresponsible Russian local *tchinovniks* who were commissioned to carry out the reforms. Those provided the opportunity for the gentry and clergy of Russian Poland to serve among their former serfs not only as propagandists for Polish nationalism but also as champions against Russian tyranny.

So, prussification and russification tore down what political and economic enfranchisement had begun to build up. They shifted the incidence of Polish nationalism from sovereignty and power flatly to ideas. Factions among the classes were affected with a—initially competitive—concern for their own masses. The Roman cultus, set between the Lutheranism of Prussia and the Byzantinism of Russia, became more than ever the one unitary organized association representative of the Polish polity. The nationalism of the Poles acquired almost as religious a character as the religion of the Jews has a national one. In the Polish possessions of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, Polonism and Roman Catholicism became practically interchangeable terms. The institutions

of the Church were used as vehicles for the propagandas of the Poles; the propaganda of the Poles preached allegiance to the institutions of the Church. Every least priest played in the glamorous game of national politics; none, on the whole and in the long run, showed any concern about national betterment. The contrast was too great between this betterment as the Prussians and even the Russians provided it and the horrors which the gentlemen of Poland had imposed while they were the brutalizing masters of their disinherited peoples. Yearning adulation of their bygone *panic* paradise, such as is uttered in the verses of Lelewel and Mickiewicz, was replaced by a realistic and embittered analysis of the rôle of aristocracy and clergy in the making of Poland's woe. Romanticism, conspiracy and rebellion were finding rivals in socialism, economic reforms and an exclusive Polonist propaganda. Under the Russian and Prussian and Austrian discipline a new Poland was emerging. . . .

But the *pan* of the new Poland was still the old *pan*. He had lost no tittle of his antique intransigence and insolence. But he had had perforce to accept the new institutional instruments of life. To the partitionists' programs of russification and prussianization, he opposed his own of the polonization of the Poles. As political

polonization seemed hopeless, he concentrated on religious and linguistic and economic polonization. The Jews, who for more than nine hundred years had been more than the moiety of the only middle class Poland knew, who with the Germans had brought to that unhappy land all that it retained, before the partitions, of the arts and crafts and sciences of western civilization, were to be squeezed out. An economic boycott was to be added to other acts of Christian charity toward Jews. A purely Polish and Catholic middle class was to be built up . . . and a purely Catholic and Polish culture. . . . And in truth, the nationalist endeavor of the half-century before the Great War has brought into being something more like cultural values than all Polish history previously.

4

CULTURAL values! . . . As the great tradition of Europe goes they come to little or nothing. How could they be more? Neither in letters, nor in the arts of building, nor in the graphic arts nor in music, have the Poles attained to any outstanding excellence that should charm and move—I will not say the world, but the Poles themselves. Of course, there is always Chopin, and there is Paderewski, and at a time and in a situa-

tion when his being a Pole, if he was one, did not in the least matter, there was Copernicus. To the science of government the Poles have contributed only a horrible example, to the arts of political economy a confusion of errors. That in their culture which has not been contributed by the Latin Church has been imported by elected monarchs of German blood or imposed and spread by the Russian overlords. Warsaw, their capital city, is its perfect exemplification. . . . It is now a metropolis of nearly a million souls. The size is the un-Polonic fruit of the Russian exploitation. In the days when the Poles were masters its tempo of growth was slower but admired. "The population," says the patriotic Dr. Orłowicz, tourist specialist to the Ministry of Public Works, "increased rapidly from 13,000 inhabitants in 1564 to 96,000 in 1784." There is a parvenu quality about Warsaw. Before the war, it had a reputation as a city of pleasure. It used to be called the Paris of eastern Europe. It still has an elegance, as of a well-born courtesan, shabby now and down on her luck. . . . You see churches, numberless churches. The older ones came in with the Jesuits. They are built in the baroque and rococo styles which prevailed when the Jesuits were publicly prepotent in the Roman Catholic establishment. There are also a few ecclesiastical

buildings in the pseudo-Gothic manner. But the essential architectural savor comes from its palaces and theater. The city, you realize before you have been in it many hours, got its face from the needs of the leisure class that lived in it. Mansions and palaces seem each to have been affected by a neo-classic interest. They are by no means all in the southern quarter, which, to quote the discriminating Dr. Orłowicz once more, "is the cleanest part of Warsaw, inhabited by the aristocracy and plutocracy, the professional classes and the officials." There is an Empire mode which was especially fashionable in the early decades of the last century. The Great Theater—too great to be seen as a whole from anywhere except an airplane—is a gargantuan exemplar of the mode, not unpleasing. Theater and opera, sports and the fine arts, have been vogue in Warsaw ever since the Russians set in motion their policy of russification. Their notion was to keep the gentlemen of Poland ever diverted, to prevent boredom from driving them to politics. Those who did dabble in politics were banished. . . . So again Russian policy worked as a directive force in the making of Polish culture. . . .

Outside of uttering a real passion in political polemic, this culture is like the product of all the neo-nationalist endeavors to manufacture a

culture as one manufactures a shirt—linguistic chiefly; consisting in resaying in Polish what has been better said in other media. It copies the fashions in Europe instead of uttering the style of life in Poland. And in this respect the new Poland is no better than the old. Her endeavor after a Polish national culture is intensified. It seems to consist of two activities. The more passionate and vigorous one, as is the historic wont of the Poles, is to repress and shut out what is different but is so near as to be a possible rival. The other is to copy without assimilating, to lay on, but not to absorb the alien beauties into the stream of feeling and action which nourishes the national life. Both processes are called polonization. The first converts the helpful neighbor into a perilous one. The second petrifies and arrests what should melt down and flow freely. . . .

The perfect example of both these processes in polonization you may behold on the great Saxon Square of Warsaw. It is an immense empty acre, flat as a prosing preacher, on which occasionally a company of soldiers turn and wheel. Not so long ago, a great Orthodox Sobór stood at its center. The Russians had built it. It took them twenty years. It cost them vast treasure. It was an achievement, from the mosaics which brightened the entrances to the extraordinary murals

in which the most distinguished Russian painters of the time fused the traditional sacred Byzantinism of ecclesiastical depiction with modern methods. War conditions had damaged it, the Germans had robbed it, but it was still, in 1920, a magnificent structure; merely as a museum piece, an event in cultural history. When they themselves had returned to power, the patriotic and pious Poles tore it down to the last stone. They were not going to have so un-Polish a structure dominate their capital city. They were not going to suffer the humiliation of this reminder of the Russian overlordship. The great churches must be Catholic and Polish. To demonstrate their political recrudescence and their cultural ambitions, they razed the Sobór and leveled the earth. . . . Vandalism? No. Polonization. Of course, as there is no Polish architecture, not a single building stands in Warsaw that is not un-Polish. . . .

At Stolpce, where you change cars to pass from Poland to Russia, there was, in the customs, a handsome slim lieutenant—or maybe he was a major general. The customs officials brought him over when they observed among my effects a Russian book. He came carrying himself with the dignified deliberation fitted to his magnificent station in life—a young man with debauched tired

eyes and an aquiline profile like a Roman coin. His uniform lay on his elegant figure as if it had been made for him in France. His decorations made a row across his chest. His sword clanked. . . . He picked up my book between finger and thumb and holding it at arm's length, twirled it back and forth a couple of times.

Then he spoke in a kind of Polish French or French Polish: "We confiscate this. This is Bolshevik propaganda."

"Oh, no!" I said. "This is a scientific document. It is a report of many years' study of certain agricultural problems. It was given me by the author himself. See—" I pulled the book from his hand and opened it to the inscription on the fly-leaf. He took back the book and, without glancing to where I had pointed, threw it on a table heaped with documents. Then he gave me a long hard look and raised his voice. A couple of customs officials hurried over as he did so. One began fiercely to paw my belongings, pulling and tossing shirts and pajamas with dirty hands. "It is Bolshevik propaganda," my officer asserted. "It is confiscated."

"Very well," I said, also raising my voice. "You are illegally taking away my property. I demand a receipt. I am an American and I intend to take this up with the American ambassador."

"It is Bolshevik propaganda," he replied much less firmly.

"No, no. It is a scientific document. Look at the title and the chapter headings. I am an American professor and I am taking it home. If you keep it from me, I demand a receipt so that I may show the American ambassador."

After a moment heavy with silence he strode to the table and took up the book. He seemed to weigh it in his hands. Then he threw it back into my valise. A curt gesture served to release that piece of baggage from the dirty fingers of the destructive customs man. "Thank you," I said, "you are gracious. I appreciate it." He shrugged his shoulders and turned on his heel. He had a filmy handkerchief out and was dusting his fingers.

A trivial episode? In trivialities the mind reveals itself. No qualities of judgment or consideration characterize this episode. The feel it imparts is the feel one gets from reading Polish history, the feel of an unthinking arbitrariness, insolent and sordid at once, the feel of the fantastic, seeking his way like an only child, among the realities. One savors the same intransigence in the demolition of the Sobór. The large event and the little one are of one piece. They are signs and portents that the old *pan* is on the loose again and master in the new Poland. For

it is a new Poland, and a Poland with strengths and fatnesses not made by Poles, that the gentlemen of Poland have received for nothing to work their aristocratic and spendthrift wills in.

Received for nothing. For the gentlemen of Poland are again masters there not by works but by grace. By grace of their sentimental adherence to their nationalist claim which a patriotic pianist won from a sentimental American president whose simple faith it was that political passions could be converted to righteousness by correct principles. By grace of partisan needs of peace-making politicians in coming elections at home. By grace of the stupid hatred the diplomats of the Allies bore the diplomats of the Central Powers. By grace—most particularly by grace—of the peace forced upon the Russian Revolution. Had that peace too been made in Paris instead of in Brest, the new Poland would have received definition as an autonomous state in the Federal Soviet Republic and the Polish mass-man, not the Polish gentleman, would have been master on the land he works. The poor *khlop*, was, as usual, out of luck. . . .

CHAPTER II

RIGHTS WITHOUT POWER

I

THE domain of the gentlemen of Poland makes them, by its extent, natural resources and population, masters in one of the richest lands of Europe. Nearly half of the Polish terrain is arable and an intelligent program of public works could win to the farmers' use no small proportion of the remainder. Poland's agricultural products, in spite of unscientific farming and bad management, amount to a very respectable proportion of the European total. She mines considerable coal. She has oil, zinc and salt. Before the war, with needy Russia for a market, she had developed an important textile industry, at present holding its own with difficulty. Intrinsically, Poland lives by farming; more than two-thirds of her population are peasants. Her workers are numerous where the Teutonic control had been most influential—in Silesia, Posen, Galicia; the population is there thickest, nearly a third of the industrial population being concentrated in upper Silesia and a large proportion of the remainder in east and west Galicia. Not all of the 338,328 square

kilometers of land were segregated for the benefit of the Poles by the Treaty of Versailles. Some of them, Wilna and East Galicia, for example, the Poles simply stole by *force majeure*, in the ancient and honorable manner of the gentlemen of Poland. The piratical seizure of East Galicia—where the inhabitants are Ruthenes who had set up a government of their own in 1918, and who looked toward a confederation with the eastward Ukrainians of Soviet Russia—was legalized by the Council of Ambassadors in 1923. The tarruffian piracy of Wilna is still being debated in the League of Nations: the Poles have the classical nine points in the law of possession; the Lithuanians have an impotent rage and are in an opéra bouffe state of war with the Poles. It is, of course, far from funny to the Lithuanians themselves, who remember Jagiello and refer bitterly to the Lithuanian origins of the dictator Pilsudski. Polesie, Volhynia and Podolia, the Russian Soviet Republic ceded to the Poles by treaty of Riga which ended the foolish invasion of Poland in 1921.

With the stolen lands go, as usual, the stolen populations. Of the thirty million—more or less—human beings who inhabit Poland, twelve millions or more are not Poles. Seven millions are Ukrainians, two millions are White Russians, two mil-

lions are Jews, one million seven hundred thousand are Germans, several hundred thousand are Lithuanians. Each of these peoples possesses or claims all the traits of nationality—an especial tradition, characteristic customs, a language and a literature of its own, and an idiosyncratic faith. Each claims the rights of nationality. And to each the rights of nationality were guaranteed by the treaty which created the new Poland. The guarantees are set forth in the amendments to the Treaty of Versailles known as the minorities clauses. They underwrite to minority nationalities equality before the law and equality of economic opportunity, freedom to develop and to teach their own language and culture, freedom of worship.

The rights of minorities so guaranteed are unambiguous. There is no form of political thimblerrigging or diplomatic *double entendre* that could render them self-contradictory or read into them the opposite of what was intended.

Yet the stand of the men in power over Poland toward the diverse nationalities which compose twelve of the thirty million subjects of the Polish Republic is a complete violation of the solemn undertaking faithfully to put in force the minorities clauses of the Treaty of Versailles. These undertakings were constitutive conditions of the

reestablishment of the Polish state; without them the gentlemen of Poland could hardly have received Poland into their hands. They treated them, however, as so many pretenses which they were required to make in order to get what they wanted, but that they could disregard as soon as made. They had the power. They had the men and the arms. They had the easy good will of the government of the United States. They had the backing of an angry and rapacious France and the more or less tacit acquiescence of the allies signatories to the Treaty of Versailles. And, most glamorous, they had their dreams of empire. . . .

Whence it came that the new republic of Poland began its new life with a baptism of Jewish blood, that its new government was initiated with acts of piracy and murder, that its rulers ravished East Galicia and Wilna and executed unspeakable pogroms against the Jews. . . . The *pan* of yesteryear, it turned out, had not been dead but sleeping. The gentlemen of Poland could be romantic and inconsequent enough to pay Paderewski the rabelaisian compliment of making him the first prime minister of their new state and executing scandal, forte, under his innocent pianic nose. He resigned at last, secure in his immortality. (The dear fantasist, since he has returned

to the concert platform, I am told, refuses to perform in Washington. It is unfitting, he holds, that one who has been head of the Polish state and dealt as a peer with the government at Washington, should be seen there playing a piano. But he plays in Baltimore, so that the Washingtonians may not be deprived of the privilege to hear him. A Pole of Poles!) The members of the National Democratic Party with its Dmowskis and Grabskis, which became in fact the government, kept on taking the fullest possible advantage of their positions. They abated not one jot or tittle of the ancient and honorable tradition of the gentlemen of Poland at the art of government.

The new Polish Republic, set up to be one of the most considerable states of central Europe, held heyday of fanatical nationalism, religious bigotry, military aggression and graft. It launched upon a program with respect to national minorities which combined the worst features of the Austrian, Prussian and Russian policies. The very practice they had clamored against to the wide, wide world when they were out of power, they multiplied and exaggerated and intensified when they came to power. Law, international sanctions, were so much wind to them, solemn treaties were scraps of paper. Poland was once

again to become an empire stretching from the Baltic Sea to the Black, and what is more, every one who lived in it was to be utterly and completely a Pole, a Pole in speech, in faith, and in allegiance. Millions, was their motto, for polonization, not one cent for collaboration. But somehow, the millions failed to polonize. Vast sums were spent for armament, yet equipment stayed significantly inadequate and the conscript peasants often went short of clothes and cabbage. Public works faltered. Many that were started did not get finished; those that got finished cost and cost. Inflation brought its own consequences, to which the government contributed by its dishonesty and incompetence, its disregard of the common good, its heedless posture before the realities of the national life. The *sejm*, fatuous and faction-torn though this parliament was, passed scores of good laws, like, for example, the land law, but not one was really put in force. All classes of Polish society alike suffered—peasants and landlords, workers and industrialists. In the tax lists, cities were penalized to favor the countryside, the national minorities to favor the imperial Poles, the Jews to favor the Christians, and everybody else to favor the gentlemen in power in Poland. The budget was in confusion. Polish finances were in such a bad way that the

Poles turned, as usual, for help to the romantically ever-helpful United States.

All the minorities made charges:

The White Russians and the Ukrainians that their land was by force taken from them and inequitably distributed among Polish officers and soldiers; that upon the Ukrainians was laid an inequitable burden of taxation, the rates being so made as to favor the Poles; that the Ukrainians were eliminated from public service and their posts given to Poles; that they were deprived of self-government and that the affairs of their towns and villages were put in the power of Polish commissioners; that the Polish language was forced upon their schools as the medium of instruction; that five hundred churches of the Greek Orthodox cult were shut down; that Ukrainians were forbidden even to call themselves Ukrainians.

The Germans and Lithuanians have their own bills of particulars.

As for the Jews, the specifications of their agony have been a glory of the tradition of Poland. With every right to equality of status and opportunity under the law of nations and the fundamental law of the new Poland, their lives, their beggars' property and their spiritual integrity are in constant jeopardy. An economic

boycott is seeking to expel them from any part in the national economy. They have been dismissed from every branch of government employ. They have been eliminated from all posts in the public service corporations. Firms that employ Jews are not favored with government business. From those enterprises of which it has made monopolies—spirits, tobacco and the like—Jews have been eliminated. By illegally enforcing Sunday closing, the government limits Jews to a five-day working week. It squeezes those of them who are farmers off the land and into the cities. As for selling lands to the Jews—where Jews are buyers, none is for sale; and in this respect the attitude of churchmen, as was to be expected, has been at least on a par with that of the laity; they are not renewing leases to Jewish farmers, many of them generations old. The government invariably sides with the medieval Jewish orthodoxy, which is psychologically nearer to it, against the Jewish liberals. An interesting financial practice of Polish banks is to give preference to a poorly secured Christian loan over a well-secured Jewish one. Public and private economic organizations—for example, the corrupt “Rozvoi”—carry on their affairs by means of anti-Jewish propaganda among the masses. They call the Jews anti-Polish, cheats, Christ-killers.

Peasants and workers are beset with a persistent and tireless agitation against the Jews.

The design is to isolate the Jew from every contact with his Christian neighbor. It is a silly and ridiculous design and cannot in the long run prevail, but its prosecution causes untold suffering to the Jews, and serious wounds in the living fabric of the Polish state. To save them from the Jews, the agitators are reorganizing Poles into exclusive Christian coöperatives. If the latter are somewhat despoiled by their saviors, that is, after all, a traditional prerogative of the gentlemen of Poland. . . . The use of abrogated Russian and Austrian statutes serves to nullify Jewish civil rights; and where these cannot be successfully worked, administrative order turns the trick. A *numerus clausus* keeps Jews out of the schools whether as teachers or as students. At the same time the effort is made to penalize or to abort their own schools. With a kind of humor that is as medieval as it is grim, Jews are required even more fiercely than the other minorities to polonize; at the same time every possible obstacle is put in their way to keep them from doing so. None of the undue and inequitable taxes levied upon them is returned for communal purposes, as the law requires. To maintain their cultural institutions—their schools, their synagogues and

the like—the Jews must surtax themselves. Poor as they are, the institutional consequences may be imagined. But the institutions *are* maintained, the more passionately for their inanition. . . .

2

A TIME came when even the ardent Poles themselves could no longer endure under the words of promise so often dinned into their ears and no less often broken to their hopes. Especially the army, the main strength and chief glory of the new republic. Throughout the country feeling was general that a housecleaning must be made and that the instruments of popular government were either too involved in the filth and the lucre or too unwilling and incompetent for such a deed. The derring-do was up to the army, to the defrauded and betrayed rebuilders of the Polish fatherland.

Titulary hero and *de facto* head of the army was Joseph Pilsudski, an irredentist from his early beginnings as a patriot; sensitive to the bitter cry of the masses and hence a professed socialist and an opponent of Dmowski, Grabski and their company; of known probity and dash, deserving well of his countrymen. It was he who during the Great War had organized the Polish Legion

which had played such a hand in the self-determination of the Polish state. By training and profession he was not a soldier but a man of letters; by legend he was a prophet of nationalism during the partition, an organizer of victory during the war. He figured in the legend as a tribune of the people. Who else could have authenticated the military revolution which made him dictator of Poland? No sooner had he prorogued the *sejm* than stocks jumped on the bourse. . . .

Remembering Pilsudski, one thinks of Mussolini. The contrast between the Latin adventurer and the Polish patriot accentuates the similarities. One came to dictatorship in the autumn of his life, and this last phase of his pilgrimage seems the natural crown of his beginnings. The other happened into his dictatorship by a series of flukes and stupidities on the part of those who might have made a revolution of another sort than the Fascist. Both came to power because of the need to turn the rascals out. But to Pilsudski it was something of a disagreeable necessity, and he is not at ease in the dictatorial rôle. From Mussolini one gets the impression of a great afflatus, new, abounding; on occasion dangerously like flatulency. He makes speeches, he makes faces, and never the one without the other. Through an hour of talk there was not a moment when he

was anything but aware of himself. He never seemed to be able to deal simply with a subject. He was always dealing with Benito-Mussolini-dealing-with-the-subject. Except on the rostrum, when in fact he was enacting himself, or staging some image of himself mulled over in more or less conscious reverie, he never yet attained the impersonality which seals greatness. You felt as he spoke that his ideas and ideals were his, but not he theirs. Always, the *I* of his speech seemed solidier than the *this*. He never lost sight of Mussolini. A temperament of this sort has not natural courage. In the presence of *Il Duce* you get a sense of a man afraid, a man who cannot do anything spontaneously brave, but who will dramatize himself into courage over deep spontaneous fear. Nothing of this sort can be said of Pilsudski. He gives evidence of a natural and romantic courage. He is no histrion, bluffing the world and himself with a played part. It might even be said that he lacks the play actor's and orator's capacity to "get over." He could never have said of Poland as the fascinating Mussolini said to me of his own country: "Everybody in Italy is twenty years old including myself, and I work twenty hours a day." Yet in his depths he is far more profoundly a fantastic than ever the scion of the peasants of the Romagna could even

aspire to be. At bottom, like all basic cowards, *Il Duce* is a realist. Confronted with the insuperable he will stop bluffing and come down to hard tacks. He carries no aureole from La Mancha. True, he has come from agnosticism to the mysticism of a faith in his own star. His horoscope interests him and he feels reassured when the constellations of his associates are in happy conjunction with his own. "You are my loyal friend, I know it," he cried to one in my presence. "April people are favorable to me," or words to that general effect. I could not quite catch his quick Italian. But this faith is partly pride of place, like that of the Brahmins, who prove that they sprang from the head of Brahma because they are the highest caste in India and if the highest caste in India didn't spring from Brahma's head, where else could it have sprung from? And partly this faith of *Il Duce's* is the peasant superstition of his childhood, in play upon a new scene. Mussolini is contemporary and realist, trailing clouds of mystification from the primitive past. Beside him, Pilsudski seems the very figure of a romantic past. There is no solidifying taint of the industrial present about him. In poor health, with a neurasthenic diathesis, and variable moods of exaltation and depression, his decisions come by inspiration rather than by knowledge, and consequences fol-

low accordingly. On inspiration rather than judgment he has more than thrice refused the kingly crown which the gentlemen of Poland persist in offering him. Perhaps he does not really want it: that Mussolini does not is denied, but his failure to take it is policy, not character. Pilsudski may accept kingship yet, if the omens are right. For he has flashes of vision and a justifying occultist philosophy not unlike that of the fiery old Lutoslawski, that Polish expositor of Plato and practitioner of Hindu yoga whose hair shirt is the most famous garment in modern philosophy. It was to Lutoslawski that William James referred when he told in the "Energies of Men" how a friend of his had tapped by self-discipline an unknown spring of his own power.

3

LUTOSLAWSKI, however, is another story. It is to the appealing figure of the dictator-savior of his beloved country that we must return. When he took power the program of the revolution was simple and adequate enough: to drive out and punish the crooks and the grafters, to reorganize the judicial and administrative machinery; in good faith to put in force the law of the land; to keep the faith with the law of nations. But it was al-

ready clear, when I was in Poland, in the spring of 1927, that the old marshal, if he ever had been, had ceased to be the man to carry out this program. His access to power has in no important way broken with the precedent set up by the people he ousted. The national minorities have received no amelioration with which to amend their complaints. The grafters still graft, though not so openly. The vested interests of the gentlemen and the clergy of Poland show no signs of weakening security. On the contrary, the government of the socialist-soldier-dictator tacks consistently toward starboard. Already he is an ikon for royalist gentlemen of Poland. The patriotic populace continues to receive for pabulum the dreams of empire and the hatred of other nationals which have heretofore served to distract them from the failure of their masters to direct the real forces of the national existence toward a good life for the people. Especially—so the device is worked—blame the Jew and urge the loyal Christian to hate him.

If you point out that this trick rests upon a delusion, psychological and social, you are told that nevertheless the Jew is better off in the present-day Poland than he ever was before the war, that he is a free citizen, with all the rights of a

free citizen, such as he never had under the Russians or Prussians.

There is a sense in which this is true. The young polonized Jew who told me this, repeating the usual defensive formula of such Poles as condescend to defend their impeccable conduct toward minorities—we were taking tea in the Hôtel de l'Europe—had been an officer in Pilsudski's legion. He was still being treated for wounds he had got in fighting against the Russians about Wilna. When he volunteered he was still a "gymnasist." When he was discharged with his wounds he enrolled under the Law Faculty of the University of Warsaw; there is no *numerus clausus* in the law faculty. He took a high degree but is not practicing law; is in fact doing nothing more than dabbling in journalism and nursing his wound . . . and waiting. For the rule is that no one can appear before the Polish courts as pleader unless he has had an official status under the department of justice. My young polonist is waiting for admission to this status. And Jews are never allowed it. . . . Waiting. There were scores of these waiting lads in the café in the company of idle, waiting girls. Some of them, my young friend told me, had been educated in foreign universities, were doctors of this or of that, and of known abilities. But there was no place that they

could step into. They were waiting. There was a good deal of talk about conversion among them. It was the kind of thing he couldn't endure. A *meshumed* was the lowest creature on earth. He hated him and yet . . . I could not help observing that he talked not as one who rises from the table satisfied, day by day . . . talked insistently about the rights of Jews and indignantly about conversions. . . .

This harping upon rights seemed to me, seated on this gay pavilion of a fashionable hotel, among so many natty uniforms and brightly drinking ladies taking refreshment from their arduous labors of the day, the last word in polonization; a characteristic Polish ignoring the substance to grasp at the shadow. Rights! Ever since the Great Enlightenment, men have claimed rights; inalienable rights—life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness and what else not?—and ever as before men have kept on alienating them from one another. Men with much power from men with less; men with little power from men with none. For rights without power are an empty form, like a figure without life. Better, far better, power without rights. Power makes rights where it has none. But how often have rights been known to generate power? The state of right without power is anomalous. It sets up decay in those who dwell

in it, making of them pretenders and shadow-eaters who like schizophrenics claim everything and make nothing good.

Rights flow from power and are nourished upon power. To keep rights weak and empty requires counter-power. When large social groups—classes or sects or nationalities—have this anomaly of empty rights imposed upon them, the imposing power simply lays up for itself a store of trouble. Its diverse energies, which would naturally be taken up in strengthening its own existence and supporting the others, must now be occupied, and in the end consumed, in keeping the others down. Whenever this happens disaster follows. It happened in the old Poland when the *pan* and *shlakhta* nullified the kingship. It threatens the new Poland when the newly empowered Polish nationality nullifies the rights of the Ukrainian and the Jewish and the other nationalities which compose the Polish state, and whose harmonious union alone is its strength. Whether in a machine or in an animal or a person or a society, power must be so distributed that all parts work like a team together, and the whole makes progress as one. When power is not so distributed, when there is too much in one place and not enough in another, it destroys the form it moves. Are there, one wonders, no political realists among the gentlemen

of Poland? Has none of them ever heard of Machiavelli? So far, they think like children. They seem to imagine that a brave show is the same as a bold heart, that one sufficiently fat man alone is stronger than a team of lean ones helping each other. . . . It is a daydream. Sooner or later, they—or their children or their grandchildren—will wake up. Alas, that they should be so unspeakable in their daydreaming, that they should do evils so unspeakable . . . and so unnecessary . . . like boys killing flies at sport, or wanton gods at play. . . .

There is a sense in which rights are truly inalienable. In the sense that even endless human long-suffering has limits. At these limits there is an alternative—death or revolution. Death can be reasonably chosen, but not biologically pursued. Rights sucked too empty, alienated beyond endurance, turn like the powerful worm which dieth not and the turn is Revolution. Revolution as slaves' or peasants' uprisings; as organized rebellion of the middle class; as proletarian overturn. I kept wondering as the happy train took me from Poland toward Germany: What are the gentlemen of Poland thinking about the vote of 75,000 which the illegal communist party polled in the spring municipal election in Warsaw?

CHAPTER III

RABBIS, ROBOTS AND *LUFTMENSCHEN*

I

“**E**AST of Marszalkovska Street, north of the Warsaw-Vienna Railway line and Długa Street, lies a quarter inhabited partly by the working-classes but for the most part by Jews, a quarter very poor from an historical and artistic point-of-view. Beyond it, in a long row stretch the Warsaw cemeteries, belonging to different creeds.”

The author of this piece of topographical and sociological information is the same learned Dr. Orłowicz whom I have had the pleasure of quoting elsewhere. He is quite obviously an expert of Polish sense and sensibility, taking his duties as tourist specialist to the Ministry of Public Works with that heroic solemnity worthy of the classic tradition of the Polish gentleman. The laughter which the gods intended is not in him. He should go far in that propagation of the faith which the Italians call *Tourismo*. His tale about the Warsaw cemeteries continues with an enumeration and characterization of churches, listing their ikons and other decorations, and a review

of burial places. Then he drops it again for an interlude on the Jewish quarter: "The real Jewish quarter is composed of ugly and filthy streets, the center of which is Nalewki Street, from which the whole quarter takes the name of Nalewki. The streets chiefly contain inartistic houses, dating from the middle of the nineteenth century, which are occupied by a compact mass of the poorer Jewish proletariat. The Polish language is seldom heard here, a corrupt German tongue known as Jargon being employed or else the Russian language, which was spoken by the Jews who came to Warsaw during the time of the Russian pogroms, and who are called in Warsaw 'Litwaki.'

"The streets of this part of town present a different appearance from those of other quarters: they look very unEuropean and the Semitic types which are met with, dressed in long cassocks and wearing characteristic round caps, recall the towns of the East.

"The chief entrance to the Jewish quarter is through Bielanska Street, in which is situated the large *State Bank*. . . . Not far off, in Tolmacki Square stands the new *Synagogue*, built in 1877 after the plan of Lenader Marconi, in the Renaissance type, strongly influenced by Classic and Empire tendencies. The roof is topped by a dome in the form of a crown. At the corner of

Długa and Nalewki Streets stands a gloomy prison, the former Royal Arsenal. . . .”

Happy, happy specialist to the Ministry of Public Works! Who can do his patriotic duty so serenely, and not doubt that those who see Nalewki will believe him, and praise him for uninvincible discrimination and descriptive candor! In any event, his topography is correct enough, whatever gods of laughter have laid the ground-plan out. The Jews do live among cemeteries and churches and their quarter is hemmed in at one end by a bank and at the other by a prison that had been an arsenal. The dome of the Great Synagogue is crown-shaped. Alas! how the omen has been fulfilled! For uneasy indeed are the heads it covers! But you twitch your ears in vain to hear Russian spoken, and you wear your eyes out searching for “Litwaki” who wear the “cassocks and characteristic round caps.” For those are the especial garbs of certain sects of Polish Jews, and for them there is no parallel among Jewry, anywhere else in the world, least of all the East. The streets are undoubtedly filthy and ugly. But they will bear comparison with the *Wola* where live the workmen who are Poles and Catholics. The learned guide for tourists mentions the *Wola*. He says Chłodna Street leads to it—thus a stranger who cares to see how Polish

workmen live need not be starved of his desire—but that is all. Should you visit the *Wola* you will understand and applaud the patriotism of this impartial writer's reticence. Thrice blessed, you are apt to say to yourself, thrice blessed Poland in such loyal sons! At the same time you wonder at the character of any municipal administration pretending to be modern, which permits such housing. . . .

It was *seder* night when I paid my first visit to Nalewki. I had been a day in Warsaw and I had been finding that, however much this city might be the Paris of eastern Europe, it was in its essential tone as un-Parisian as London. Not that it was like London, save in its Sundays. The London atmosphere was indeed uneasy. The bobbies seemed to have lost that spacious confidence and large good nature which made them the best policemen in the world. The contented irony so characteristic of the British lower classes and once at its most excellent in the bobbies, had disappeared from their conversation. Their manners and moods had become nearer those of the cops of New York. They were nervous and suspicious and their manners had come close to being bad. The manners of the New York police are altogether bad, and it is hardly to be doubted that in the course of the Americanization of Europe, the

London bobby will assimilate that perfection. But when I renewed my acquaintance with him one recent summer, he hadn't yet reached it. He seemed out of sorts, yet not fundamentally. His nerves and the rest of it suggested a naturally quiet man troubled by a very active flea. In fact such of the British upper classes, whose Palladium Bobby is, as I encountered, made the same impression on me. Now a flea *is* a nerve-racking business, but not a matter of life and death; it can drive Dean Inge to give voice and choir boys to chew gum; it can bring on the jeremiads of Birkenheads and the vaticinations of Churchills, and cause other Americanisms to burst forth, but it cannot cause the healthy heart of the Empire to skip a beat. . . . At most, it can worry London into listening seriously to Will Rogers—for that matter, I, myself, found nothing in his deliverances from the music hall stage to induce in me any other manner of listening, though my sense of humor is not British. . . .

No. Warsaw is as unlike Paris as London and, save for its Sundays, as unlike London as Paris. Warsaw's atmosphere held a kind of tension such as some women show to whom every event of the daily life is either nothing at all or a shock of superlatives. Movement and talk seemed to take form in a way that brought to mind phases of

the manic-depressive cycle. There are acquaintances in New York . . . but that, yet again in Mr. Kipling's standard formula, is still another story. My not knowing Polish accentuated the impression. For it was vocal tension and speech rhythm which came to me, the pure emotional pattern, undiluted by meanings or ideas. Against the down-at-the-heels architectural background, so much of which has the leisurely orderliness and aristocratic ease of the eighteenth century, the impression was the more vivid. . . .

The darkness of a rainy nightfall relaxed it. I will not say that there was no accruing sedative influence from a five o'clock bottle of Hungarian wine, at a wooden table in the winerom of the ancestral sixteenth century house of the Fukiers, with the fat kind Fukier of this latter day sending occasional smiling glances at my journalist host and me. Indeed, the dimming of sensibility which that benevolent wine brought on spread a warmth. . . . The bleak Polish April day, the shrill Poles and the sunk ones, the feeling of insecurity which utterly alien speech brings, all lost that poignancy which is the inwardness of first impressions. Moreover, there was a grotesque appropriateness in a Jew's being eased into a Polish setting by means of a Hungarian wine; the comic muse was apt as ever.

2

By eight o'clock the Hungarian glow had cooled to an ambiguous edge. But I was, nevertheless, fitter than before wine to follow my unofficial cicerone down an alley alongside the Great Synagogue, across an open flag-paved court, and up three stories of dingy stairs. We were going to celebrate the first *seder* as guests of the rabbi of the Great Synagogue. The dear man had heard that a stranger was in town and taken instant pity on my Jewish loneliness. He was a short slight person with sad eyes and gentle manners. He had found his Junoesque wife in Vienna. One gathered that her heart had not fully gone with her to Warsaw, she seemed to regret Vienna so, as who in Poland, having ever known that gracious, kindly city, would not? Well, she has her wish now, I think. Their beautiful daughters favored her. I sat next to one at the distinctly family *seder*. The only stranger besides Dr. Goldflam and myself, was the one Jew in the employ of the Polish government—Adalberg, now in his ninth year in the ministry of education as reporter on the Jewish cultus.

I had occasion to observe him also again another day—a shorter and frailer man than the rabbi, with yearning eyes and the fighting nose of

Cyrano de Bergerac. This man's way of speaking was so hesitant and inhibited that you felt at once that he was holding back by force of will things too strong for him, things that sooner or later would, to his own surprise, break out or cut him altogether off from his fellows. There was about him the brittle acidity and purse-mouthed sarcasm of the old maid who has once had a love affair and never sinned since. One could have deduced without seeing him the tragedy in his heart—during nine years the sole Jew in a government of anti-Semitic fantasies, in the department where jingo nationalism and jingo clericalism were upon the field gules most untrammelled and rampant. Muddled up with Polish realities as his idealism seemed, and embittered with the bitterness which often comes to Jews who are disillusioned about Jews, his secret heart held, I could see, a great hope which could not die. . . .

What if Israel, whose Jehovah is one, remains manifold and dual, and therefore undone? What if the congregation of Jacob is split by sectarian rivalries, as absurd as they are venomous? What if the *Kahals* are corrupt—and a Jewish clericalism as unenlightened as the Christian plays into the hands of the Poles against the liberating self-help of the Jews? Slowly, nevertheless, secular studies find their way into the curricula of the

ecclesiastically dominated Chederim and Talmud Torahs. Sooner or later the congregations of Israel in Poland must come together in a single council. Then secret, poisonous, laughable enmities, brought into the sanitary light of open discussion, must die of their own absurdity. They could not live in daylight and its laughter. Then feuds and espionage must become frank party conflicts; the champions of diverse salvations, the blacks and the browns and the grays and the reds, may learn to acknowledge and respect each other's differences. Coöperation on behalf of the unity of Judaism among the communities of Jews may come to replace conflict in behalf of a special rite touched with the special advantage of a special rabbi. Yes, with an imposed common *Rath*, and pitiless publicity, coöperation might follow . . . and not merely in the affairs of the cultus. . . . Culture, too, and other matters, all in the same complex of organic Jewish life, could not fail to have their day . . . unless, one's inevitable reflections run, that parable of slaughter which concludes the *seder* service should touch the life of Polish Jewry nearer than this chantey of hope. . . . How runs the parable? *One kid, one kid, which my father bought for two zuzim. . . . There came a cat and rent the kid— Then came a dog and killed the cat. . . .* The stronger keeps

slaughtering the weaker until the Angel of Death has destroyed all the powers of life and the Holy One, Blessed be He, destroys the Angel of Death and is left the only survivor in a universe freed by a final murder from murder at last. . . .

The kind rabbi had intoned this parable in rhythms I had not heard before and could not join in. All the service came to me with familiar words and strange music. A sedate, well-mannered service, I thought it; sad, beside the remembered gayeties of my own father's table; such a service as was being held that night at all the conservative rabbinical boards in English-speaking Jewry of the United States . . . the sensible token wherein all Israel are brethren. The service was such a service, but the rabbi was not such a rabbi. His life, if I read his expression aright, lived with an inner sadness. His faith was attuned to learning, not to business. He was, he told me, professing comparative religion in the university, and for a moment politely argued with me forgotten points. . . .

I heard him preach the next day. Save that its dome is shaped like a crown, the synagogue is like a score of other synagogues, parvenu, which one can view in the United States. Their builders are Orthodox Jews who thus signalize that their incomes are now allowing them to count themselves

with the already established conspicuous consumers. But the Warsaw Synagogue differed from its empty American cousins in being crowded to the doors. It manifested also a greater vitality of smell and sound. . . . I came late. . . . The crowd made a way for me, with a murmurous curiosity stronger than devotion. My bearded neighbor in the pew inquired immediately, "Amerikaner?" and only the need to rise for a liturgical response saved me from undesired conversation. Cantor Sirota does not tolerate the familiar, whispering, secular obbligatoros to worship which are so characteristic of orthodox services. When he conducts the service, no Jew talks of his troubles or of his wife. The rabbi spoke eloquently—and briefly! I cannot report what he said. I did not understand him. I was the only one in that immense congregation who did not understand him. He spoke in Polish. . . .

That day was thrice holy if you were a foreigner; a blasphemed holy day if you were a Pole. For it was Sunday and both the Jewish Passover and the Christian Easter. Raw and dampish, the weather added to the dead emptiness of the city streets. Easter is a solemn day in Poland. It cannot be celebrated on Sunday alone; Monday too, must be given to drain the fullness of the sanctity. Public life shuts down—restau-

rants, *weinstubes*, everything. Street cars cease to run, and I have an impression of fewer police and of more soldiers on leave. That the year's at the spring again, that Christ's risen and God's once more so hopefully in his heaven, seems for the Poles, at least for the Poles in the city of Warsaw, too weighty for merriment. A low and hushed spirit prevails. It may be quite otherwise on the countryside, where Easter brings together so many ancient immemorial rituals of the turn of the year. There Christ arisen is birds singing, the sap rising in the trees, the seed sprouting in the ground, the swelling buds and swelling breasts, and the day lengthening, lengthening with the promise of fruit and summer. . . . In the country Easter, the soul of classical Catholicism has its perennial avatar. But the Catholicism of Poland is not classical. It is the Catholicism which the council of Trent remade and the Jesuits preached and propagated. The joy of life is gone out of it. It is undue restraint and subtilized license. It is simple rule and casuist conduct. Its architecture speaks its soul; it is puritan, rococo and baroque.

3

TOWARD evening, I strayed into the Nalewki alone. Before long I was as lost as Dante in

the middle of the road of his life. The expert words of the patriotic Dr. Orłowicz served as neither a street guide nor any other kind. The people in the street, I could see, were Jews, but only very rarely did any appear in the long caftans and characteristic caps I had been led to expect. And it was those I was hopeful to find—and a synagogue where I might hear a proper Chasidic service. Finally, I decided to follow two small boys with long earlocks, and packages under their arms that suggested prayer-shawls. I was not mistaken. They led me past the heavy wooden gate, swinging on one broken hinge, into the characteristic inner court of the usual Warsovian tenement—a ruinous conglomeration, a place all stench and pitfalls—and into a dark entry whence came the squeak and rumble of strange rhythms. It was a little Chasidic *Klos*, as they call their houses of prayer.

Perhaps a score or thirty men and boys were there—cheek by jowl, each swaying, rolling, grimacing, trilling, whining, pleading and suddenly beautifully singing the service of the second night of Passover. There was a cantor or leader of some kind, but he seemed to be a pure formality. These people had evidently come together that they might pray apart. Each had a personal and private address to his Jehovah that he made

in the fullness of his own idiosyncrasy, without regard to the others. Every newcomer started on his own. I had never, except at Methodist camp-meetings, during the height of the religious seizures, seen a congregation where the presence of the crowd so released the detached idiosyncrasy of the individual. The place was an abomination: gray walls, against one of which stood the small ark of the law screened with a soiled white-and-gilt-embroidered curtain of red plush; dim lamps and candlelight; rabelaisian shadows flickering, freshly monstrous each time men stirred or pages turned; the floor soiled and thick with mud from broken shoes and here and there a blackened bare foot; at one side, a dripping copper water can and what might once have been a towel pendent from a nail; and in all, through all, over all, the most strangling odor of sanctity it has been my luck, who have seen and smelt much holiness, ever to encounter. "Well," I thought, as I stepped back from the door almost as soon as I had crossed it, "to the Jehovah who asks from his devotees odors in his nostrils, this may have another meaning."

I did not step back alone. A small gaunt figure had woven its way out of the crowd of weaving figures, so like Holy Rollers, and palm rubbing palm, was beside me, speaking. His language was

Polish—I could distinguish the word *pan*; his manner was something to wring the heart; his body bent as a fawning dog's might be that yet was afraid of a blow; his voice a whining, wheedling, trembling murmur. He kept casting short, quick glances at my cane. . . .

"Speak Yiddish," I told him in that tongue. "I do not understand Polish."

His relief that I was not a gentleman of Poland was obvious and comic. One could see another, a new, mood dawning . . . hope . . . cupidity . . . confidence. But he did not yet feel secure—could a man with a stick on a Holy Day be a Jew? He decided to watch and wait. . . . "Is the gentleman perhaps looking for somebody?" he said in the perverse polonized Yiddish which is the dialect of the Jews in Poland.

I assured him that I was merely wandering round and had gotten lost. That I would be grateful to have him put me on my way to my hotel.

"Well," he said, "why not?" He led me out into the street. But instead of giving me directions he walked beside me, with look after look askance. He was burning to ask me am I a Jew. Finally we came to a little park at the gate of which he hesitated. "I know my way now, if you don't want to go any farther," I said.

"You see, gentleman," he replied, "they used

not to allow us to go into this park. Now they call it Jews' Park. But one is afraid. One can still catch a beating here. . . . Soldiers . . . students—"

"Oh, come," I said, "impossible! I've wandered all over this park and never—" Here a conscript and his girl came through the gate and my guide moved quickly to one side. "Why, what's the matter? What are you afraid of?"

"Afraid, who? I? What should I be afraid of?" And he looked around him furtively. There was in fact no cause for fear, and he knew it. But fear was a habit with him. He would be afraid without cause to the day he died, and act so.

"Look here," I returned, "if you stand here much longer services will be over and you will have committed a sin in order to do a stranger a kindness. Take this." I put into a hesitating, clutching hand ten zlotys, "and a good Yom Tov to you."

"Oh, you *are* a Jew. So why didn't you say so in the first place? An American? Are you on a commission maybe?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"T-t-t! Why should Americans come here except on commissions? For pleasure maybe? Phew!" He spat. "You know, gentleman, if you are on a commission I could tell you and show you

many things . . . injustices they do with your money. . . . Now." I had by this time walked yards into the park and he was stumbling beside me, with quick, short, eager steps. His voice had gained a bolder tone; there was demand in it. Well, he came all the way to the hotel, talking a streak. I learned before I reached the door that he had a stand somewhere in Nalewki, "a bit of trade now with this, now with that, as God gives." Things were not so good. The police chase one. The children keep asking for more food than he can give them. The Gmiluth Hesed had refused to lend him any money. Oh, yes, they had lent him some before Hanukah. And if he needed more now? Poor, are they? . . . with all that money from America? . . . Lining their own pockets, they are. He needed only fifty zlotys. Some day soon he would have to go to the Rebbe in Ger to get a charm against his bad luck. . . . By this time the hotel porter came moving ominously toward us, and my guide said a hasty "Good Yom Tov" and hurried off. . . .

4

THE Rebbe in Ger! A great prince in the Polish Jewish synagogue, the counterpart of the princes of the Catholic church who dominate the mind

and soul of Poland. For idiocentric and self-contained as may be the Judaism of any country, it turns out to be a pretty precise homologue, sometimes improved, often degraded, of the organization and technique of the ruling church of that country. Organized Judaism of England is a curious and amusing echo of the hierarchical pattern of the Church of England; the Judaism of the United States presents the same disarray of doctrinal conflicts and congregational cross-organization as the American evangelical churches.

With one exception, the synagogue in Poland presents all the stigmata of Polish clericalism. Thus the fundamental unit of social life is not the civic community but the religious society which is custodian of the sacraments and thereby master of the personal status of each individual from his birth to his death. What it refuses to register has, like David Alter's boy baby, no legal existence. The Jewish equivalent of a Christian parish is a *Kahal*. The Kahals of Poland are vestigial. They had once been autonomous and powerful communities, the units of self-government represented in the *Va'ad Arbah Arazoth*, that famous national body which had been of old the central authority of self-governing Jewry in sovereign Poland. Their great function in relation to the Poles was to serve as a single collection agency

for taxes. They used to be required to pay taxes to the state, the town and the clergy; taxes on the purchase price of houses bought from Christians; taxes for the permission to build a synagogue; taxes for the upkeep of Christian schools; taxes for driving past a *kosciól* or church; taxes to buy off pogroms. And they had to maintain a gift chest for presents for clerics or *pani*.

With the partitions this pressure was relaxed, the Kahals lost power. The Russian bureaucracy permitted them to continue for the convenience of taxation and conscription. From being somewhat a buffer of security they changed into being wholly an instrument of exploitation and oppression. In most, the exploitation and oppression were open and unblushing. There were the Kahals in which the Ashkenazic minhag or ritual prevailed: power was in the hands of masters of households—Baalebatim, they were called in Hebrew—and the levy of conscripts for the army were drawn from the sons of the less literate, laborious poor; sometimes these were kidnaped on the road or in other villages by companies of “snatchers.” Kahal had the right to levy taxes on kosher meat and fish, and the right to issue licenses or permits—*Hazakas*—in this or that.

During the German occupation, under German policing, the Kahals got a new lease and a new

way of life. Their taxing power was made effective and the collection was spent on adequate and important cultural enterprises. With the establishment of Polish sovereignty all this lapsed. Kahal reverted to the pre-war condition of ineffectiveness and disorganization. Among the rulers of the Kahal, constituted and administered according to the Talmudical ordinance and tradition, the rabbi, unless he was a personality of force and courage, did not often figure. But he held a strategic position since he alone had the final authority to distinguish between clean and unclean, to decide upon the prescriptive correctness of the ritual bath or *Mikwah*, to determine divorce and to set a man free from the obligation of marrying his brother's widow, or a widow her deceased husband's brother. The latter rite is called *Halitzah*, and in Poland as in Palestine is a source of graft and oppression.

Barring cases of exceptional personalities among the clergy of the *Mitnagid* sect, the graft and oppression were perquisites of Kahal. It is among the Chasidim that they are perquisites of the rabbi. For to the devout Chasid, his Rebbe is the be-all and end-all of existence—incarnate righteousness walking on earth, the prophet, the healer, the soothsayer, the revealer, the exorcist

of evil and layer of every *dybbuk*, the omnipotent *tzadik*, the intercessor with Jehovah on behalf of his devoted—and contributing—followers.

Chasidim are known not by their locations but by their allegiances. One is the devotee of "Him, may his life be prolonged," of Ger; another walks in grace through the mana of "Him" of Belz. The potency of the Hims is superlative. That they are healers goes without saying; but they can also intervene against barrenness, insure husbands for overduly marriageable daughters, discover the place of lost or stolen articles and perform the other wonders of the fortune tellers and the medicine men. Their traditional roots lie in the theurgy of the Kabbala; by some peculiarity of righteousness, they are "Masters of the Name." Their state is princely and medieval. Each Rebbe maintains what is often a very considerable establishment, with major domos, stewards, messengers, and all the other paraphernalia of ecclesiastical household economy. The establishment has become in many cases a hereditary vested interest and is a significant part of the spiritual and social economy of Polish Jewry. Feuds and personal rivalries among Rebbes are not unknown; among their followers they take form as sectarian quarrels.

Against the background of utter misery which

is the state of the bulk of these followers, the state of the Rebbes has a sunlike splendor. Their influence varies inversely as the followers' competency. Among the Chasidim, as elsewhere in the wide world, who increaseth dollars increaseth doubt; the strengthening power of wealth in the believer is a weakening of the power of faith in the believed. It is the most miserably poor, the lame, the halt, the blind, the hungry, who are the firmest of the faithful. The greatness and prosperity of the Rebbe redresses the balance of this poverty and littleness. They deck his living figure with their gifts and goods as the Poles do the dead images of God and his Mother. He is to them the compensatory vision of fatness and fullness, on earth incarnate, which their starved lives require. They can be observed actually to draw some invigorating influence from his physical presence. . . .

Of course the psychology of the Chasidic societies is by no means so simple; there are saints as well as charlatans among the Rebbes. Not all are the sanctimonious loafers that Solomon Maimon used to call them. Chasidism itself is a complicated phenomenon. Its roots are in the ancient disasters of Jewish life in Poland. It has spread branches into a modernist mysticism which reaches beyond Jewry. For the Chasidic dispensation came to

Polish Jewry as Methodism came to English Christians. Both were a meeting of an emotional crisis, an equilibration of life upset by forces at the time beyond knowledge and so beyond control. In England the forces have since been called the industrial revolution. In Poland the forces were the gigantic horror of the Chmielnicki rebellion of 1648, and the social and political consequences that trailed after. The Messianic delusions of the succeeding generations, yearning and strong as they were, gave no comfort. The promised salvation was set for too proximate a date; with its failure what could faith do but fail? The reaction was automatic. Talmudical orthodoxy could offer no consolations; "The Law" is a yoke, not an easement; and what most of all the nerve-racked generations needed, was easement. Talmudism disciplined the body fiercely and exercised the mind. It had nothing for the heart, and the heart was sore and near to breaking. The Baal Shem, the founding prophet of Chasidism, brought easement to the heart. His teachings enabled the emotionally overburdened and physically underfed Jews of Poland to purge the spirit by giving the feelings untrammelled vent. He encouraged "the joy of the law" as a corybantic rite after the flesh. Often the Rebbe led in the releasing action. Thus, where he had been heretofore the

guardian of the yoke, he now became the liberator of the soul. His presence was the signal to eat and to drink and to dance and be merry unto the glory of the Lord. It was recorded in more than one Chasidic chantey—

*Der Rebbe geht, der Rebbe geht,¹
Lomir alle tanzen!*

*Der Rebbe hot geheisen frailach sein, frailach
sein,
Trinken branfen, trinken wein!
Lomir alle tanzen!*

To this power of setting inwardly free which the Rebbe in psychological fact actually exercises, the others, already enumerated, could not help accruing. Low-spirited and hungry Chasids, singing and dancing, found welling up in them the feeling of well-being which such exercises naturally induce. Miraculously they were not hungry any more: delight was in their souls. How could the natural overflow of this feeling fail to suffuse its occasion? Cannot the power which is able to bring joy to sorrowing hearts accomplish any-

¹ The Rebbe's near, the Rebbe's near,
Let us all be dancing.

The Rebbe bids us merry be, merry be,
Be drinking wine and drink brandy!
Let us all be dancing.

thing? bring life to the dead, fruitfulness to a barren woman, luck to the unfortunate, the appropriate good to any need that cried? Automatic also were the institutional consequences of such imputations. The successors of Baal Shem became like ecclesiastical functionaries the world over—like the vicars of Christ on Earth, or the Living Buddhas, or Elijah IIIs, and other similar worthies—tribute-and-gift-grasping thaumaturgical experts, medicine men and fortune tellers in the name of Jehovah. So righteous were they supposed to be that God's omnipotence was at the disposal of their slightest whims, whatever they wanted to employ it for. . . .

As usual, an appropriate irony attends the economy of Chasidism. The actual power of the more or less hereditary thaumaturgist called the Rebbe rests upon the presumption that he is a literal miracle worker. But this power over the spirits of earth and water and air is the outward sign of an inward grace which is the manifestation of God in the heart. And in what Jew, in what human being, does God not vouchsafe his presence? In this living presence does the Joy of Life which is also the Joy of the Law consist. The Chasid is possessed of a wisdom of the heart which is the love and not the fear of the indwelling God. All his life manifests him and bears him

witness. Had not the Baal Shem himself declared that the Mitnagid rabbis were so taken up with the Law that they had no time for the Lawgivers?

Thus a democratic mysticism, with pantheism as its base and theosophy and thaumaturgy as its apex, underlies the absolutist ecclesiastical economy of Chasidism. But, as usual, incarnate power decants and empties invisible potency. Heart and hope of the unutterably disinherited Chasid, the splendid enfleshed Rebbe can be no other than the unseen and ineffable Glory walking on earth, the actuality of power dreamt of and well-being hoped for but never attained—save as the intoxication of the Rebbe's presence. Are not his words givers of good? Does not what he touches become suffused with his might, a precious morsel for which a loyal Chasid might give his life? The following Friday evening I saw a Rebbe break a boiled fish with his hands, and the Chasidim give battle over the crumbs as devout Christians do at Easter over the divine fire in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

To a power and a worship of this sort, the secular way of life is, of course, anathema. Even more accursed is the secular religion of socialism that, in the wake of the Haskalah which brought them philanthropy but not religion, became Chasi-

dism's foremost spiritual rival among the Jewish masses of Poland. Socialism was the salvation which the grandsons and great-grandsons of the first Chasidim turned to, amid the disillusion of faith and works which presented to them all the Poland they knew. Not that they are not themselves undergoing the disillusion of the newer faith. In some quarters of Polish Jewry a new Chasidism has arisen, a glamorous recovery of the theosophy and mysticism of the old, couched in a language suited to the times. It has fired yesterday's liturgy with to-day's meaning, and recovered the precious inward self-sufficient sanction of life and living. In its turn it is a relaxation—now from the intellectual rigors of socialism, its practical ardors and passionate discipline. A weary and sorrowing generation seeks joy again and finds—futility. Best, then, to give up the modern struggle, the mentation, the machinery and their martyrdom. Back to the simple faith and the simple way. Back to mysticism and magic—real mysticism and symbolic magic. For he who has realized God in his heart has everything he needs. Like the Taoist men of old, he travels without moving, accomplishes without doing and wins without striving. So the neo-Chasid interprets the old *ism* and so he is, if he be not too young, at rest.

*Kum aher du filosof,¹
Mit dein kätzischen maichel
Setz sich aweek beim Rebbe's tisch
Un lern fun ihm shaichel.*

¹ Come here, you philosopher,
With your catlike reason,
Sit at the Rebbe's table down
And learn wisdom in due season.

An ocean liner you've thought out
And swell with pride to show it—
But the Rebbe spreads his kerchief out
And's across the sea ere you know it.

And you've thought out an automobile,
How fine, you think, it's to go in!
The Rebbe sneers, the Rebbe laughs,
To him it's just a ruin.

A railroad you have reasoned out
And feel you are a man of might.
The Rebbe spreads his sash in the air
And unto God he makes his flight.

And you've invented a telephone
That clamors from morn till even,
Yet the Rebbe beats with hyssop here
And the sound is heard in heaven.

The airplane that you've worked out,
You fancy you're wise because of it—
Bah! the Rebbe's eye turns to the sky
He flies to God from the deep Pit.

How can you know what the Rebbe's about
When all alone, by himself he's seated?
A minute—and up into God's heaven he flies,
There with a Sabbath banquet fêted.

*A dampfschiff host du oisgetracht
Un nehmst sich dermit iber
Der Rebbe shprait sain tichel ois
Un geht dem yamm ariber*

*Ain automobil host oisgetracht
Un mainst du bist a choraos
Der Rebbe shpot, der Rebbe lacht
Er darf dos oif kaporos*

*Ain aisenbahn host oisgetracht
Un mainst du bist a Giber
Der Rebbe shpreht zein gartel ois
Un fohrt zu Gott ariber*

*A telefon host du oisgetracht
Un machst dermit a timmel
Der Rebbe schlogt hoishaines do
Hert men dos in himmel*

*A luftmaschin host du oisgeklehrt
Un mainst du bist a Chochom
Der Rebbe glantz an oig zum himmel
Un flight zu Gott fun tochom. . . .*

*Du waist den wos der Rebbe tüt
Be'ès er zitzt beyechides?
In ain minut er in himmel flieht
Un pravet dort sholosh seudes.*

This modernist Chasidism has spread beyond the confines of Poland.

5

THE Chasidim are piteous and picturesque. There is an everlasting rainbow over the flood of their misery, and by their otherworldly hope they survive in their inconsiderable numbers. Their Rebbe is the glorious color their drab lives sustain. The rabbis of the Mitnagdim do not stain the white radiance of eternity. Color does not pertain to them, in the daily life or out. They correspond to the clericals and the black hundreds of the Christian world in the life of Polish Jewry. It is to them that the cynical government turns for the authoritative word on Jewish ways and wishes, knowing well that, whatever these clericals advise or request, it will not be such a thing as might endanger their own supremacy, and therefore not such a thing as might liberate the Jewish spirit or improve the Jewish economy. The affairs of Kahal are largely in the hands of these and their adherents. They have the power to regulate ritual correctness and personal status. It is they who assess the taxes. And they use their power for party purposes, rejecting from the official community of Israel in Poland those Jewish children and their parents that do not conform to

their requirements. In the estimation of the Rebbes, living in relative comfort themselves, the basic need of the masses whose guardians they are is incidental. Like their Christian betters of an earlier day they hold that the salvation of the soul is worth the mortification of the flesh. "I'd rather," said one in meeting, "have them repeat a prayer or recite a psalm than get a warm meal." . . .

6

ROBOTS asking for bread and receiving a prayer may be set down as a not inadequate description of "them." "Them" are the mass of Polish Jews. Once the artisans and traders of the country, serving it as a middle class, they are becoming, especially since the war, more and more outcasts from its economy. The war began their ruin with the disorganization of the precarious institutional equilibrium in which they functioned; requisitions took away their tools; conscriptions pulled workers and customers out of their habitual relationships; and thus their credit system disintegrated beyond restoration. Successive occupations, German, Russian, and the great pogroms under counter-revolutionary bandit patriots, broke up their very foundations.

From the German occupation which lasted

four years, more or less, some of the benefits which, as well as the evils, flowed to all Poland, reached them too. It requisitioned and conscripted from the population every tool and every bit of material that might be used for war purposes. It established forced labor in towns and villages. It governed with a harsh benevolence, of course for its own ends. In return it brought good roads—even though the labor which built them was local and forced—where none had been before. It set up electric power plants giving light and pumping water. It introduced unheard-of standards of medico-sanitary administration and control and enforced them. It restored the Kahals as agents of local self-government with right to tax, and its own police power enforced the right. It compelled the Jews to engage in agriculture. It imposed the German educational structure and the reform of the Cheder. In all directions it initiated among the population of Poland unheard-of western ways of cleanliness and culture.

The setting up of sovereign Poland came too soon for any of these things to take root. In all directions, fanatical polonization drove out intelligent construction. As they had razed the Sobór in the Saxon Square in Warsaw, so the gentlemen of Poland razed the fertilizing work of the Germans in the waste land. The roads fell into

disrepair: ignorance and neglect allowed the power houses to fall into decaying desuetude. Of course, the educational scheme was extirpated. So far as the Jews were concerned the destroying task of sovereign power was little enough: the hordes of Machno and Denikin and Petlura had ruined them soul and body as nearly as ruin could be and life remain. Polish nationalism, with its slogan *War against the Jews*, needed only to top off with its own pogroms and then deprive its victims of such economic bases as were left to them. When I was in Poland, more than half of the Jewish laborers, skilled and unskilled, were out of work. The rest were employed more or less. So they exist. But they exist on what, in the United States, would be well below the level of subsistence. They exist, made over by Polish policy, which has starved and frightened and hounded their resistance out of them, into a menace to the health and sanity of the whole land. Any epidemic would strike them first and spread . . . disease is no nationalist and is no less an ardent lover of Catholic Poles than it is of Talmudical Jews.

These Jews. . . . You enter the *Hof* of one of those warrens of the Nalewkian abomination of poverty, whose rents maintain the comforts of some rich man. It is the Passover and the people still are making holiday. Here a woman wears a

bright kerchief of an older time on her head though there are no shoes for her feet. There a boy with long, red earlocks and a running nose, wears a new cap; bleary-eyed little girls appear with hair combed and occasionally a ribbon. To-day, men have cleanish hands. All gather round you, the children at once bold and scared like hungry rodents, the women with restless hands and unspoken petitions on their drooling lips. The men appear to be too let down to be anything but passively curious. Every one seems acquainted with my benevolent cicerone, and they recognize from the cut of my clothes that I am no Pole. Murmurs arise on every side—"A kommisie! A kommisie!" A too-eager woman breaks the half-impudent, half-anxious circle: "I will show you—everything, everything. Let me show you!" and a man roughly shoulders her aside. We enter the doorway without a door. My guide coughs; I am compelled to return to the less ollescent *Hof*. He calls me back, and handkerchief to my nose I follow—down broken stairs, into a stinking darkness. A warmer stench warns us of habitation. My guide strikes a match. We are almost upon a door that has no lock. We knock, once, twice, then with our canes. Something like a voice—enough to justify our opening the door. We look into a room the size of a large

packing box or a small woodshed. The dark twilight which filters through the rags stuffed into the one narrow broken cellar window falls upon a red tablecloth. Against the wall beneath it, a heap of rags and some improvised shelves. I could not discern any stove or other cooking device, but in an earthen recess under the window are pots covered with plates and a bundle of matzoth. A woman comes in, an eager crowd trailing behind. It is she of the bright kerchief and bare feet. We apologize and explain our quest. She has no hesitancy in telling us. Her husband is a *träger*, a porter. He earns perhaps ten zlotys; when he is lucky, twelve. They have two children, playing outside somewhere in the *Hof*. Her husband's mother lives with them—she is bedridden in the next room. Hers was the voice we heard. Their matzoth for *Pesach* the committee gave them. Yes, they had meat for the *seder*. The first time in a month. They were not complaining but if only they could get out to America . . . to Palestine . . . even to Russia. . . . They had heard they were giving Jews land in Russia.

We mounted all the stairs of that high evil house of a thousand stench, while the knot of Jews in the *Hof* below grew thicker. On every floor, the same elements of Polish dirt and Jewish destitution, terribly compounded. On every floor

some new depths of misery, unlighted by any hope, unalloyed. Tailors, carpenters, locksmiths, cabinetmakers, druggists, weavers, tanners, traders . . . all alike . . . skill without employment, dying of disuse. . . .

These, my guide told me, were the poorest of the poor, true samples of the proletarian mass who are ninety in every hundred of the Jews in Poland. . . .

One day, I saw some Jewish farmers. It was in the office of the Ort. They had come, five of them, to negotiate a loan for one. Weathered, lean Jews they were with blue eyes and reddish beards, and noses the Assyrian kings of kings might have been proud to wear. They spoke with an ironic shrewdness, and their eyes twinkled. They were the first and last Jews I met in Poland with any laughter in them—even that biting Jewish laughter so salted as with Dead Sea salt. With their laughter they savored the bitter humor of their own plight, and threw from their souls the weight of their imminent defeat.

They were growers of garden stuffs on rented lands. Their landlord is Kahal, and almost all their earnings go in rent. They have not enough land to make anything like a living for themselves. They rise with the sun. They go to bed long after he has set. They work hard, hard. What do their

cattle care about the Sabbath when they want their water and their hay? What do the wind and the weather know about resting on the seventh day? What would happen if they should lose the fruits of the preceding six? And a rabbi comes to them and orders them not to work on the Sabbath. "We told him to go and explain it to the cow, to pray to God to create a cow that could live without fodder and water. He sent representatives of the Society to Preserve the Sabbath after us. But, I ask you, what can we do? The peasant works day and night and his wife and children with him. . . . I suppose it would be a wound in God's honor if we were allowed to do our heavy labor in peace. We are quite willing to change places with the rabbis and the *Shomreshabbes-nickes*. Let them take our farms and give us their jobs and we will show them how well we can keep the Sabbath. . . . That is the least of our troubles, keeping the Sabbath. We have yet others. We can't make a living off the land we plant. And now Kahal won't renew our leases any more. They have let the fields to the tonsured men, the Christian priests. Why not us? Because we are behind in our rent money. And why? Are we not Jews? Are not our customers Jews? And what Jew can pay cash? With us, everything is credit, even our portion of the world to come. . . . We would

make it over to you for very little, in cash. Doctor, please, may you be forever well, we have come to you for a loan, if you would be so good."

7

ROBOTS, asking for bread and receiving a prayer. And when have men, even Jews, continued to live by prayer alone? A time comes when the material event challenges the promise of the godly, when the priest becomes suspect and the cleric is recognized as a power that preys, one among the many other vested interests which take from the dumb multitudes without return. That time, I am told, is at hand among the Jews of Poland . . . and are not these farmers signs of it? Traditional Judaism, although it is still and will long continue to be a ruling cult in this cultured land, is nevertheless recessive. It cannot stand unchanged before the changing scene of the common life. It will either adjust or perish. It is those Jews who live unconscious beneath the burden of it who become the *Luftmenschen*.

From the point of view of the Jewish economy of Poland, the *Luftmensch* is any middleman who hopes to take something out of a transaction in which he invests nothing and with respect to

which he serves, in fact, no function. He is the accessory—promoter, speculator, commission-merchant, agent, any kind of middleman, in enterprises that would have come off without him if they do come off, and that usually don't come off, with him. "Look, don't you want a roll of fine cotton print? It is very fine print and I know a man who has some. I will go and get you some. No? But it is a bargain. You should have at least one roll. If you have one, you will want more." And the poor devil is off. To the owner of the print he says: "I could find you a customer for your print if you want to sell it. Don't you want to sell at least a roll? Why should you keep it until it gets moldy? Sell while you can." And the struggle to bring these unrelated people together and to earn a crust thereby is on. Every Jew in Poland is to-day a potential *Luftmensch*. Many have been such even in Russian times.

Au fond, *Luftmensch* and idealist are of the same stuff. Both are soldiers of hope. Both aspire to inform resistant matters with their own spirit, shaping them to the heart's desire. Both spin schematic Otherworlds into whose patterns they endeavor to manipulate this *hither* one. The *Luftmensch* does so for the hope of bread in the belly; the idealist does so for the glory of God. Not yet, however, has it been established that

bread in the belly is not the glory of God. In Poland the presumption that the two are one is even greater, for there is a striking psychological resemblance between the comminuted speculative promotions of the *Luftmenschen* and the partisan programs of the greater salvation preached by the idealists of Polish Jewry.

Partisan programs! The number and variety of the parties of Polish Jewry, and their panaceas, are as much as anything a symbol of the Jewish insecurity of status and confusion of purpose. They extend to the very infants in the grades and on the streets. There are, by actual count, nine separate and distinct parties in Polish Jewry, split in their turn into fifteen lefts, rights and centers. Their purpose, like Israel's God, is one; but their programs are dual. How can Israel not be undone? The great divisions are between the clericalists and the secularists and between the nationalists who are Zionists and those who are Socialists. Then there are crossings. If the Socialist Bund is anti-Zionist, the anticlerical Zeirei and Poalei Zionists are Socialist. If the Agudath Israel hates everything likely to weaken the power of the orthodox dispensation, the orthodox Mizrachi joins arms with the Zionists against the Agudath Israel. There are parties that champion Yiddish and

there are parties that champion Hebrew and there are parties that champion Polish. There are Jews who are "Poles of the Mosaic persuasion": Poles so far as the Poles will let them be. Then there are those who would like to be Poles but who still have too much integrity to make up their minds to it. There are those who have made up their minds but have found themselves no better off than before. The idea of conversion provokes intense passions: in the Great Jewish Hospital, one man volunteered to me, entirely out of the blue, that never would he change his religion—a look at his face revealed the burden on his mind; in the home of a friend one evening, a fellow-guest burst into a fiery denunciation of converts . . . he was a man of parts, of considerable importance in his town not far from the German border. . . .

Yet, passion aside, conversion and assimilation would be a way of salvation, just as any annihilation of an identity, any suicide, is a salvation. . . . And for many of these Polish Jews, especially the young ones, ambitious, rich in capacities and talents, capable of happiness and achievement, capable even of the good life, the burden of their Jewish identity can be maddening. Why, indeed, shall they give up their lives for a name, for a mere word writ in a story, for an existence in the

society of people they cannot endure? Confronted with the tragedy of these questions, I could not answer. The commonplaces I had myself so often used, the appeal to loyalty, to ancestral pride, to courage and to self-respect, to service and the fullness of self-realization, did not, under the circumstances, seem responsive. The circumstances were the one "Bohemian" café that Warsaw boasts. I was surrounded by the tiny leaven of young Poland which remembered the tradition of the Warsaw positivists. They were the bitterly hopeful makers of the new culture of the new Poland, at once sardonic and anxious; and not too few among them were Jews. They were so sad and so eager, the not too few, and their lives poured in such a stream in this vulgar place and setting, in which alone anything like free thought could flourish in sovereign Poland. . . . But in the eyes of their Polish comrades were fear and denial, even as they assented to the words. In those eyes the answer was *fait accompli*. For assimilation, reason is not enough. There must be on each side unconscious surrender to the molding of natural forces, forces of sex and of society, intentional conscious good will. How can the prospect of either in the Poland of our time be anything but far?

Luftmenschlich, all too *luftmenschlich*, this as-

similation. Nor can the theocratic isolationism and clerical diplomacy of the Agudath Israel be anything else. Admit that an ascetic and self-immolating ardor for the Judaism of the great tradition animates the beards and paunches of those lovers of their kind. Instead of killing by dissolution and forgetting, they seek to kill by burying alive. Even as a corpse, Judaism would have no secure isolation. The realities point otherwise. They point to the give and take between living society and a living environment, between the cross-currents of influences and the flow of ideals. They point to struggle and adjustment. They point to modification and transformation. They do not point to voluntary death or voluntary retreat.

Retreat—from the economy of Poland to the economy of the *Shulchan Aruch* and the Rebbe's Hof! My Bundist interlocutors burn with hatred of the whole conception. The Jews, they declare, are in Poland. They have been in Poland for 900 years. For better or worse, the bulk of them are going to stay in Poland. They must build a life here. They must build a good life. And they must build it as the Jewish nationality. Anything less cannot be tolerated. The task before us is to find the methods and the means of building this life in the Poland of our times. In Poland, not in Pal-

estine. Palestine is a diversion and a surrender. It is an evasion of the problems which must be solved here and now.

Face to face with these problems, who can say the brethren of the Bund are wrong? Not I, certainly, who have seen the Jewish problem from the Volga to the Vistula and from Palestine to Poland. Yet, it is not the Bund who prevail in the hearts of the people or seem to speak convincingly to their hopes. As an ideal and a vision, at least, the restoration of Zion is too ancient, too strong; too bound up with all the uttered and repressed heartache and aspiration of the Hebraic spirit. At the polls, the Jews vote Zionist. They even emigrate to Palestine—when they can't to the United States. In the six years between 1919 and 1925 nearly 40,000 emigrated to Palestine as against 144,000 to the United States and 20,000 to Argentina. Aside from the ineluctable psychological import of Palestine in the minds of Polish Jewry, its significance as a locus of practical emigration and settlement, as a real city of refuge, bulks large. That is what the Zionist members of the *sejm* emphasize. There are too many Jews in Poland for a settlement of the Jewish problem there. There must be emigration, as well as reconstruction—and where to, they say, if not to the Jewish homeland?

8

"EMIGRATION" is on the lips of nearly everybody. "Poland has too many Jews" is in the mouth of nearly everybody. And sometimes men add, Poland has too many Poles. People have been emigrating from Poland for scores of years. Is not the "fourth dominion" of the Polish people in the United States? And what of these great companies of Poles who came and went with the seasons to work in France? Who does not remember the *Sachsengänger*, those peasant Poles who came to reap the harvest in the fields of Germany? (How Elizabeth of the German garden did despise those migrants, victims of the *pan*!) The economy of sovereign Poland is saturated with people. Her agriculture and industry are incapable of absorbing even less than the annual natural increase of 450,000. Poles must emigrate. And if Poles, how much the more then, how much more inevitably, Jews! So it was before the war. So it must be again. The government is glad to have the Jews emigrate. The Jewish Immigrant Aid Society (J. I. A. S.) is one of the few organizations to which it returns some of the supertaxes extracted from Jews. It pays J. I. A. S. a monthly subsidy of 1,000 zlotys, about one hundred dollars.

Must . . . must! It is a poor word, grounded neither in nature nor in history. Inward inertia and inward intensity are more frequently compulsions than outer events. To be too lazy and to be too fanatic are states of mind. They are *musts*, but they are not the *musts* of the world without. When Poles emigrated, there were open lands they could emigrate to; that they emigrated absolved their masters from meeting the problems of establishing for them a good life at home. It enabled their masters to carry on the old economy postulated upon this very emigration. Now that outer circumstances are keeping Poles at home, willy-nilly inner conditions will be changed so that they and their increase may live at home. It is not true that Poland is overpopulated. It is not true that there are too many Jews in Poland. The truth is that Poland can support a far larger population than she has. The truth is that her natural resources are underdeveloped; that traditional laziness, political intolerance, religious obscurantism and economic graft and incompetency are wasting the material and human resources of Poland. The modernization of agriculture, efficiency in industry, honesty and intelligence in government, and adequate education coupled with adequate care can multiply the national wealth a hundredfold, can spread prosperity, can enable some-

thing like a good life to take form throughout the entire population of which the Jews have for 900 years been an integral part.

For it is the delusion of a *Luftmensch* to believe that in a modern state, where even agriculture tends to be industrialized, it is possible to exclude one part of the population from the benefits of the national economy and not have the beneficiary other parts suffer from it. A modern state is organic and symbiotic. The old *panic* parasitism is no longer possible. The misery of any one part of a population reacts on the rest, reacts through a lowering of moral tone, through the creation of faction, through a weakening of physique, through a spread of disease. These things know neither race nor religion. From any center of population through which these things once gain admittance they spread to the whole, often very slowly but always very surely. It is a part of the romantic irony of Polish being that the financial and industrial magnates and the gentlemen of the government should be blind to the realities of their policies. Of the clericals one does not expect vision.

CHAPTER IV

HUNGER INTO POWER

I

NIETZSCHE, who was a Pole by blood, a German by cultivation and a European by outlook, had the belief that the truths men live by are not discoveries regarding the world of reality but imaginings and inventions speaking for the world in the human heart. Our knowledge, he argued, is merely the foreshadowing of our desire, it is an outreaching of the will to power; to know is to make-believe, to set up fictions and to launch forth vital lies. Others besides Nietzsche came to this notion that truth is forevision of fulfilled desire; it turns up periodically in the history of ideals, and it has a special and vulgar currency now when the speculations of Freud and the fabrications of Freudians animate the psychologic atmosphere of our day. Persons so various as Le Gaultier in France and Ellis in England hold that whether or not we be such stuff as dreams are made on or our little life be rounded with a sleep, our vision is a baseless fabric, and its solemn palaces and cloud-capped temples and

gorgeous towers, yea, the great globe itself, and all which it inherit, shall dissolve and leave not a rack behind. . . .

Before the scenes of Jewish hunger and Polish hopes and their clashings and minglings and conjunctions upon the rich flat Polish land, tiny wraiths of thought from Nietzsche to Shakespeare and back again, come up to me like small, vague clouds, here a mist and there a mist, as occasion provokes and memory rumbles. . . .

To me, who am not a too hard-boiled and curious onlooker, reached by the passions of the Polish scene scarce more nearly than by a stage play's drama, much of the hapless, fevered action, so blind and self-defeating, could easily seem a combat of delusions, a bitter warfare about nothing at all. No, not nothing at all. Worse than nothing at all. For these twisted strange ideals which draw men with such fire, here are not mere vanity and emptiness, given a locus and a tumult-breeding name. They are real, in and by themselves, and their works are real, and they work evil. What else can they be, these imperial dreams and religious ardors, these slynesses and stratagems and evasions, these loves of God and hatreds of men, these devotions and idolizations bringing forth cruelty and meanness and greed, and laying down all the steps of the degradations which those

things that are loftiest in our vision pull our action down through?

And in the end, what is there in those things to die for and to kill for, save the poor wish of each man to gain his bread in freedom and to eat it in peace? Still his hunger, and where are the delusions of his spirit that ride him? Ask the wind blowing out of nowhere into nothing; the purposeless tide of the sea beating its moonstruck susurrus. Let a man eat and be filled and he cannot be fooled; let him drink till his thirst be stilled, and he cannot be unkind. . . .

At least, he cannot according to the gospel of Marx and his communist interpreters. Man, they say, can live by bread alone, once the bread is enough. It is the hungry, not the filled, who need another thing than bread. Give them but bread enough. . . . A comforting gospel this, a simple one and a happy one. I have heard it before, I think, in Palestine. If only it were a true one! Then the agonies of the spirit might find all-asuagement in the stillness of sated hunger and the world might be at its utopian ease. But alas! It is the filled, how much more often than the hungry, who seek another thing than bread. Satiety and boredom father no fewer heroisms than hunger, and no more crimes. Security denatures happiness; satisfaction drives the flames of life an-

other way. His vanities and his delusions are as much organs of a man's life as his heart and his hands, and often survive them. Neither satiety nor hunger breeds them, for in their own dimensions they are hungers themselves, often more lasting and substantial than the whole body. How many have not torn their hearts over a vanity and spilled their lives for a delusion? And if their own, how much the more other people's? "To end war," "to make the world safe for democracy," "self-determination," "the principle of nationality"—how long ago is it that for these, now acknowledged vanities and delusions, men who were earning their bread in freedom sold themselves into bondage, men who were eating their bread in peace, broke their peace! And what have they won! The broken-up Europe of our day, with anarchy where order was once; the closed boundary where used to be an open road; two armies growing where one grew before; tariff wars instead of customs unions; babels of speech and coinage and aspiration; multiplied burdens pressing down nearer to the earth the men who wanted to gain their bread in freedom and to eat it in peace. Yet the inwardness of their burden is the delusion that it, and nothing else, *is* their freedom. . . .

Have we not then an ancient tale here, the tale of all souls who make a second marriage in their

house? Freedom is a change of yokes whether one divorces barren Reason to take the Daughter of the Vine for spouse or deserts the fellowship of Europe for the loneliness of jingo nationalism. Yes, freedom is a change of yokes.

While they seek this change, however, men are aware only of the yokes they want release from, not of the yokes they are going under. The men who poured their own blood into the shibboleths of the war to give them force, yearned to transform a fiction into a fact, a vital lie into a living truth. . . . They failed. . . . Of course, or only this time? . . . Must such ends forever fail? . . . The life of man renews itself as at inveterate springs. For ever a new generation shapes an ever new experiment, and turns a hairline from an ancient path. . . . The fiction does work itself into a fact, and a new life opens, the soul never quite knows how, for an old stock. . . .

Looking close at the Poles, one sees that also the old *pan* has changed and changes, changes still. Dynamos and tractors, factories and schools and flying machines, in which the Russians build their hope, impose upon the *pan* a new rule and set up in him a new mentality! Already his intellect realizes that the poor *khlop* is the vital essence of Poland and no more a dog; the day will

come when his heart will feel it also. I should like to say that this day is a near one . . . but memory, the ironist, brings back the tale of a great patriotic Polish meeting in Chicago, when the world was still not safe for democracy, and the Poles hungered for self-determination in the company of the Ukrainians and Jews and White Russians of Poland who hunger now alone. From all the fragrant quarters of the smoky lakeside city they came: American workingmen of *khlop* ancestry from the stockyards and breweries, the steel mills and clothing shops, to hear the gospel of the-new-Poland-to-be-born-of-the-war. The bringer of the gospel was no less than he who through the intercession of St. Ignatius would occupy a post so high in the first government of his restored fatherland that never again would he appear in the capital city of the United States in the capacity which best becomes him. The wonder of him as a Polish patriot brought not only his *landsleute*, great, heavy laborers, the race's Percherons, sodden with work and weariness; but Americans of other stocks—lovers of music and romance and freedom. But the great mass were Poles, clumsy flocks of them, lumbering noisily and without grace, lost among the clattering chairs; lumbering wearily, grunting, whispering, sweating, stinking. . . . In a moment rage came

upon the knightly *pan*. "Pigs!" he shouted, in his native tongue. "Cattle!" . . . Yes, the *pan* changes, but changes not too soon; and the *khlop* changes, but changes not so much—even in the United States. Polish and polish are still antonyms. Not a Polish soul in the great audience resented the insult: and it did bring the decorum the speaker required. Was it that the Polish soul had recognized the master's voice?

Still . . . *eppur si muove*. The peasantry of Poland has a better chance than ever before it had under Polish masters. The Jews of Poland have a more legal standing than ever before the Polish law provided. Indeed, since the esoteric Pilsudski was made the tribune of the Polish people, law has come nearer to something of the usual European meaning, even though it is not likely to stay so. Within the twelvemonth the government has made available to the central bank of the Jewish Coöperatives a tiny credit of about \$300,000; the state and the municipalities both have begun to give tiny contributions toward the work of the Federation for Child Care. These are straws blown of a new wind. They are a gesture before rights beginning to grow into power. They are acknowledgments that the Jews have awakened from the white helplessness into which they had been bled by the war,

that they have undertaken the slow and laborious adventure toward self-help.

To be able to help one's self is the alpha and omega of power; it is security in evil times; independence in good times, and the roots of hope always: it is the foundation of the rule that to him that hath shall be given, the ultimate fane of the sole God who helps in times of trouble.

The first form of power is bodily strength. From this derives the authority which parents continue to wield although children grow up and parents grow old; power is then its own fruit as an old habit of deference and obedience in the new adult. It is still the core of the prestige of states, even when states, like imperial Russia, have become rotten at the core. It is the determining imponderable in any balance of power. Beyond the family, the fact of physical strength may become merely the appearance of it. Then, like a heavyweight champion who gets no fights because he has won, it wears its front of prestige until it is challenged and the test demonstrates yet again that appearances are deceitful. Beyond appearances lie possessions: a gun is often more efficacious than a fist, a motor than a foot, a house than a hand. In fact, in the life of civilized institutions the incidence of power has shifted entirely from persons to possessions. Except in courtezans

and prizefighters, property, not personality, is power, and prestige falls not to the man of character or to the lady without, but to the man of property, not to the happy land but to the rich one. The law, moral or other, has a way of getting itself enforced far more effectively as the duty of the poor toward the rich than as the duty of the rich toward anybody. If the Jews had not been first made destitute they would not later have been made anew the victims of that classical joke of diplomacy, rights without power. . . .

2

BEFORE the war, in the Prussian and Austrian parts of Poland the Jews were possessed, in spite of a vigorous anti-Semitism, both of rights and of power. They served a living function in the economy of those civilized states, and though their status was degraded, their condition was not correspondingly depressed. In East Galicia they even became, under Austrian rule, farmers as well as artisans and traders; indeed, of the eight per cent, more or less, of the Jewish population of the new Poland who are farmers, the largest proportion by far till Galician soil. In the parts of Poland ruled by Russia, the proportion of farmers was slight and kept so by law. The Jews were largely

the tailors and the carpenters and shoemakers and smiths of the countryside; they were the manufacturers and merchants of the towns. Their function in the social economy was taken for granted. They were the skilled proletariat and necessary mediators between the land's peasant and worker producers and the land's worker and peasant consumers. With hardly any rights and ever so many obligations under the law, they were recognized indispensable organs of production and circulation in the social metabolism. Barring periodic pogroms bearing no relation whatsoever to their organic functions, they lived on, peaceably enough, and not much more poorly than their neighbors. Their functions were their powers; and to them accrued appropriate rights, not as laws on the books but as customs in the country. They worked in a living network of mutual dependencies—dependencies of credit in selling and buying, dependencies for raw materials, dependencies of markets.

This network the war destroyed. It cut off the supply of raw materials. It cut off the markets. It obliterated the channels of credit. Old debts remained unpaid. New debts could not be collected. What survived the disintegration of the social economy was swept up by the "necessities of war." What replacements of social life the

German occupation set up were obliterated by the anarchy of bandits and pogroms, revolutions and counter-revolutions, by Polish patriotism and Christian fanaticism. Not since the days of Chmielnicki in 1648 were the Jews so utterly near to destruction; and never before had destruction come behind such a magnificent gesture of justice—an award of all rights to people of no power—except the power to cry out. The voice out of depths was the Jewish National Council, organized in 1918 by delegates of 144 towns and villages of Poland. The voice of pain, not power, this Council lingers along and continues to cry out against hurt and injustice. Sometimes it gets . . . an audition.

That it is heeded because of wise statesmanship I have found no reason to believe. Save for the vivid, irresponsible, Teutonophobe personality of the romantic Pilsudski, no single power or constellation of powers appears concerned either with the honor of Poland before the law of nations or with the bitter fruits of established injustice in a national economy. The party of Pilsudski perhaps realized once abstractly that the security of a state is the harmonious working together of all its groups and classes. But any attempt to make this abstraction concrete would be immediately blocked by the vested interests of the classes of Poland whose mere inertia can nullify adminis-

trative purpose or legislative intent. These interests, clerical, caste, political, commercial, regard the relationships of groups and classes in the state after the classic manner of the Polish gentleman: as a team in which one group rides and swings the whip over the others, harnessed like driven cattle to the state coach; and not as a team of men who follow a captain they have chosen in an endeavor for whose realization each has his place and part. The beneficiaries of these vested interests seem unable to realize that the cohesion of a community is no greater than the oppressions that prevail in it. . . .

No, wish it as one will, political wisdom is not yet the cause for which the masters of Poland sometimes heed the bitter cry of the Polish Jews.

They heed because the Jews of Poland are not altogether friendless.

3

THE friends are the Jews of America. They are in the first line the sons and brothers and sisters and cousins of the Jews of Poland, the relatives by blood and the fellow townsmen. These, for years before the war, had been wont to eke out the poverty of their brethren by contributions from their greater prosperity: to this day the gifts

and contributions from relatives in America are an important factor in balancing the Polish budget, of which something like fifty per cent goes for military expenditures of one sort or another. In the second line is the whole congregation of American Israel. Split though this was by conflicts of caste and sect, ambition and prestige, the bitter lot of the Jews in the war-stricken countries of Europe set a moratorium upon all conflicts and brought American Jewry together in a united effort to save their brethren in Europe from destruction.

This effort followed two lines. One was political, the other philanthropic. The political effort led to the creation of the American Jewish Congress. The philanthropic effort led to the creation of the Joint Distribution Committee. In both instruments, Jewish groups and associations traditionally and often bitterly hostile learned to work together, to integrate and to apply the forces of all American Jewry in behalf of the devastated Jewish communities of Europe. Not only this. By their own example, and through their arguments and persuasions, the traditional Jewish agencies of relief of western Europe—such as the Association of British Jews, the Alliance Israélite and their kind—entered the collective enterprise. The addenda to the Versailles Treaty which

purport to safeguard the rights of national and religious minorities owe their existence therein not a little to the concentrated efforts of the free Jews of the world, moved by the example and the initiative and coöperation of the Americans. . . .

Why is political coöperation always so much harder to secure than philanthropic? The creation of the Joint Distribution Committee had its difficulties, but uniting the various agencies seeking to give relief in Europe was comparatively easy beside the task of assembling the organizations which together made up the American Jewish Congress. This latter is to-day, at best, a crippled shadow of its former self, its most weighty element, the American Jewish Committee, being out. Its function currently is to provide a rostrum whence the imperiled Jewries of central and eastern Europe may present their cases and call for vindication of their violated rights or relief of their harsh necessities. The Joint Distribution Committee, on the other hand, although it says it has liquidated its labors and withdrawn its forces from the European fields, continues to function as organically as ever, and more so, and strengthens its bonds of coöperation with fellow institutions: the Jewish Colonization Association, Ort, and the like. . . .

In its first intent, the work of the Joint Distribution Committee was purely one of salvage. Its agents went unafraid into a bandit-and-disease-ridden territory, stripped by war and ravished by pogroms, simply to bring food to the hungry and healing to the sick, to gather up the remnants and to keep the spark of life in them.

But the mercy of salvage could not be disentangled from the righteousness of salvation. To feed and to clean a town, it was not enough merely to set up soup kitchens and dispensaries: hunger and disease are immortal and relentless foes, are as untiring as they are fecund, as insidious as they are untiring. The warfare against them is an eternal warfare and requires lasting instrumentalities to wage it with. The institutional organizations and other engines of the Kahal were among the sanctified instrumentalities of Polish Jewry against these enemies. Automatically the saving forms of the old tradition were compenetrated with the new patterns and methods of present relief from present trouble. The native personnel was drawn into responsibility with the foreign agents of relief. Old institutions underwent persistent modifications in modern directions. Old personnel received a new training. Old habits were liquidated and new ones set up. New interests and new abilities thus began slowly to take shape in

the institutional life of Polish Jewry. Their very weakness was the mother of a new self-help; their hunger became a promise of power.

The reason?

First of all, as the very foundation of its influence, the material resources of the American Joint Distribution Committee (J. D. C.); the millions upon millions of dollars elicited by pity and public opinion and flattery for the repair and restoration of Polish Jewry. Secondly, a certain basic realism—an American practicality, if you will—in the application of these resources to the problems of salvage and salvation. Of course, this practicality was far from pure. Sentimentalities of various sorts were always mixed into it, incompetencies often, and sometimes dishonesties; but it had not and has not that compensatory evasion of a problem by a utopian program which is so characteristic of the parties in Polish Jewry. For the remote projections of the Judaist or Zionist or Bundist theorists, J. D. C. substituted a practical relevancy to the immediate situation of the here and the now. By intention or accident, it dealt with problems as they arose and left it to the course of life to make the larger pattern of salvation out of the dealings. A philosopher may bear witness to the wisdom of this way of working. For in the art of life as in the processes of

nature, if the workmanship has been efficacious on the successive, near, commonplace details, the whole cannot fail to be strong and excellent with the strength and excellence of the compenetrated parts. . . . The work of the Joint Distribution Committee is tantamount to a revolution in the life of the Jewish communities of Poland: much of it is a civilizing innovation in the life of the Polish state as a whole.

What this penetration of American Jewish realism into the texture of the psychasthenic economy of Polish Jewry signifies, comes out, dramatically and poignantly as anywhere, in the field of sanitation and public hygiene. The Jews it was who brought these activities of a civilized state to Poland and set them up for the first time in Polish history as an integral function of community life. I was able to observe the effect in a small town not too far from Warsaw which—because it made me think so many times of that classic symbol of Jewish destitution nullifying itself by the delusions of grandeur it gave rise to—I shall call Tunjadewke.¹

Tunjadewke is, like most Polish villages, several miles from the railroad station. It has between two and three hundred inhabitants. They

¹ Tunjadewke is the home town of the Odysseus of Yiddish literature: *Benjamin the Third*, the hero of the classic tale by Mendeley Moche Sforim, "The Travels of Benjamin the Third."

dwelt on either side of a wide muddy space which is the main and only street of the town. Before the war the houses had been the square cabins of logs and earth characteristic of Slavic building; since, they have begun to approximate somewhat more closely to contemporary forms. The inhabitants of Tunjadewke were wandering craftsmen mostly—tailors and shoemakers and carpenters and glaziers. They would ply their trades from Sunday to Friday among the peasants of the countryside, receiving pay in cash or kind, mostly in kind. Some worked bits of gardens to supplement their precarious incomes; others did a bit of trading on the side. One or two were exclusively tradesmen, dealing in produce and lumber and cattle—even pigs. These were the magnates of the village, the responsible heads of Kahal and its intermediates with government authorities and philanthropic *kommisies*. To them the war seems to have brought the completest ruin. Their families were broken up. Some had been killed; others had wandered, seeking a new livelihood, into Warsaw; others had become *Luftmenschen* on the spot. The responsible citizens of the village were now the half starved, half matter-of-fact artisans, and of course, the rabbi. Their public life still centered in the administration of the ritual law. The upkeep of the synagogue and the *Mikwah* or ritual

bath was a matter of outstanding concern. They had a water problem, as have most of the villages of the Slavic plains. I have seen riparian communes in Russia draw their water in wagons and pails from small streams in which they washed their clothes, watered their cattle and bathed their persons. I have seen in villages of the steppe, horses stepping an endless round to lift up their water from the deep communal well. In villages of any size water-carrying is a vocation. As the relief workers soon learned, pollution, with all its horrid consequences, is inevitable in the best of circumstances. How much the more amid the disorganizations of the war-ridden areas! Establishing the control of the water-supply on elementary hygienic principles was one of the great constructive achievements of J. D. C. and was unique on the Polish scene.

The water which Tunjadewke drank was brought into the village by wagon from a stream-let a quarter of a mile away. The bath house was on the edge of this stream, and its waste used to empty into it. The local cicerone took a good deal of pride in showing me the bath house. Save for its steam room and its *Mikwah*, it was like any small public bath house in the United States, only not so clean; but for Poland and Polish Jewry it was a miracle of health and beauty. Beside the

things it had replaced it was also a miracle of sanitation. For the old bath house, I was told, had been standing several hundred years. It had been a long wobbly structure made of great logs. The side toward the town had been almost buried by a mass of refuse which had accumulated around it. The side toward the river had sunk into the soft earth. The wood-burning oven upon which stones were heated red-hot—steam used to be provided by pouring water on these stones—had developed cracks, and there used to be as much smoke as steam. Even in the best times, the rooms could not be kept clean, and the drain water went not only into the river but back into the *Mikwah*. . . .

And the *Mikwah*. This ritual heart of the Judaistic system of lustration must, to be effective, conform strictly to ritual law. At least twelve cubic feet of the water that is used in it must either have welled up from a spring in the earth beneath or have poured down as rain from the heavens above. Such water is called *Shir* water. It must have been free from all contact with metal—especially lead or iron piping. These are the minimal requirements. In addition, there are numerous others, varying with the customs of the locality and the idiosyncrasy of the rabbi. Even the most chanceful of chances did not bring about a coin-

cidence between one such requirement and an enhancement of the sanitary character of the *Mikwah*. Most *Mikwahs* could not be drained; and cleaning was generally so difficult that they simply accumulated dirt and sanctity through the generations. Some, indeed, couldn't be cleaned at all; having received merit through the fact that a *Tzadik*, perhaps the *Baal Shem* himself, had bathed in them, they would lose their virtue through cleaning, and then what? . . . The agents of the J. D. C. were confronted in Poland with the universal phenomenon that religious cleanliness is the opposite of scientific sanitation, that holy rites and holy places curiously coincided with unwholesome ways and unholy diseases. To convert the opposites into sames, and the coincidents into opposites, they called a conference of rabbis in Lemberg, and laid before them plans for six types of *Mikwahs* that should be hygienically satisfactory and ritually adequate. It was a bold adventure in education, but its success justified its boldness. . . . Fortunately for Tunjadewke, no saint had, by bathing in it, impregnated the old hole in the ground with his virtues. It could be abandoned, and was. The *Mikwah* they showed me was like a rather narrow swimming pool, too deep at one end for its width. Ritually correct, it nevertheless was scientifically clean. It drained by

gravity and it had sanitary plumbing for the control of its water supply.

This absorption of the magic of ritual into the effectiveness of science was possible, of course, only through a modification of attitude, the development of an openness of mind and a readiness to try new things. To no small extent the disasters of the war set up this readiness. But only wisdom and sympathetic understanding could have put it in action with such effect. It registered even more significantly when it added to the more or less ritual formalism of the *Bikur Cholim* and *Linas Hazedek*—societies for the visitation and the comfort of the sick—the activities of modern health societies, carrying on educational propaganda about personal hygiene, child health, the prevention of disease, and so on. To hear the itinerant and devout, otherwise medieval-minded, glazier who was head of the *Bikur Cholim* of Tunjadewke, descant on the proper care of the teeth and the right uses of water gave me a sense of paradox whose only parallel came to me in an Ukrainian village when a fifteen-year-old young communist gave me a lecture on the position of women under capitalism. The *Bikur Cholim* of Tunjadewke was a member society of the nationwide Association for Safeguarding the Health of Jews in Poland—Towarzyshe Ochrony Zorowia

Ludnosci Zydcwekiej, is the Polish of it. It is more simply and widely known as T. O. Z. Organized by the J. D. C., and maintained partly by an annual subvention from it, T. O. Z. carries on a medical service which guards the health and provides health education for all Polish Jewry, and thus, for all Poland. Disease, it cannot be too often repeated, is still an internationalist, and the microbes and bacteria of Poland have not yet been taught the patriotism whereby they could discriminate in favor of Christians against Jews, or in favor of Poles against other nationalities. My Tunjadewke glazier showed me with great pride the little fortnightly health magazine T. O. Z. gets out, in collaboration with O. Z. E.¹ *Volksgesund*, they call the journal. It is written in Yiddish and has a widening circulation among the Jewish masses.

Although the urban institutions which it maintains and regulates often measure up well beside anything of the same kind in the western world—the Nurses' Training School in Warsaw seemed to me incomparably the best in Slavic Europe—T. O. Z. is still far, very far, from having con-

¹O. Z. E. was a society analogous to T. O. Z., founded in Russia in 1912. It served significantly during the war. Since the peace it has been conducting an effective health propaganda among the Jews of the succession states in Europe. Its present headquarters are in Berlin.

verted the Jewry of Poland to modern medicine or public hygiene. Tradition owns an inertia which only the unrelenting effort of years can stir, and it moves more slowly than a glacier. It is reinforced by the inertia of poverty, and by misery clinging cataleptic to its religious compensations, and it is reinforced by the massive neglect and petty obstruction of the new Polish bureaucracy. Ardent as the workers in T. O. Z. appear to be, and proud as they are of the record of their organization—it was awarded a gold medal at the International Hygienic Exposition in Warsaw—they know they must walk softly. To modernize and to secularize the Jewish way of life by peaceful penetration and renovating redirection of the less apt but far more precious tradition is a task calling for reverence and tact. It means a shift in the focus of interest and the center of endeavor of Jewish life; a genuine transvaluation of the values of the traditional and the customary by means of a due regard for them. Rabelaisian as it is, the hygienic *Mikwah* is their symbol.

4

ONCE you have seen a new *Mikwah*, lusty fruit of the marriage of scientific technique and religious ritual in the matter of washing and lustra-

tion, you are ready for anything in the way of institutional symbiosis or social transvaluations. You do not, however, come upon anything so striking and dramatic and complete in the other walks of life. You sense a process rather than contemplate a *fait accompli*. But it is all the more exciting for that.

So, especially, in the economy of Jewish Poland. Less intimately compenetrated than the bath house with the practices of religion, its transvaluation, too, required an inner conversion. When the older order went, at the end of the war, the old conditions and the old dynamics of earning a living went with them. The old habits, which were adjustments to them, of course remained. And those were, equally of course, not at all adjustments to the succeeding new conditions with their unprecedented elements, and the play in them of passions and powers dead—or sleeping—for centuries. The Jewish economy—crippled by the war, kept from recovering by jingo nationalism, the *odium theologicum* and other Polish mad-nesses—had to be rebuilt from within. For now, the economic anti-Semitism which had been the policy of a single party, had been made the policy of the state. The gentlemen of Poland aimed to preserve in the new Poland, the Tzarist sumptuary regimen that the workingmen of Russia

were extirpating from old Russia. And their church could not disapprove their pious works.

The effect of their policy was to cut off from the Jews most of their customary employments and markets. Political incompetence and official graft at home added further to the confusion within; the mad foreign policy, postulated upon the project never-to-be-surrendered of an imperialist war against Russia, cut off the chief foreign market and tends to keep it cut off. So, for dreams of empire and double-crossing alliances with French interventionism and Rumanian monarchism, the Polish peoples are made to pay with possible economic expansion and national prosperity—the Jews, more than any others, for the destroyed foreign market had largely been built up by the Jews, and could best be restored by them. In the home market, they were being displaced by a boycott aiming to substitute a Pole for a Jew in every service and employment, from the great state monopolies in salt mining, tobacco, match manufacture and distilling, to the least service of an itinerant tinker to a peasant in the Masurian swamps. For years before the war, anti-Semitic nationalism had been setting up coöperative societies—not because its sponsors believed in coöperation, but as devices to make Poles buy and sell from Poles—to effect an adequate boycott

of Jews. The new Poland provides government aid to coöperative organizations. The excellent coöperative law is, however, administered, not economically, but politically. It is applied in one way to Polish coöperatives and in another to Jewish. In the matter of credits, supervision and inspection, the integrity of officials is far more important than the intent of the law; there the record of the anti-Semitic *Rozvoi* tells its own story. Fortunately the law permits single coöperative societies to associate themselves in unions, and it permits the unions, under certain conditions, to assume the task of the government's Coöperative Council. Such is the case of the Federation of Jewish Coöperative Societies which was created in 1921. Its staff of professional accountants carries out its delegated tasks with a thoroughness political appointees are never conspicuous for. It is, of course, still far from having replaced the old habits of the older economy by the new ones required by the new conditions, but you can actually see the new ones growing. Slackness, dishonesty and graft are still far from having been replaced by business rectitude and the sense of the sacredness of a given word; but they are nearer doing so than at any time before in the recent history of Jewish economy in Poland; and great savings have accrued to the members of the

Jewish Coöperatives where many of those of the Polish ones have been less fortunate.

However, I am ahead of my story, which is how the Jews had been and are being shut out of the old individualistic livelihoods. . . . My friends of Tunjadewke are less and less able to earn their precarious living in kind among their Christian neighbors. Nor can they get jobs in the large industrial plants; their brothers and cousins who have jobs in the beet-sugar or oil-refining or metal-working or textile industry are being shut out. Although many of these are owned and managed by Jews, they will not employ Jews. To employ Jews in noticeable numbers is to lay up for oneself difficulties with credit and loss of customers. And who would care to do that? On the contrary, the well-known self-preservation which is touted to be nature's first law rightfully steps in to nullify the religious principles and racial sympathies which are held among Poles to be laws of God, and to keep the Jewish employers from taking pity on their fellow Jews. Even more, on the contrary, the moiety of the Jewish capitalists of Poland are, I am told on competent authority, polonizers and would be happier if they could live servilely among fourth-rate Poles than freely among first-rate Jews.

The Jews, thus, are being driven, by a fatality

not more than 5 or 10 per cent themselves that makes for coöperation, away from the customary, individualistic economy whose logical terminus is the *Luftmensch*. In one sense, the event is not a novelty. Its small beginnings may be discerned in the economic boycott which Polish anti-Semites had been agitating in Russian Poland long before the war. Already then the young Jews who get their religion from Marx instead of from Moses, saw the handwriting on the wall, and set out to offset the anti-Semitic Polish coöperative with Jewish ones. At the time, it seemed to most people not of their party that they were only reading their new gospel into that handwriting. The idea that the characteristic Jewish economy had been weighed in the balance and found wanting seemed without a ground outside the ranks of the Bundists. The practice of coöperation got no encouragement, and the organization of loan and savings banks and credit societies, as distinct from the traditional free loan associations—every village had one; it was called *Gmilath Chesed*; loan of mercy or grace, is the English of it—proceeded slowly and sporadically. The war broke up most of them, too, as it did the other Jewish institutions, broke them up beyond restoration. When such as could resumed their function, about 1921, the moral atmosphere and the practical

problem had undergone a complete mutation. Cooperation had become an undisputed principle of economic salvation, in good odor with all classes of Polish society and an objective of the Polish State itself. Jewry had collapsed and was on the verge of complete demoralization.

The food and shelter and medicine which the J. D. C. was providing without stint would have served only to conserve a defeat, not to launch a battle. Morale was what was needed, and morale is contingent on a sense of strength and steady hope.

Both these, the J. D. C. nourished. Polish Jewry had witness every hour that the Jews of America were standing by, to feed them, to shelter them, to bind up their wounds. They knew they were not alone in the world. But more, far more, importantly, they were set upon their own feet, and led forth on the ways of self-help. Their fading hope was revived, and the vision of a new life for Jewry in Poland, a new life in the new time awakened here and there to stir them on.

The basic step in the restoration of the morale was the setting up of credit. With adequate resources in credit, easily available, the Jews can beyond any doubt establish a new and vital place and function in the economy of the Polish state, regardless of all anti-Semitisms. Credit is the possibility of work, of enterprise, of achievement,

the raw material, that in our society turns dependency into self-help. So the *Gmilath Cheseds* were lifted up from medieval mercies into modern engines of justice. As free loan associations they enable traders and workmen to ride over difficult times and to look to the future. A loan is a responsibility; the act of faith which a free loan rests on imposes upon the borrower a moral obligation. It sets up as an ideal in the hard enterprise of life a picture of his good repute among his neighbors. It gives his personality significance and prestige in his own mind and he is suffused with the desire and the will to preserve it. Again and again I heard, from borrowers of these loan *Kassas*: "A thanks to him on high, I am paying back. That's all I need, that I should not pay back yet. A beggar, am I? My father was a learned man and a householder, and I don't intend to be owing to anybody." And it is significant that although close to eighty per cent of the urban Jewish population had recourse to these *Kassas* in 1927, the number of bad debts they record is far below what the statistician would lead us to expect—two to three per cent of the total, I am told.

Then the old coöperatives, newly reassembled, were allowed credits—on condition. The coöperatives were distinguished as much by party allegiances as by economic functions, and the alle-

giances tended to absorb the functions and deform a tool to make a living with into an instrument for propaganda. That the life of a coöperative enterprise is its business competency, not its political label, was a secondary consideration. Without seeming to, J. D. C. made it a primary one. For example, the joint credit issued to the *Bund* and the *Poalei Zion*—the sum was small to begin with, only \$25,000—and the insistence on rigid supervision and accounting, automatically took the attention of the responsible leaders from the thin airs of cultus and focused it upon solid earth of buying, selling, and accounting. It withdrew a certain pabulum from the habits of endless division and talking and set up conditions favorable to habits of community where community is most significant and potential.

The final step was the creation, on the urge and initiative of Herbert Lehman, of the Central Bank for Jewish Coöperatives. This Bank is the strategic ganglion of the whole Jewish coöperative system, whose core is necessarily the right enchannelment of credit. It harmonizes and binds together in a single action-pattern not only the otherwise conflicting and mutually weakening interests of parties within one social class, such as the *Bund* and the *Poalei Zion*, but the even profounder conflicts of the classes themselves, such

as the traders and the workers. It sets up an overruling center of unification which, in the course of time, must bring integration where confusion is and alter the present centrifugal modes of Jewish life in Poland into a centripetally ordered social whole. Other forces besides the Bank predicate this time, which seems to me more than a generation away, but it is easy enough to see that the Bank is the most important of the positive ones among them. Whether its work can be accomplished depends on the Government far more than on the Jews, and what the Government will venture depends on an unrelaxing vigilance and a pitiless publicity. It is the public opinion of the world that the Poles are most afraid of, and they will do everything possible to block the establishment of whatever agencies under international law will bring them before its bar. The project of a League of Nations Commission on National Minorities fills them with anxiety, and they resent the American Jewish Committee and the Jewish Rights Delegation. Save for the complications of international finance, they would have a franker stand against J. D. C., in spite of the fact that what it enables is a great constructive work for the Polish state. . . .

Toward the Central Coöperative Bank, the party and official attitudes began in resistance and

continue in obstruction. It was projected at the same time that local credit coöperatives were being organized upon resources provided by J. D. C. and the Jewish Colonization Association (J. C. A.), but the ministry of finance, in spite of a great deal of pressure, refused to license it. For several years the necessary work had to be performed by makeshift local credit centers set up in Warsaw, Bialystok, and Lemberg. Finally agents of J. D. C. hit upon the device of buying up the stock of an already existing bank, the Russian-Polish Bank, and slowly transforming its activities into those of a central coöperative bank for all the Jewish coöperatives in Poland. This was accomplished. Accomplished against the handicaps of government obstruction, the flight and crash of the Polish *valuta*, the lack of training in the personnel and the conflict of opinion regarding the Bank's program. Finally established and working, the control of the Bank was transferred to the Reconstruction Foundation¹ and by the Foundation to its Polish members. From their hands it passed, in 1925, into those of the Fed-

¹ The Joint Reconstruction Foundation is a Trust under English registry. Formed by the initiative of J. D. C. in 1928, in coöperation with J. C. A., its task is to continue, among the Jewries of Europe, on a permanent basis, the reconstruction work begun in earlier years, and wherever necessary, to initiate new work.

eration of Jewish Coöperative Societies in Poland. This was done by means of a series of contracts which transferred to the Federation 51 per cent of the stock. Under these the Foundation continues to coöperate with the Federation and the Federation is in many ways answerable to it, but answerable as any free personality that enters into contracts and takes on obligations. With nearly a fifth of the entire Jewish population of Poland in one way or another among its members, with a swelling waiting list, and confronted with demands for service which strain its powers to fulfill, the Federation is the outstanding instrument of self-help in Polish Jewry. For easy credits, flowing surely, flowing freely, are the waters of salvation for the Jews of Poland. With these they enter the struggle for a livelihood with a fighting chance; they recover initiative and new hope; without them . . .

And it is of this salvation that the Bank is the permanent possibility. But it is far more. It is the mother of that discipline without which the possibility would remain only that. It is reconditioning in financial and industrial habit; it is enlightenment in the immediacies of the economic process; it is salutary reëducation.

I saw it in action early one raw, late April morning. Passover was not yet over and there was

the relaxation of holiday in the air of Warsaw, if the raw weather and the tense Jewish psyche permitted relaxation at all. Anyhow, business was not as usual. Yet it was eight o'clock of the raw morning when I started with one of the Bank's inspectors on his unexpected visit to the headquarters of a merchant's credit coöperative somewhere in the Nalewki. A little, round man, was this inspector, with soft brown eyes, a diffident manner, and a hesitating, lisping voice. But how those eyes could take in columns and pages of figures, how they could swoop and pounce on doubtful points! When we arrived, way down there in the Nalewki, the local office had scarcely opened. The clerks looked, most of them, sleepy, and all—well, I won't say unwashed, but as if they had used water according to ritual to satisfy Jehovah rather than according to hygiene to make themselves clean. Our appearance set things a-stirring—telephones burbled and tinkled, messengers ran, to gather all the Bank's directors. They came, some readily, some not so quickly. One, with a pointed yellow beard and a mouthful of gold teeth, was a member of the *sejm* and an attorney. Another was a merchant; another had some sort of sacerdotal occupation. My guide had uncovered an irregularity—a director had somehow caused a loan to be issued to himself, improperly—and there was much

heated talk, under which one could sense a pervasive feeling of shame. It did not take long before restitution was provided for and arrangement made to separate the honorable gentleman permanently from the organization. No slackness here, I thought. And how could there be with the foundations of life at stake?

The customary police-function of Banks is not the only educational technique which the Federation exercises. The coöperative movement is an ancient and honorable tradition among modern economic movements, until now unknown to the Jewry of Poland. The Federation imparts this tradition. It teaches the principles and analyzes the technique of coöperation. It invests the precarious body of present coöperative action in Jewish Poland with the appropriate spirit and vision. Thus it is transvaluing the traditional economy of the Jewish people of Poland. Upon the basic sameness of the Jews' inherited cultural stock it is grafting this other unity which must manifest itself in new habits of work and thought, wherein the rituals of Judaism must come to some kind of symbiosis with the routines of coöperation or perish.

By means of the credit-control, this transforming discipline reaches all the societies in the Federation. Among these are producers' coöpera-

tives. For coöperative societies of this type, their position is unique. They are not, as is usually the case, voluntary. They were not created to put a social theory into practice or to vindicate a doctrine. They are the offspring of the bitter need of the Jewish artisan in Poland. Cut off from making his way as an individual, rejected as a possible factory-hand, with no other resources but his trade, he has either to be left to starve slowly or to be associated with his fellows into working-groups, that, because of the savings and other advantages that accrue from coöperative management when it is competent, can compete in the field of small industries without too great handicaps. Those had been heavy enough before the war; currently they are impossible for any single worker. He may be a *khalupnik*, or contractor, employing others as well as himself; he may be a craftsman producing directly for the single customer; he may be a speculative producer seeking to sell his ware to chance buyers in the open market. In the end, he cannot stand the gaff. Between him and his raw material alone three to five middlemen intervene—*Luftmenschen*; often as many more will endeavor to come between him and the ultimate consumer. All seek a living; what most find is below the level of subsistence. Thus coöperation has become a *sine qua non* of survival for the Jews of Poland. They

must learn it and practice it; and it's a long, long way, on which many must perish. But it is the sole way of hope that seems open.

I visited a number of typical producers' co-operatives in Warsaw—one of metal workers, one of shoemakers, one of tailors, and a bookbindery. All are small—no producers' coöperative has a membership of more than fifty; all are faced with the usual problems of such coöperatives—management and marketing, the reconciliation of the “democratic” principles of coöperative organization with the regimentation necessary to coöperative production. Those which have survived from the beginning are now in their fifth year. They are not many. The mortality has been great—particularly because of confusion in shop organization and inexperience in marketing. Most of those that survive show deficits. But they *have* met their obligations in the matter of amortization and interest, and practically every member has paid up his installments toward the 1,000 zlotys—about \$100—which is the price of his share. Slowly, with that counsel and oversight of the Central Bank which supplies the credit, there emerges a type of producers' coöperative which can hold its own in the field. It can hold its own because it must. As the alternative to success is starvation, the membership is learning to succeed.

The scale, of course, is still experimental. In five years it could hardly be more. Producers' co-operatives employ less than 800 people on a capital of little more than 35,000 American dollars. Their great advantage is that they are bound by no theory, limited by no dogma or "principle." They are a realistic endeavor after a way to make the Jewish artisan of Poland altogether self-dependent. Their flexibility extends in all directions until they have found their *sure* lines. Finally, started on those, their import is beyond estimation not only for Polish Jewry and Poland, but for the world. . . .

The consumers' coöperatives are, of course, far more conventional and far more extensive. If the reorientation of Polish Jewry does not reach so deeply through them, it reaches farther out. Hearing their history, you realize how they began in the free play of all the old slacknesses of Polish Jewry, of all their escapes from realities into speculations; and you note as you pass from one shop to another, and are guided through the not intricate arrangements of accountancy and control, how these habits of the Pale are being displaced by the behavior-forms which the new institutions require. The consumers' coöperatives were assembled to meet the emergency created by the end of the German occupation. Their begin-

nings were involved in the party quarrels of the *Bund*, *Poalei Zion* and other socialist sects of Polish Jewry. The stabilization of the Polish *valuta* nearly destroyed them. It was not long before they required complete reorganization. This was accomplished when J. D. C. allowed the different parties a joint credit and implied a single management. The credit has since been increased. The entire business system has been overhauled, and while by no means out of the woods, the Jewish consumers' coöperatives compare very favorably with the Polish. Serving their hundreds of thousands, they also function as foci of reconciliation and unification, bringing together radical workmen and orthodox *Luftmenschen*. They put the secular interest as definitely in the foreground of vision as it is and must be in the foreground of conduct. They make visible and tangible that basic community of Jewry which the fogs and fables of sect and party so obscure. In them lies the present possibility of a natural, unified market for all the products of Jewish labor. They might, if the Lord God Jehovah beyond any peradventure meant his chosen in Poland to be farmers, constitute the sales-base of a whole series of specific agricultural industries. . . .

Numbers of interlocutors and cicerones, most of them young, eager and doctrinaire, drew me

enthusiastic outlines of the possibilities of agriculture as the economic savior of the Polish Jewish masses. When, however, I asked for specifications, the possibilities faded into thin air. *Luftmenschlich*, all too *luftmenschlich*, this hunger after agriculture. I think that to large sections of Jews, the agricultural life is a compensatory ideal. With the habitual city dwellers' ignorance of what it actually is like, and a dominating sense of having missed something for lack of it, they envision a sort of paradisiac existence, each man under his own vine and fig tree, healthy, happy, prosperous and at peace. I have never heard a Jewish Palestine spoken of by the most realistic Zionist except as an agricultural Palestine, in spite of the fact that as such it is a bagatelle toward the saving of mere life. I have found the great enterprise of settling the Jews of Soviet Russia upon the land wins much of the cordiality with which it is backed because it is making farmers of the Russian Jews. But to how many of them is it anything more than the last resort of despair? . . .

Yes, the agricultural life is a compensatory ideal to large classes of Jews. It is aspired to in spite of the world-wide trend from country to city. In Poland it is argued for as a life of healing which must be provided, in spite of the fact that there is no land available; that the government

steadily refuses to legalize a society organized to settle Jews on the land, for the reason that there is not even land enough for the Poles. And given the present state of Polish agriculture, this is undoubtedly true: more than half of Polish agricultural labor is landless, the consequent drift to the city alarming. There are, of course, the Masurian swamps; the marshes near Pinsk; the great undivided estates of the gentlemen of Poland, and other waste lands. But to make those available for settlement would require a national loan, and the cost of the Polish military establishment is too great to allow any leeway toward relief of the common *khlops*. As for the Jews, infidels, why should they be considered at all—to say nothing of considering them first—as possible drainers and tillers of the swamp lands? And if they were considered, and the duty of this great enrichment of the Polish nation laid on them, what good would it do them? Under the most favorable circumstances a generation might see fifty thousand souls trying to be farmers in an industrial age, while each year how many more are new-born and to be cared for? It is at present true that there is no land. . . . Of course, some might be leased. But long-term leases are not offered Jews. Short-term leases which are offered encourage no constructive or saving impulse; their effect is every-

where degenerative and in Poland especially so. Such farms as Jews used to work are being abandoned—yes, even in Poland, the misery of the city is preferred to the misery of the country. The Jewish farmer can stand the pressure even less than his Christian compatriot. In some places he survives. This is usually near the large towns. The credit for this is not due to his superior abilities as farmer. It is due to the credit coöperatives, to coöperative buying and selling. . . .

Upward of two hundred farmers are, I am told, members of coöperatives. Modern methods of agriculture, industrialization, and integration with the developing system of Jewish coöperative economy with the Central Bank at its core, may make of these farmers' societies foci of stabilization for Jewish life, especially if the new farms which J. C. A. was said to be projecting can be assimilated to them. Since the amount of land available to Jews in Poland is far more rigidly limited than in Palestine, only its uses and productivity are capable of any real variation and extension. So far as agriculture has possibilities for Polish Jews, they are to be realized only by way of an answer to the everlasting problem: how to make a minimum of land support a maximum of people. Any answer that can be found will mean fundamental alteration in the old mores, standards and values.

Can these suffer modernization without destruction? Can one lift them up yet not break them? As once dead Samuel in Endor, the ghost of the early reform movement in Judaism rises up. . . .

5

THE reminder may be considered gay or ominous, according to the persuasion to which one belongs. Whichever it be, the thing one sees in Poland, if one looks behind the chaos of counsel and the clashes and clamors of parties, is the trend which dominates the daily lives of Jewry, in whose slow accumulations this problem is solving itself. That is the frontier of the Polish-Jewish hope. *Now* is transitional, not because it is a passing moment, but because its content is passage. Everything in Poland is in flux, the Christian world no less than the Jewish. Immediate perplexities can be too easily mistaken for persistent problems. The pangs and penalties of old habits wearing down, the pains and confusions of new ones growing up can, regarded in any but a secular perspective, be used as reasons for a counsel of despair. And they are so used, plausibly enough. But the users count without the lasting *new* forces in the situation of the Polish Jews. These are, within the economy of the Polish state, the institution and

rule of industrialism deriving from Germany its tradition of technique and of administration. While it may, as in Germany, fail to turn the fantastic nationalist imperialism of the gentlemen of Poland into channels of greater sobriety and realism, the gods of politics are on its side. Russia is too great; the small neighbors are too clamorous, the minorities too clear-headed. Hence the great market that cannot be conquered will have to be persuaded. There is no other hope for Poland as a modern state. . . . Against clericalism and its obscurantist policies and superstitious schooling, the new industrialism cannot help setting up the standards of science and of secularism; it needs them in its business. And this, slowly altering the incidence of values in the Polish social system, is bound to work changes upon the mentality of the gentlemen of Poland and thus to react favorably upon the coöperation between the Poles and the Jews and other national groups in the Polish state. When this will happen is a far day, but other things being constant, it will happen. . . .

Another new force is the very rights without power which, as a national minority, the Jews now own under the law of nations. These rights, in themselves (as I have had occasion so many times to observe) a mere *flatus vocis*, nullified con-

stantly by the well-known administrative technique of a government which knows how to combine lip-service with having its own way, do set a standard which may be variously fulfilled, do lay down a rule of conduct by which conduct may be judged. They do in fact serve as an instrument with which to summon and to focus public opinion abroad when injustice becomes too intolerable—and public opinion abroad is an imponderable of no small weight in the affairs and the future of all the succession states of Europe, Russia not excepted. These services bring reassurance to the body and force which are added to them as the Jewish minority grows in economic security and business power. The all-in-all of Jewish rights before their power matures, they will be merely accessory after it matures. To mature it is their chief task.

Under the circumstances, were the potential solidarity of the Jews of Poland a fact *in actu*, their position in their native land would be very much closer to the ordinations of international law. What seems to be happening is the slow, slow becoming actual of this solidarity. The *tempo* could be quicker were the impulsion from within. But the impulsion is primarily and in essence an outer one. It derives from the credits and prestige of J. D. C. From these flow the centripetal tendencies of institutional life and their corre-

sponding systematic elaborations in idea. The latter are the various programs of salvation which thoughtful Jewish laymen set forth in or out of the contexts of sect and party. All are postulated on the good will and the treasure of J. D. C. . . .

Sect and party. . . . Politics and politics. . . . These seemed to me among the most potent of the inward obstructions to a *de facto* realization of the *de jure* equality of status which international law provides for Polish Jewry. Listening to the theories and proposals of various leaders, you hear nothing of reconciliation, nothing of a common base for common action. You are instructed in a complete theory of the Jewish position, which would be fine and true if only it did not ignore or belittle the existence of a Jewish segment which holds another theory and wants to act another way. As one young dreamer, thrown by the circumstance of his being a Jew out of the stream of Polish life and by the circumstance of his having been educated abroad out of the strains of Jewish partisanship, said to me, toward the end of a long morning of talk:

"Unity is lacking us. Leadership is lacking us. Blacks and Reds play too much for their own hands and insist that their special interest is the interest of the whole of Israel. Nothing could be farther from the truth. What we Jews of Po-

land need first of all is the right to earn our bread in safety and to eat it in peace. If we had that, we would know how to build the good life in our Polish circumstances, in Jewish form. What do our masses require? Rebbes and rabbis and Bunds and Zionisms? Not at all. From the point of view of the realities of our life here, these are somnambulisms. Our leaders are all blind shepherds and miss the point. We don't want complicated theories. We want the simplicity that will recognize the stark realities of our Polish social and economic setting. We want the intelligence which will accept the fact that it is with and among these realities we Jews must win to the good life as Jews. Why should the right of a poor Jew to employment be left to a volunteer body like our Society to Enforce the Equality of Opportunity to Work, and not be the subject of the unified action of the whole people? Why should we be without power collectively to make those Jewish employers in Bialystok who were discharging Jews suffer the consequences of their treachery? True, they were fought and forced to agree to employ one Jew for every Christian, but what a victory was that! Bialystok is an overwhelmingly Jewish town and its business is Jewish business. But we Jews have no unity and no common loyalty. Our magnates simply protect their own hides.

“What would they do if we had a single leadership that would seek to set up an economic policy which should install Jews as a whole more firmly than ever in the national economy of our fatherland? Wouldn't they be stronger with our strength and increase their personal fortunes? Here's Russia. Before the war, who did the trading with Russia? We Jews. Did Poland suffer because of it? On the contrary, we are suffering now because our chief foreign market, our only possible great foreign market, is cut off from us. Why can't the right kind of leadership concentrate on building up this foreign market? Why couldn't it become a Jewish specialty! In the home market we are being displaced. More and more we are being driven to dealing with one another, taking in each other's washing for a living. That can't last, though we shall never again have the scope in it we used to have. But we are the natural, historical middlemen between the Poles and the Russians. If the Russian market were open, why could we not organize for it, and draw as many Jews as possible from the competitive fields of domestic industry to the non-competitive production for a foreign market? Look what is happening at the present. Our shop-keepers are being driven from the Gentile into the Jewish market, where they compete with each other. Dire need

whips them on to all kinds of doubtful trade-practices, from dodging the tax-collector to falsifying their goods. Do what they will, they go bankrupt in droves. Our artisans are in no better case. As for our laborers, is not the whole internal economic policy of the country calculated to drive them out of work? If we do not change the scale of Jewish occupations, if we do not set up a Jewish factory system—if possible, on a coöperative basis—and win back the lost foreign market to sell to, what will become of us? And if we do change the scale and win the foreign market, who else will it be but us Jews who shall accomplish most to reduce Poland's present unfavorable balance of trade? And wouldn't we have established ourselves beyond all rebuff, in the national economy of the Polish fatherland?"

It may be that my ruminative breakfast guest is right. It may be he is all wrong. Many are the panaceas for the healing of Polish Israel, and who shall say which one of them the God of Israel has chosen to work the cure? The world being what it is, my friend is probably a little right and much wrong. That Polish Jewry is a house divided, that it is without powerful and devoted leadership nothing that I have observed leads me to doubt. Neither can I doubt that the kind of leadership my friend hopes for, prays for, will

appear. The current phase seems to me a propædeutic and a making ready, an educational process, for which J. D. C. has provided the matter and the direction, if not the goal.

6

THIS goal. . . . The Judaists want it to be a precise reproduction of the past, with the *Schulchan Aruch* as the rule of life; the Zionists envisage a Palestine wholly Jewish, Hebrew-speaking, more or less Socialist—they are astoundingly disarticulate about Jewish Poland; the Bundists see a de-Judaized, Yiddish-speaking confraternity under a Socialist dispensation.

Formal education reflects these objectives. Its conscious purposes contrast sharply with the living implications of the new conditions of life. These are effecting a transformation of character and transvaluation of values which is itself the very essence of educational process. So far as formal education registers them at all, it registers them in the trade schools and shop apprenticeships which are prime events in the reconstructive activities of J. D. C. These have somewhat altered, in the eyes of Jewish opinion, the esteem of labor and the laborious life. They are spoken of as if they had now a new status and a new

dignity, that even the sons and daughters of Rebbes would not be degraded by. And this is as significant and as rabelaisian an event as the hygienic Mikwah.

Not that the educational interest of J. D. C. has been confined to this central matter. On the contrary, in 1920 the expenditure upon secondary social institutions—synagogues, *Talmud Torahs*, *Chederim*, *Yeshibahs* and the like—amounted to twenty per cent of the total allotment to Poland, and in some places in Lithuania was as much as eighty per cent. Restoring and maintaining educational institutions has been an even more cherished activity of J. D. C. than creating them. . . . Some of my Bundist friends complained that it was indiscriminating activity, but its effect on the Jewish morale has been indubitable. The secularization and modernizing of Cheder and Yeshibah cannot help being a consequence of the new turn in the business of making a living.

Meanwhile, without the quota from the taxes which is their due for this cause, the Jews maintain, upon surtaxes on themselves and some subvention from abroad, two voluntary national systems of primary and secondary education. The medium of the first is Yiddish. It is called the Central Jewish Educational Organization. The medium of the second is Hebrew. It is called *Tar-*

buth. Each society is engaged in an organic institutional enterprise, from the training of teachers, to the upkeep and conduct of orphanages, kindergartens, evening schools, gymnasia and the publication of professional journals. The Yiddish system was organized in 1921. It reaches about 25,000 children and employs one thousand teachers. The Hebrew system was organized in 1922. It reaches about 30,000 children and about 40,000 adults; it employs a few more than one thousand teachers. Both systems are pedagogically "modern," and with regard to both subject matter and methods of instruction use parallel courses. The protagonists of both hate each other with a bitter hatred. The Yiddishists accuse the Hebraists of being visionary, irrelevant, treacherous to the real vital interests of the Jewish people of Poland. The Hebraists accuse the Yiddishists of trying to perpetuate an incidental jargon as the national speech of the Jews; of trying to deprive them of their cultural inheritance and to reduce them to the brutalized level of the Polish peasant. Their quarrel is the more bitter because the status of both is so insecure. For, of course, as preparations of the young for life in Poland they both end at present in blind alleys. The Polish educational authorities weight their estimates heavily in the direction of the Polish language. They do

everything to render difficult and nothing to ease the upkeep and activity of non-Polish schools. There is no natural movement from secondary schools to professional ones and colleges. The professions, indeed, are closed fraternities in Poland, and each, even that of medicine, in which the Jewish contributions figure with a large significance, has its little Ghetto. For Jews in Poland, unless Jewry becomes also educationally unified and autonomous from kindergarten through university, the higher learning can be only a diversion, not a career. But with the moiety of the school population in *Chederim* and *Yeshibahs*, and militant minorities quarreling over Hebrew and Yiddish, with the whole adventure of education held back by the weight of sacred tradition, and the doctrinal rancors of secular sects, how can such a unified hierarchy be accomplished?

Discrimination, the while, in the form of the *numerus clausus* and other academic and political devices, works its hardships on the large numbers of Polish Jews whose aspirations to learning and the learned professions will not be balked. They come from everywhere—Chasidic *klauses*, Mitnagid *Yeshibahs*, junk-shops, groceries, gymnasia and high schools, and expensive tutors or private schools. I have seen them. Their state is miserable as their determination is fixed. One thinks at first,

"What a waste! What will these dingy lads with pale faces and burning eyes do when they have done?" But on reflection one reconsiders. After all, in the long fight which has only just begun to make good the principles of group democracy that the gentlemen of the new Poland underwrote in order to set up the new Poland, these young men of Israel are advance guards. They incarnate in education the rule of group equality which the Jews must vindicate all along the line. In a world like the modern the right to education is basic. These students, with their hungers and hopes, are the raw material of the power that alone can make it good—*idealenfutter* instead of *kannonenfutter* if you will, but such fodder because they want to be, because they would rather not be anything else. Fortunately, they do not stand alone. Across the Vistula, in Praga, is situated the Academic House, a modern, well-appointed structure, with a restaurant, gymnasium, and all the other equipment of a student club. Here three hundred lads, from all the levels of Jewry in Poland, are housed and fed. Of course they get much more than they pay for. And they should. Senator Koerner, blond, blue-eyed, Polish as a Pole, yet a Zionist, whose pet institution this is, showed me over it. He is carrying it, not without great strain, largely by himself. By one of those romantic

twists so common to all minds, it is his special symbol of Jewish rights and the possible power that can make them valid. . . . I found, as he talked to me, that I could not dissent from his feeling and his view . . . that I accept his omen of hunger into power. . . .

Part Three

Salvage in Russia

*O Lord, be gracious unto us; we
have waited for thee; be thou our
arm every morning, our salvation
also in the time of trouble.*

—I s. XXXIII, 2.

CHAPTER I

THE RUSSIAN SCENE

I

FROM Warsaw, the way to Moscow lies over the endless unkempt Polish plain. Easter has come and gone; for the nineteen hundred and twenty-seventh time Christ has been buried and risen again, to guarantee, as his pagan elder brothers used, before him, that the corn shall grow and the vine bear and the cattle cast their young. But there is hardly a sign of the green of the year anywhere upon the gray-brown plain; in all the twelve hours' journey upon the Polish soil, no gladdening for the eye. A drizzle of cold rain dawdles down and cannot seem to make up its mind whether to cease or shower; through it, an occasional *khlop* and his woman, bowed over the handles of their horse-drawn plow; long concrete platforms, painfully new, of stations for towns a mile or two away. One of them is Bialystok, the spinning center; but if factories have chimneys, church spires and distance obscure them. Time moves slowly on this journey; the scene stretches like the endless minutes of a wakeful

night, it is so consistently drab without, and one's soul is so impatient within one. . . . Not that there is not enough in the not too clean compartment which is my habitation for the day, to titillate interest. . . . I was early at the train, and after a warm adieu from the ever-gracious Alexander Stawski, who came to the station at an ungodly hour to see me off, I had settled myself down with a life-saving Tauchnitz, against the prospective tedium of the too close prison which a compartment on a European train can be when one does not speak the language and is not inured to smell the smells.

But I was saved from the forlornness of this exceeding aliency. The company which soon began to take its ease opposite and around me was obviously not Polish. A whole minute I could not place them at all—they looked so familiar and strange, and conversed in a tongue so strange and familiar, that tapped at the fringe of my consciousness like one of those words whose cadence and contour make a precisely outlined emptiness in memory, yet which for the life of you, you cannot fill. Then the thing burst on me like the sudden light that breaks after you have been pulling at the string too long. It was English these people were speaking—English English, north of England English, all roughed up with burrs and bumbles, and

all sharpened here and there with Yiddish intonations. Then—and oh, isn't the world a small place after all, and ain't nature grand and human nature wonderful?—my *vis-à-vis* unfolded a paper which I recognized as *The Advance*, the official organ of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America of which I had been managing editor not too many years ago. In the face of such a passport, how could I help speaking to my fellow immigrant at once? An Elk's tooth or an Owl's grip or a Fascist salutation could hardly be more compulsive. But the comrade was quicker at that trigger than I. He spoke first—in a language that he told me afterwards was Polish, and might have been, for all me. That I replied in English made us fellow countrymen, and that I had once edited *The Advance* made me not only a comrade, but especially an audience with the equipment of ears so necessary to an orator.

For my comrade was an orator, a happy orator. If he ceased talking at any time during our journey together, except to eat or sleep or sing, I did not know it. I was aware of his burble and his singsonged burr even in the long hiatuses when I wasn't listening. And I learned about tailors from him. . . . He was, he told me, organizer of a tailors' and garment workers' union in a large north of England industrial town; well-

known in his community, respected and happy. He proclaimed, with much satisfaction, the progress of his family. As for the needle trades in England—only forty per cent of the British tailors were organized; women are the bulk of the workers; and among the men, Jews are most numerous. He did a great deal of work organizing—he knew well how to make a speech that should stir 'em. And after the speech—oh, well, you know those people—no solidarity—won't be moved, won't hold together—each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. How he got away for so long? He was being sent to represent his Union at a conference of the Russian needle trades in Moscow. It had been fixed up. And he was taking gifts to his comrades in Russia—raincoats—especially raincoats. They couldn't make good raincoats in Russia, so he had one inside his valise and one strapped outside. He was hoping that the customs officials would let him by. . . . In the intervals of his biography he sang

*Now we are all togetherr
How haappy we will be. . . .*

And he *was* happy. He was the happiest trades-union official I had seen in years. His little round face with its stubble beard was creased with smiles

that followed each other like somewhat stiff waves on a warm shore. His blue eyes twinkled constantly, and his movements were expansive. He was constantly poking ribs or clapping shoulders or patting knees, burbling and gurgling or chuckling. He was very obviously on holiday and radiant with his feeling of importance and liberation, so naturally and naïvely radiant that it not only gave no offense, but spread to the whole company! Even the morosely jabbering Slavs in our compartment smiled more as the day went on, and offered cigarettes. His being illuminated both the quality of his leadership and the state of the needle trades in England. With all his protuberances, he was pleasant to be with.

Toward evening the human dimension of the landscape had begun to change. The signs-manual of man increased in number without diminishing in primitiveness. Poles and posts and fences began to move stately by; miles and miles seemingly of barbed wire, strung in a thick entanglement toward the far horizon on either side; lone soldiers on the footpaths by the road, drawing themselves up to slack attention before oncoming horsemen. We were approaching the frontier and Stolpce—the last station on the Polish side. Soon barracks came into view. Then there was the always slightly ominous bustle of officials on the

train; the queer spreading anxiety that passport and custom inspection seems always to make among continentals, the short waits feeling so long because so tense. Finally the train is in motion again. We pass through a space without barbed wire. It is the No Man's Land between the republic of the gentlemen of Poland and the republic of the workers and peasants of Russia. At the left, on the far end is a high, sharply bright, electric lamp, that serves as a corner post for barbed-wire entanglements again. Under the lamp, fantastic as a figure from the *Chauve-souris*, is a soldier in one of those long high-waisted, full-skirted coats which stand out among the national variants of Russian military culture. He seems unnaturally tall; but even so, the bayonet of his grounded arm sticks like a unicorn over his round flat cap. The train bumps and creaks, it moves so slowly. I have ample time to observe him under that sharp light, but his shaping in his coat blurs all else. It stirs memories. . . . Taras Bulba. . . . Tatars . . . an Orthodox service in the Sobór in Florence . . . Cossacks . . . cadences from Rimsky-Korsakoff and Moussorgsky . . . the confused bouquet of chinoiserie, byzantinism and Turanian brooding which is the Orient refracted through Russia. Here, in this androgynous garment which turns a man and a soldier into

nothing so much as the semblance of some Asiatic fertility goddess, is the concretion of a culture quite other than any that I had come upon before, on my way over the Euro-Asiatic mainland. It is the visible symbol of an unseen other-world, beyond that barbed-wire entanglement, stretching from a sharp electric lamplight into endless dark beyond. . . .

These ruminations possess me, and I realize neither the logorrhea of my British unionist nor the beat of unaccustomed feet through the train. And then I look up. One of them is before me, an androgyne, with his bayonet and his tilted flat cap, and the red star of the Soviet Republic glowing on it like a dimmed but cocky five-point ruby. This was the arm of a new people's power; we were on their soil, in the reaches of their destiny. Of a sudden I was feeling as I had felt when my boat passed the isles of Greece. In a moment I felt glad and reverent and tender. Why? I had no time to consider Why. The train bumped and stopped—Negorolie, the first station of the new world. Here we change to the Russian line.

Porters, doubtfully clean, but wearing the red pentacle on their foreheads, came to take our baggage to the customs. They accepted no tips—some actually, some obviously. The customs building was even newer than the boundary; where the

Polish one was shining concrete and stone, this one was grimy wood. Slackness was the prevailing tone of the atmosphere of the place. It was night, and cold, the lights were dim and shadows thick. Amid them, the unshaven faces and careless bodies of the inspectors took on a grotesque ghostliness. Their inspection was as thorough as it was grimy. Finally they sent us on, my British unionist humming jubilantly:

*Now we arre togetherr
How haarpy we will be.*

He was thinking of the gift of raincoats he was bringing to his friends and that they had not been separated from him. . . .

Although the *Wagon-lits* in Warsaw had telegraphed for a berth for me, there is delay and uncertainty as well as grime at the booking office; there are unexpected charges, yesses and noes, confusion. But we get into the car at last, and after another interval of confusion, of identifying and reidentifying berths, we begin to settle down in one compartment—only to find that there is an extra charge for bedding. That, too, gets itself arranged, more or less. At last, signs of preparation for the night make themselves more than evident. It is time to follow suit. . . . I am one of four in this terribly hot car with windows sealed

against opening for the whole winter. Of the others one is, of course, the British organizer, one, gross as a Falstaff, is a commercial traveler from Austria, one is, he tells us, in English, a Czechoslovakian citizen—now: he has the face of a stage Jew and the accent of the lower east side in New York. He had been not only an American—and a Russian—but a South African and a Pole. He had returned to Russia from America and had left; now he was traveling for a Czech cotton firm. Almost everybody on the train was traveling for a firm.

Somehow I got into my berth, to stifle and toss in the hard dry heat that with each breath cut the nostrils like a knife, to realize with a poignancy that only insomnia achieves, what miracles in sound the bodies of sleeping men can work, and what unsuspected strange symphonies of sickening smells can disenfold into a hot still air. . . . Twice I stepped into the long lane abutting on the compartments, peering out of the grimy window, walking up and down its length. But I was too tired to spend the night so. In my berth, thoughts came appositely enough of Huysmans' *A Rebours* and Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal*. Then all at once I remembered another night when I was journeying from a more ancient land of bondage to an older promised land. Again I saw

the sands of the Arab desert in their immemorial dance; again I saw the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, and seeing, dozed off into the tiring daybreak sleep of the insomniac.

It was late when I awoke. The Englishman and the Czechoslovakian were already gone. The Austrian was stretching and grunting. I rose as quickly as I could, found where I could make a sketchy toilet and surveyed the scene. Into this first-class car the dictatorship of the proletariat evidently either did not extend or did not care about sanitation and cleanliness, whether in its rolling stock or in the guardians thereof. In that respect, at least, the dictatorial economy did equally better both in Poland and in Italy. There the equipment of the dining car, as well as of the compartments, was at least clean; tablecloths were unspotted, table utensils were washed and rinsed. Food certainly was cheaper, not to say better. On the road to Moscow, eggs and tea, borscht and a dubious bread came to more than three rubles. My burbling Jew from Yorkshire was going out as I was coming in, sucking his teeth. He turned to sit with me, striking up his everlasting pæan:

*Now we arre togetherr
How haarpy we will be.*

It should not have eased the mood which the night had put me into, but it was so utterly comic a compensation of the mood that it did. I looked about me. Grime and dirt all around; on the Slav waiter's tunic, on his apron, on his hands, in his fingernails, on the linen, on the sides of the car, on the tableware. Straggling breakfasters were nibbling at grayish fatty slices of some sort of fish—sturgeon, perhaps, smoking, picking their teeth and smacking their lips. Across the way was a perfect Nordic in a khaki uniform with three red diamonds in the collar of his tunic, burning countless cigarettes quickly down to his very lips and drinking beer, bottle after bottle. I counted six in the hour and a half that was required to serve the eggs, tea, borscht and bread; and he had already been at it, my north-countryman remarked, when he himself sought breakfast more than two hours ago.

Man, this morning, seemed, well, not exactly vile, but not a pleasing prospect. I turned to what I could find beyond the window. The scene, this late April forenoon, is one interminable flatness, a monotone of withered grays upon a blackish brown. Wherever the eye falls the plain flows endless with hardly a ridge or roll. Trees are infrequent; here and there they stick stark branches into a moving air. Now a single farmhouse and

then a huddle appears, turning into a double row as we approach. They look like the colonial block-houses pictured in schoolboy histories, low, squat, sordid, set deep in the ground, scarcely tamed. In the schoolboy history such houses were tokens of man conquering the wilderness; here they seem somehow tokens of a wilderness—a windy waterless waste land—accommodating man to itself. For here no shelter is, above the earth's flat top itself. Men must burrow and dig in, thrust earth out and pile it up, so that now and again the variously brown wooden structures seem, like some stunted tree, to push themselves, squat with the effort, out of the earth, that follows after, heaping itself in a slight mound at the base. The wood for the structure has been brought a long way, from the great primeval forests north and east of Leningrad. These, I am told, are foremost among the "treasures" of the new-world Russia. From the north the wood comes down to house and shelter the whole Soviet Republic and all its works. In the south are the wheat lands—has not Russia, almost since the time of her Europeanizing Peter, been one of the great granaries of the world? . . . Wood and wheat—upon these mostly the Russian folk have so far built their house of life—and now they seek a more varied foundation, a richer and more widely ornate super-

structure. Shall they attain? As I smell the smell of the people about me, as my eye roves over the so needless dirt and grime of the car, the so needless grime and dirt of its keepers, I wonder. Doubt deepens as my gaze finds again the flat extension of that unending plain, which had begun its spread, days back, on the western marches of Poland, and each moment pours on endless from horizon to moving horizon. The whir and whine of the wind, speaking a mad language at window and door, deepens the doubt. Hearing it, seeing the land which it sweeps like a bewitched invisible broom, I understand all at once with a sudden illumination the people of Tolstoy, of Dostoievsky and of Gorki. What voices and revelations are not in this wind? What other-worlds might not ride on it, eerie hopes of salvation from this endless scenic monotone? Crimes and heroisms, humilities and rebellions, creeds and denials, all equally wild and equally anarchic, all the promethean endeavor of the spirit of man to override the monotone of the earth that gave him forth and calls him back. Rasputinite and Leninist, both alike are children of a desperate faith—that faith of the earthbound in the will's free power, of the disinherited in a cosmic law shall bring them safely home at last. . . .

These thoughts absorb me, and in them I

forget the scene that set them going. Before they peter out, the train comes to its final stop. We are in Moscow, on the late afternoon of the first Sunday after Easter. I assemble my baggage and step out upon the platform. After the train, the open air is the breath of life. Not many seem to have taken this long journey. There is a hush about the whole railroad station, as of sabbath or death. A moment I sense the Sunday turmoil of the Grand Central Station in New York, and I feel homesick. Then a voice says: "Dr. Kallen? I knew you from your picture." It is an official of Agrojoint. The adventure begins at last.

2

MOSCOW is a paradox which deepens with the hours you spend in it. In a more genuine sense than any other capital in the world, the heart of the country which is governed from it, its exterior is less representative of its life and function than any other. It might be a great sprawling animal crepitant with age, revitalized by some sudden Voronoffian operation, and all askew with young impulses wrenching the old and ill-adjusted frame. Its social geology is recorded in its buildings. There are the primitive peasant blockhouses of the pre-Byzantine level of Russian culture. In

these the masses live and swarm and breed; they are the ancestors of the improved housing which is being related to factories as centers; constructions like one-story cold-water tenements in New York that the authorities point to with pride. Then there are the buildings which signalize the christianized hellenization of the Slav: the great Byzantine churches with their gilded domes and gauded ikons, their Saviours and Marias, with great cow-like eyes, so similar to those on Ptolemaic mummies and Constantinian monuments; the monasteries with their bells and their walls and their towers, and all those incident characters which came in when the Slav was learning to write like a Greek and believe like a Christian, and have been added to and superimposed upon the barbarous institutions of the native culture. Mixed in with their addition are queer qualities, little idiosyncrasies of decoration and construction, which suggest something far more oriental, something Asiatic, even Chinese. I cannot decide whether there is an irradiation of the quality from the folk one passes in the street to the buildings, or vice versa. The feel of it is specific and unmistakable. . . .

The next order is that which we of the West have learned to regard as characteristic of Russia. It is that gayly grotesque fantasy which

Italian craftsmen—the “fruazins,” the Russians call them—have played upon the Byzantine architectural theme. So like the official religion of the pre-Soviet Russian state, it seems so alien to the natural scene, so contrasted with the daily routine and customary ways of the Russian folk, that it can have become naturalized in Slavdom only as a compensatory structure, a persistent and incarnate day-dream of forms diversified, of patterns elaborated with multiple verticals against the depressing horizontality of the smooth unbroken plain. An anthropological social psychologist who accompanied me in one of my excursions remarked of the entirety of “Russian” architecture that its manifold domes, lifted on towers like tree-trunks against the sky, were just so many avatars and symbols of the life-sowing phallus. He discoursed most learnedly of the great hungers and harvest-fears of the inhabitants of these rich but waterless plains. . . . Which is as it may be. To me these intricate bright shapes spoke of that inveterate idealism of the human spirit, which is always transforming the reality of what it has into the ghost of what it wants. In these “Russian” buildings the Russian soul seemed to have been saying its ineluctable *No!* to the Russian soil, even while acquiescing to its compulsions and conforming to its ambiguous rhythms for the sake

of its fruits. Plant though it was of an alien root, a graft and not a growth, this architecture seemed, in its very otherness, somehow closer to the heart of the people and to utter their mood. . . .

Not so the more genial architecture of Moscow—the palaces, the mansions, the museums, the theaters. In these had dwelt the emperors and the grand dukes, the princes and the counts and the barons, their retinues and retainers. They are set up in a perversion of the pseudo-classicism of the 18th century—my Moscow cicerones called the style “Russian Empire”—but it is of the essence of that aristocratic mode which took form in the height of the power of Louis XIV, and spread throughout absolutist Europe. One sees its exemplars in Warsaw, in Berlin, in Vienna. Many buildings of this mode had been consumed in flames during the burning of Moscow against Napoleon, but the style rose like a phœnix from the fire and the ashes, and held the old form for the new Moscow built upon their cinders. It has charm and spaciousness, and ultimately, like the class whose being it expressed—irrelevancy. On that soil, in those circumstances, it was no graft but a forced superposition, alien, parasitical. To this day, amid the wooden cabins and the gilded sobórs, it seems a stranger, out of place. Espe-

cially in the Kremlin, where church and state had set up dwellings side by side, the house of the state seems not to belong.

The uses to which these dwellings of the former beneficiaries of the Russian polity are to-day put further enhance their alienity. Erected to be spacious dwellings for the landlords, the bureaucrats and the merchants of the guilds in the times when the masses had their slums and the classes their palaces, they have been reduced, by the exigencies of housing millions where only the year before there had been mere hundreds of thousands, to one common level of slum. Moscow, confronted with a housing problem, has solved it. Not by building. There was a little new construction around the factories; several new public buildings were going up—some of these, I was told, were a very leisurely long time about going up, too. But mostly, the housing problem was solved by adapting old structures to new uses. Space was distributed at so many cubic feet per person. As far as I could see, there were no unoccupied dwelling-places in Moscow. Even at that, not everybody had a roof over his head. There are the thousands of *besprizorny*, the waifs who live like the Son of Man; there are those who know how to find favor, who live not unlike the children of Mammon; there are the favored, the

old revolutionaries, the champions of the people and former prisoners of Tzarism who live worse than they might; there are the men of quality, the honest, the unaggressive, who live worse than they should; and there are the disfavored, who so live that they would live better in prison. I have visited with members of all these classes. A brilliant young scholar with the swiftest mind I met in Russia gave me dinner in the room where he and his *Verotchka* slept and cooked and ate and worked. A dingy room, like some hall bedroom in one of New York's brownstone fronts, made dimly gay with curtains and pictures, but impossible to keep neat because of the crowding. This dinner was clearly a high occasion. My young friend had a colleague to meet me. For food there were soup and fowl, cooked in a "primus"; for drink a sweet Carpathian wine; and there were, of course, tea and many cakes. The "primus" is an institution in Moscow house-keeping. I had first encountered it in Palestine, but there it is occasional. In Moscow—in the Russian cities generally—it is as recurrent as dirt. By nature and endowment, the "primus" is a gasoline-burning brass stove, something like a plumber's torch. When lighted, it sputters and volleys and thunders in the manner of a pre-war machine gun. It is the obligato to all domestic convivi-

ality in Moscow. At the hour when the whole *Dom* of God knows how many families are preparing tea, it roars portentous as the Last Judgment. After hearing it a couple of times, I could well understand why whatever Muscovite gayety one encountered seemed so forced.

But the "primus" is by the way. It made a harsh percussive background for the high hospitality of the young intellectual whose income as a teacher was less than forty rubles a month. A week's food budget, I could not help surmising, had gone into this one meal, a common enough meal, bar the wine, for an American elementary teacher; and no bar to wine if teacher knows his way about. Wherever I went I found the same ironical situation: teachers, on whom avowedly the new Russia depends for a happy and prosperous future, living and working and overworking at best only upon the very edge of the level of subsistence.

This, again, is by the way. My young teacher's "home" seemed spacious and comfortable beside the garret of a disfavored survivor of the old order. Of this man's earlier possessions there had been left to him a junk-heap of articles of vertu, antiques, ikons and the like, that the museums had a surfeit of, and that were therefore not "required." His room was in the far attic of a

high dirty palace. Light and air came to it from a little porthole of a window. It was stuffy with things and the grime of things. And the man himself, crippled in a rickety old *chaise longue*, was grimy from things and the nearness of things. The friend who took me to see him hoped that I might exchange some of my available American dollars for some of his unavailable Russian art. But I was too ashamed to offer what I was able to, and too timid to leave a gift. That was a futile visit, as painful as it was futile.

A sharp contrast to this ragman's treasure house, was the house which a nepman maintained for himself, his staff and their families. The man was a German who had succeeded in producing, in the face of the overwhelming circumlocution office that so often seems the whole of the Russian government, a staple of commerce required wherever literacy was attempted. He had been so successful as to arouse irritation among the manufacturers of the same article in his native land. Although space was no more to spare in this house than anywhere else, the housekeeping was such as to set up an effect of spaciousness. The dwelling had been built before the revolution, by some *nouveau riche*, who had been made a merchant of the first guild. He had caused it to be decorated according to his aspirations. Over the

gigantic fireplace of the common dining room *papier-mâché* huntsmen of *papier-mâché* nobility were chasing *papier-mâché* bears with *papier-mâché* dogs. Windows were here and there of stained glass. The furniture had some solidarity and did not give the impression of a congress from junk shops. In the housekeeping here, theories about Communism were altogether lacking, but the household of half a dozen families, more or less, and several individuals, gave one a sense of intimacy and of community. . . . Its neatness had an echo in the one-room apartment—in its appointments so like such one-room apartments in New York—where a baby-doctor gave me tea one late afternoon. She occupied more space than she was properly entitled to, but she was obviously a member of the favored class. Another member of this class whom I visited, an old revolutionary who had spent years in prison, owned space even for his considerable library. In his case favoritism had the color of justice: it was meet that the constricting cell of Tzarist years should in the new time be balanced with enlarging spaces. . . . But by and large, the favoritism which is justice was rare. The fact was that in spite of the new gospel and the new vision, and the hundred noble principles of municipal housekeeping, the motivations of conduct in Mos-

cow are no different from the motivations of conduct in Berlin or Paris and New York. How, within a framework merely of the new principles, could the old practices and expedients not have their way? Withal, it becomes clear to even a casual observer that the average of housing for the run of Moscow's inhabitants is higher than it used to be before the war. There *has* been a solution of the housing problem, too successful a solution perhaps. For it is apparent that, great as the natural and economic difficulties are in the way of building, if there had been a more insistent and effective discontent, building activities would have been less dilatory and standards less relaxed.

As Moscow, so the other cities of Russia that I saw. Each has individuality of its own, of course, but that is not realizable in a cursory visit. The basic architectural patterns stand out; the Communist commissaries stand in; and the technique and results of hurling the mighty from their seats (within limitations), and exalting them of low degree (with reservations), make a new place of living, if not precisely a new way of life. Even the cities which the Revolution has diminished—parvenu Leningrad is such a city—are transformed in the same way. . . .

That, for the masses of the cities, or of the plains either, this congestion is a novelty or a

hardship, is of course false. Man has always herded close for sleep and safety, the more so as the space he roamed or tilled was great and open. In the great open spaces men are not men but cowards. They are men only in their own closenesses, where all are the strength of each and each finds safety through all. In Russia, or for that matter anywhere else in the older world, one sees no lone farmhouse on a clearing in the wilderness. The village houses stand in rows like a company of soldiers. Fowl and pigs and cattle all herded in with men and babes under the same roof. To them the guest is added, sharing if need be not only the board but the bed. . . .

3

WHEN I took train a second time in Russia it was southward, over the Ukrainian steppes, toward Kherson and the Jewish colonies. Still the flat lands stretched, on either side of the track, north and south and east and west, beyond the horizon. These lands are the rich lands, the lands of the black earth, where the wheat may grow taller than a man if only there is water enough. The time of my journey was mid-May, and twelve hours out of Moscow the whole expanse showed green and more springlike. The air grew

softer and the breeze that blew in through the rarely-opened car door touched one like a kindness. At the country stations peasants gathered, women and children mainly, with milk and cooked meats and fruit, pickled and raw, to sell to hungry travelers. Men and women rushed from everywhere with kettles to get themselves hot water. There was always a half-anxious but not unpleasant turmoil, and the train arrived never quite on time or left so. Always some bargainer for bread or fruit would come a-running after the last gong, his bargain uncompleted, the disappointed merchant pursuing. Always settling down would be a bustle and a ceremony. Always beggars would line the tracks and infest the platforms—waifs numerous, but grown men and women also, filthy and ragged, bare of foot, obviously destitute and obviously not unhappy so.

. . . In the city depot, when the train made longer stops, one walked about, or bought tea and cake at the buffet, and tried to make conversation with one's neighbor or the waiter. The stations in the larger cities, Kharkov, for instance, are impressive structures, of an outworn if not outlived elegance. Forthstanding in their equipment, apart from the crowded educational posters, is the recurrence of the portraits of the new saints and prophets of the communist pantheon—Marx and

Trotsky, Lenin and Lasalle, Zinoviev and Stalin and Bukharin, or equal and lesser divinities of the post-revolutionary dispensation. At Kharkov they look down upon you from little round decorative portholes high over the entrance to the waiting hall, like so many blessed damozels at the high walls of heaven. New ikons, these, one learns before having been long in Russia; sharp rivals of the older wonder-making images of the disestablished dispensation. . . .

Trotsky, I do not doubt, has been removed since I saw him there, and will not be restored until he ceases to be a man-god, and becomes only a god, a dead man like Lenin. On the countryside his ikon was not to be seen among the others. None, of course, was so recurrent as Lenin's, not even the longer dead Marx's. Lenin's life-story since he died is the story of a god in the making. Another generation in the villages, and to his own deeds there will have accrued the deeds of the gods he dethroned; ineluctable tradition, which assimilated all but the name of Jesus of Nazareth into the prehistoric dying and reborn gods of all the Mediterranean places, will assimilate the dialectical dictator of the proletarian revolution in the magical Jesus who raised the dead and is to dispense the Last Judgment. The *Comsomols* and the *Young Pioneers* are at work.

A new gospel of *Acta* is being formed. Already we are told how Ilyitch loved little children and are advised to mold ourselves upon him, the perfect Communist. . . . It is beautiful, to see the dead man taking form as the living god, growing beauty, growing might, out of the mouths and aspirations of babes to whom the world can be nothing else but new. . . .

These villages. . . . Except for the ones on the river banks, I saw none that have free water. Water, which is life, has to be dug for in the bowels of the earth, down a deep, deep well, which only the whole village together can hollow out and keep up. The well is usually far away on the steppe, and the water is brought by wagon in barrels and casks. Oxen or horses all day step the weary round that lifts it the hundreds of feet from the pit of the earth. All day men are employed at nothing else than drawing and carrying water. Tools are still rare, as an American knows tools. You do not often see a modern plow or a horse rake, or a reaper or a mowing machine. The power of Russian agriculture is as it ever has been, man-power only, and must long remain so. With the strength of his hands, with the sweat of his face, the Russian peasant earns his bread. He grows what he needs to eat; he makes what he needs to wear. He makes the house that shel-

ters him, the fuel he burns, the oven he cooks with and sleeps on, the kvass and the vodka he gets drunk on. Often, to plow his field or to harvest it, he must leave his house and home for days at a time, sleeping on the open steppes under an old coat or a blanket; eating the hard bread he has brought in his sack, drinking the water he has carried on his back. There is nothing which comes close to his needs or his passions—except his god—which is not suffused with strength he has put in, sweat he has poured out. There is nothing which is not an extension of his personality and power, nothing which is not somehow property in the same sense as the qualities of a thing are its properties. Even his women and his children figure so in the definition of his being, characters proper to him. . . .

In our journey over the Ukrainian steppe we stopped at the farm of a *kulak*. He was a great tun of a man with a rolling mustache and three days' beard on his face. We came upon him supervising four or five laborers engaged in spreading dung. His glance was bleak and solemnly unfriendly; a sort of irradiation of the tension between him, the employer, and those too independent workers. Once he had been a great magnate of that countryside. And, as riches go in Russia, he was still a rich man. He had several

horses and a number of cows and the usual farm buildings. His acres were limited by law, but he was working leased land, too, and being a good farmer he was getting a larger return for his effort than his neighbors. But the revolution had belittled him in the latter's eyes in a degradation he could not think of without screaming anger. His standards had gone down. He had wanted the same kind of thing for his wife and family that all persons without caste and station who have the example of their betters to model themselves upon are likely to desire. The revolution brought those things to him even though it cut down his property, but it brought them in untraditional, therefore unacceptable, ways. So he was cleaving to his possessions but rejecting the advantages that under the earlier dispensation he had been seeking. . . . He led us into his house. There were vestiges of a former splendor. The walls used to be papered and the paper was still flapping here and there. There were adequate chairs. The sofa in the corner looked weak in the back but the table was covered with a red cloth. His wife came in from another room to greet us. She was his direct antithesis. A little shriveled silent wisp of a woman, with sad eyes. Both were eager to know about America and the rights of the farmer there.

I heard him say "Lenka." "Lenka," my interpreter told me, was his grown daughter. His wife's response carried deprecation and doubt in its tone, but she went out to find the girl just the same. After some time she returned, leading one of the most beautiful young women I have ever seen; a great Juno-like creature, as graceful as she was tall, with the characteristic shining light hair and blue eyes of the Slav at his best. There was something like resistance and irritation in those eyes, but she came forward and stood as her father ordered. I caught the glance that her father gave me as she came in. There was triumph in it, and calculation. He was quite surely not showing her off without ulterior purpose. . . . After a few more minutes of polite conversation we made our adieux. Our *kulak* was clearly disappointed. He did what he could to delay us, but our way was too long and our day too short. As we drove off, my guide said, "Do you know why he had you see her?" I replied I could guess. "No," he said, "that is not it. He wants somebody to take her away from here. He would sell her for a good present. Every so often he asks me why I don't marry her. He wants me to. I told him that my wife wouldn't let me. He said I ought to control my wife better. He would like Lenka to be taken to America. He

is afraid of the young Communists hereabout."

The episode is illuminating, not so much for what it reveals of the prosperous peasant's attitude toward the new régime, as of his attitude, which one could reasonably expect to be more civilized than that of the poor peasant, toward his wife and his children. Proprietary, that is, fundamentally; and proprietary for no other reason that I could see than that anything over which one sweats and exercises power becomes an extension of one's personality and so an item in one's good—a possession, in short, a piece of goods. . . .

Seeing the peasant, getting the feel of his selfhood and his desire, his, which is the selfhood and desire of those who alone can be enduringly Russia, I understand fully the hunger of the government, which gave the peasant the land to be his property more than ever before, for machines and for industrialization. These depersonalize; they depropertize; they Americanize. Looking upon the peasant, his equipment and his tools, I understand fully the impatience of the government with illiteracy, its eager efforts at indoctrination, the significance of the Schoolhouse where the whole world is shown in the framework of the new faith; of the People's House, plastered with bulletins and announcements; of the Post Office,

papered with graphic pictorial lessons (they are simple and obvious as American comic strips, but in infinitely better taste and drawing), in elementary—and still unlearned—items of the art of farming and the lore of cattle. I look from these to the peasant, from the peasant to these, from both to the wearisome, waterless, wide plain on which he grows up and grows old and comes to his end, he and his fathers before him and his children after him; I look to the wind that bloweth where it listeth over it, too sprawledly to blow happily—and I am bemused. What a faith, what an intransigence have the hearts of these revolutionaries that would recreate this man without first recreating his scene! What an intelligence, what a realism, that would let him be until the machine has become his scene and has molded him to a fitness for the doctrines that utter its impersonality, its propertyless equalitarian indifference and organization! In this fight that I hear of now and again, between the commissars of Stalin and the disciples of Trotzky, it is not the Russian character which must call the turn; it is the Russian steppe. The logic seemed all on the side of Trotzky; but the courses of life work all on the side of Stalin. It is the land itself that breeds the *kulak*; not the social system. Add the machine to the land, and where is the system?

Change the system without the machine, and the conquest of bread by the sweat of men's faces restores it again. . . .

4

FOR the Russian character grows from a living together with the Russian scene. Symbiosis, the biologists call it; and a new life requires a different symbiosis, with a scene made different. The revolution has been a difference-maker. It has proclaimed a new gospel and set up a new rule. It has profoundly disturbed the relations to one another of men and women, of grown-ups and children, of cults and guilds, of professions and classes. It has declared a new form and new technique of human association and has envisioned the fullness of human life in a new hope. But its operations have been directed to only one side of the equation of life; it has desired but so far has not accomplished a transformation of the other side. It has not possessed the wherewithal to effect this transformation and perhaps the change could not be accomplished even with every means at its disposal. For earth and air and sun and wind and rain are possessed of a certain labile immutability, they have a stubbornness which compels even while it yields, which on

the plains of North America molds white Europeans toward a likeness with red Indians, and on the steppes of communist Russia draws back communized peasants into the ways of communal Slavs. . . .

These ways . . . these Slavs. . . .

One morning I stood with my host of a night upon the threshold of his low house, both gazing anxiously upon the scene. I was concerned about the progress of my journey. My passport was perilously close to its limit of validity and much as I desired to continue in Russia, I was unwilling to face the red-tape entanglements and the megalosaurian complications of the Circumlocution Offices of which Russian administration seemed so largely assembled, to seek an extension. If it rained, and the hardly passable roads became quite impassable, I should be in a mess indeed. Hence my gaze and the anxiety of it. My host had sown his crop, and his fields needed water. Enough rain now would mean bread aplenty. Little rain or no rain was a threat of starvation. So he too peered for that harbinger cloud no larger than a man's hand.

"And if it doesn't rain?" I said.

"There will be famine."

"Well, what will you do if it doesn't rain?"

He spread his hands in a gesture of resigna-

tion or acquiescence which is recurrent in Russia. "Nitchevo," he replied.

This attitude it is which leads to those characterizations of the Russian people as lazy, fatalistic, oriental in spirit, and the like. But obviously the attitude is a function of an immemorial situation experienced anew by each generation of men. This situation is the steppe. Mercilessly flat and bare, the human enemy or the insect ones can overrun it at will; drought and frost and wind can command it without resistance and without redress. No human beings living on this plain but live without any natural shelter, without any god-given defense. They are exposed to all the winds that blow and all the dangers that threaten—human, natural, divine. What they do not build against these dangers, they must do without, and on the whole, that tradition of the steppe wherein the best defense is non-resistance and submission has been vindicated by the survival of those who have carried on with life by its means.

On the other hand, as automatic compensation for the terrible emptiness of the natural scene comes the elaborate and manifold richness of the mental one. As the peasant fuses with the soil that nourishes him, his mind breeds the ghosts and the ghostly rites which overcome its elusive simplicity and create for him at least the illusion that

he owns the secrets whereby he may be master of what he surveys. Christianity for him is a holy veneer over a time-proved, invincible paganism.

One notices a curious duplicity in the peasant mind. He doesn't answer directly. He makes himself seem more stupid than he is. You can't help observing that, especially in the bargaining on market days or any day. You can sense it in the combination of reverence and scorn, of skepticism and credulity with which he deals with his gods. You can find it in the tremendous multiplication of both the doxies and cults which have a public name and those which remain still in the realm of private superstitions. No peasant whom I spoke to seemed quite at ease in his world; I did not speak to any drunken ones. My interlocutors all showed signs of the hardness of their lives, of that insecurity which goes with primitive agriculture as much in Russia as in India or China or the United States. All remembered the famine. All were afraid of famine. All, even those given over heart and soul to the new dispensation, were inclined to use the magical methods of tradition to offset the famine. Albert Williams told me one time in a Moscow cabaret of one of these methods. He has since set it down in his beautiful book, "The Russian Land," and I quote from

that rather than trust my memory. It is the tale of the rite employed against vermin. A religious procession has gone forth armed with the engines of divinity to give battle on the sown fields against the insect pests. Writes Mr. Williams:

For against these fields is camped an enemy, a ravaging, pillaging enemy. From all sides, creeping forward, flying the air, mining the earth, striking with fang and tooth and claw—armies of worms, hosts of caterpillars. That is why we go forth with banners to battle with the insects. Around these fields we are to-day to draw a magic circle. With cross and candle, prayer and holy water we are to build a barrier against ant and mouse and caterpillar. They shall not pass!

Let the earth blest by Thee bring forth fruit in its time. Allow not upon it any vermin, insect, rust, burning heat or withering wind bringing destruction . . .

chants the priest.

*Deliver us from our enemies!
Have mercy upon us,
Holy Triphon, pray for us!*

respond the people.

Ye who created the skies and earth, who beautified the heavens with starry lights to shine upon the earth, and who adorned the earth with cereals and grass and various plants and flowers . . .

Four versts and we halt just where a brook, white with water-lilies, pours its heavy incense on the meadows.

With faces and ikons looking to the altar-cross in the center, the people range into a circle and the service begins. It is a comprehensive service. First, general praise to the heavenly powers. Second, general exhortation to the people. Then it becomes specific. It calls up the third party, the cause of this procession. Their names are all written in the book. And the priest calls them out, naming them by name:

Worms and grasshoppers!
Mice and rats!
Ants, moles and reptiles!
Flies and horseflies and hornets!
And all flying things that wreak
Destruction . . .

he cries in a loud voice,

I forbid you in the name of the Saviour come on earth to suffer for men. I forbid you in the name of the all-seeing cherubim and seraphim who fly around the heavenly throne. I forbid you in the name of the angels and the millions of heavenly spirits standing in the glory of God. I forbid you to touch any tree, fruitful or unfruitful, or leaf or plant or flower. I forbid you to bring any woe upon the fields of these people.

And the priest, dipping the *hyssop* (the long brush) in the water, raises it above his head and flings it until the drops fall a tiny shower upon the field, to the North, the South, the East and the West, and upon the heads of the people, singing:

Pray for us, Saint Triphon!

Saint Triphon got the martyr's crown and died for Jesus.

Holy Triphon, pray for us!

They are the words of Saint Triphon, the martyr of Asia Minor, who, according to the chronicles, the son of a poor peasant, from babyhood loved the Almighty and under the Roman Empire suffered death by steel and fire. They are the words with which in the third century he delivered his land from the plague of worms and insects, the destroyers leaving forthwith at his command.

Now, after sixteen centuries, these peasants of Salvation, in the voice of their priest, hear the voice of the mighty Saint thundering to the enemies of their fields this his *imprecation* (as printed in the "Tchiti-minei" on page 179):

If ye obey me not, meekest and humblest of God's servants, if ye leave not this place and go to arid mountains and sandy deserts,—then the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob will send by my prayer armies of birds to destroy ye. Ye shall perish by iron and lead. Ye will be caught and slain. By the Great Name written on stone, I adjure you! Like wax before fire, melt and disappear! Away from these fields! Away and perish!

Despite the procession last year and the year before, it is not the insects, but their fields, that perish. And so the task of Saint Triphon grows harder. He has not only to drive the worms from the fields, but to drive the worms of doubt and disbelief beginning to gnaw at the

hearts of the people. Else faith, too, shall perish. And much faith is needed, even to keep a procession marching under the heat of this midsummer day.

But Albert is much more hopeful of the influence of merely the revolution as an idea than the scene permits. The old faith persists even if it take a new form. Saint Triphon will be invoked even after Saint Science has actually killed the worms. For it is the scene, not the peasant intent, nor yet the intent of his Communist benefactor, that governs here, and Science is a late and superficial method without root in the customs and tools of peasant life. The peasant mind seemed to me remote from politics, which is after all only externally related to his fundamental needs of getting on the spot food and clothing and shelter and security against supernatural and human and natural enemies. He is aware of stories that the grandmothers tell, how one horde of conquerors after another has swept down upon his village across the open plain. He is aware of a succession of masters, each of whom made different demands, and to whom each generation made a different submission. His form of submission is perfect; his manner still is so ingratiating, so deprecating, so humble. After all, was not the very grandfather who dandled him on his knee a serf? But the submission is only a form. The peasant

seems to accept bondage in order to be free, and his freedom consists in the upkeep of his way of life, much as his fathers had lived it before him, regardless of the wishes or the purposes of the masters in Kiev or Moscow or Leningrad or anywhere else in the world. . . . So the new order in the village remains an external order. It is acquiesced in but it does not touch the life. Commissars come and commissars go. Half-starved school teachers work at their overburden of duties. Proclamations and manifestoes and instructions succeed each other like days and nights. So far as I can see, the peasant takes them as he takes the flies that buzz in summer or the bugs that bite in winter. They are tangential to the established courses of life and touch not its going purposes. Why take trouble about them? There are the crops to secure, the woman to keep in order, the children to beget. There are the good drink and the good fight. . . . If now these should be interfered with . . .

Whether the new generation which has gone through the new school and has been indoctrinated in the new gospel will behave otherwise than the older one, if the scene remains unaltered, only time can tell. When one thinks of the cults of Europe that changed while the European economy remained unchanged, one doubts. But get

into a village where the machine has actually established itself and you feel at once a difference of tone, a buzzing and restlessness. On this spot there is a new accent in the quality of at least the public life. The revolution is effective because the scene itself has become revolutionary.

I do not mean by this that the revolution has not been effective in the usual village. On the contrary, coming to Russia as I did from Fascist Italy, the one thing that impressed me as a difference sharply dramatic between the tone of the two dictatorships was the energy of the Russian people. Against the memory of the constraint, the suspiciousness and the hesitancy of the Italian countryside and the obvious restraint in the behavior of the naturally spontaneous Italian, urban or rural, mankind in Russia showed a freedom, a naturalness and energy, which within its own limits reminded one of the eagerness of the American scene. In effect the Russian revolution worked a great liberation. It set free by tearing down not merely ancient privileges but innumerable *mores* and ways of living that kept people from trying out their abilities or seeking a better life. It has implanted new needs and set up a consciousness of them. With this consciousness has come the discontent of needs unsatisfied. All over the country careers are now open to talents, even

when the talents do not adopt Communism, as they never were before. I say this—and I do not forget the disinheritance and first rejection of the intellectuals.

The openness has its reverberations in the peasant soul. Just before I left Russia I saw a motion picture of which the entire drama consisted in the contrast of the old ways upon the land, with new ways not yet established: the contrast of Saint Triphon with Saint Spraying Machine as an ally against the insects; the contrast of the wooden plow with the tractor; the contrast of the three-field system with the six-field system. The picture was made by Eisenstein. Of course it was propaganda; of course it was designed to arouse and to sustain exactly this discontent due to needs unsatisfied, and of course the social process by which the new needs are satisfied and the new norms realized is one that will take much longer than Communist hope allows for or Russian efficiency enables. But even if the folkways are unchanged, and the needs are shadowy, the needs are there, and if the propaganda is persisted in, they will seek out their satisfaction.

There is in the heart of this new Russian energy an eagerness which is sad and solemn; even religious. The quality of the Russian psyche seemed to me still without joy and without laugh-

ter. One recognizes that the people Tolstoy and Dostoievsky and Gogol wrote about are the same people Lenin and Stalin wrought about. They can scorn, they can satirize, they can stab with pens or beat with fists, they can cut with wit or carve with swords, but they cannot laugh simply because life is good and men are free. That kind of laughter one still finds in Italy in spite of political oppression and the constraint of social fear. The difference, I suspect, lies neither in the form of the government nor in the nature of the people. It lies in the quality of the scene. How could a soul living on those steppes respond with a spontaneous gayety to the too open spaces? How could any one, no matter how brave, feel secure enough simply to enjoy himself when from any point, at any time, God knows what dangers may come sweeping in? He requires the relaxation of strong drink, the abandonment of religious ecstasy; but his normal courses are mirthless; he has *schadenfreude*, but no joy. His spirit cannot be quite at ease without spirits, nor his soul quite secure without gods. So the government of the Federated Soviet Republic has sincerely endeavored to save its people from drink and has failed; with all its heart it is embattled against the gods that its predecessor has used against them, and the gods prosper. For in the Russian scene, drink is often

salvation, the gods are the rod and the staff that comfort the Russian soul. Since the revolution there has been warfare in the mansions of its heaven; for the divine population has been increased and the pantheon of the Communist faith has been added to the older orders and competes with them for station and for honors.

5

No section of the Russian population that I came into contact with seemed to be without this intense and religious solemnity I have just spoken of. In the ruling class it is manifest as a puritan straitness which one sees at its best and most spiritual in the members of the Communist party. These rulers. . . . They contrast sharply with the ladies and gentlemen one encounters in the capitals of Europe, agitating for the reëstablishment of a legitimate Russia over café tables and in the salons of the *nouveaux riches*, and presenting the same charming picture of appealing futility as their sisters and cousins who add aristocratic distinction to the soirées of patriotic Daughters of the American Revolution in New York City and points west. For these ladies and gentlemen, superiority and privilege were second nature. They express the conditions they had

grown up with, and in those conditions to satisfy each want or whim as it arose was nearly as easy as the wants and whims themselves. The difference between necessity and luxury is one that they have learned only since the revolution.

I happened, because of my own dire need, to come upon signal testimony to this essential in the psychology of the former rulers of Russia. I do not speak Russian, and when I entered Moscow I had no phrase book or any other means whereby I could make my wants known. A phrase book was what I most of all needed. In the state bookshop where a friend took me, I asked for a phrase book of Russian into English. Several hours' search turned up only a phrase book of Russian into French. Its date was 1911. In 1911 only two classes of Russians traveled to France—revolutionaries seeking safety and gentlemen seeking diversion. The crumbling little book of phrases in green paper covers which was offered me as a *vade mecum* in Russia had been evidently intended for ladies and gentlemen only. It is characteristic. The sections into which it is divided provide expressions to use in situations involving money, the customs, the porter, the coachman, the steamboat, the railroad, the post office, the hotel, food, shops and the like. In this respect it is like other phrase books. It begins to

show its class only when you come upon a section on the army and the navy. It comes into its own in a section entitled "Les Expressions nécessaires." Such as:

Je vous aime!

M'aimez-vous?

Vos jolis yeux me plaisent beaucoup.

Vos joues, vos mains.

Permettez de vous embrasser, de baiser votre main.

Allons-nous embrasser!

Embrassez-moi.

Descendons de l'omnibus.

Should I not cherish this word-map for an aristocratic Russian life in France? . . .

Well, the rule of these hapless and futile sweet people is gone. Their lovable weakness, which mitigated their irresponsible authority, has passed from Russia. There is no longer an upper class that must be obeyed and revered and tolerated and cheated and scorned as were the ladies and gentlemen of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky and Gogol. They now at last are earning their livings as modistes and restaurateurs, night-club directors and cabaret artists and taxi drivers, and no one can say that, bar their memories of a less gainfully employed time, they are not the happier

for it. The people who have succeeded them are of another order and another experience. They were fugitives when the former were masters. They were conspiracy and revolution and defiance when the others were authority and law and security. The engineers of the revolution were a hounded people, compelled to live abroad when free and spending their lives at home in jail. At home or abroad, their lives were straitened and monastic lives, vowed to poverty and danger and endurance for the sake of a vision of salvation wherewith they hoped to make their people free. Come to power, they live as they used to live when they were without power. It is not easy to say that the mark of their dearth is not upon them; that it does not constrict their action and interfere with the free realization of their vision, but whether it does or not, and whether or not one likes their vision, it imparts to even the least and the worst of them magnificence. A glamour both heroic and religious enlarges them.

The tales that are told about the simple, puritan life of Lenin at home and abroad are familiar enough. Not so familiar is the picture of the early Christian simplicity of the lives of most of the leaders of the Communist party. . . . I remember how I was moved when I was told of the two small rooms in which Stalin makes his life in

the Kremlin. This far from agreeable figure who is the *de facto* master of Russia and who is not a Russian but a Georgian with the strain of Asia in his blood; who has never been out of Russia and before the revolution was hardly ever out of a Russian prison, was trained to be a priest. . . . There are many heads of the new Russia who own to a sacerdotal background, or a past sacerdotal vocation. . . . The urge that took Stalin from the priesthood of Christ to the priesthood of Marx is not recorded, but the man it took is now described as the ruler of the destinies of the new Russia. That he has a sense of reality, one cannot doubt. Without such a sense no one could earn the eminence, enviable or unenviable, that has accrued to him merely as a "successful machine politician." Certainly his program runs with the heart of the peasant who is in the end the real master of Russia. And does it run less with the heart of the Communist hope? Himself a Georgian, it was he who, as Commissar of Nationalities, sought to communize his native land by force, to a degree that Lenin disapproved. Perhaps, like Jewish Communists in analogous circumstances, he leaned backwards, to demonstrate the purity of his Communism.

Yet speak to Russians who are not Communists—Communists will refuse, or will evade speaking

of such matters—about the personnel of the government, and you find a not altogether repressed anger and bitterness. “We are displaced,” a distinguished intellectual declared to me in a French become fluent after his third bottle of beer and fourth salt fish, “we Russians are being ruled by aliens. Stalin is filling all posts of importance with Georgians. He is building up a personal machine of members of his own race. He is displacing even the Jews. See how they are in the opposition, and more and more so. Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev, and all the others. How many Russians are there among them, and what is their following? It can’t last, I tell you, it can’t last. Let him make his compromises with the peasants. Just the same, the Russian will not endure to be governed by foreigners and aliens. Already there is discontent, and anti-Semitism is showing itself among the workers themselves. Do you think it ever died among them? Not at all. It never died among the peasants either. And now just watch and see how an anti-Georgian sentiment will grow.” I report this monologue as literally as I can recall it, for what it is worth. It may be altogether unrepresentative, but in social life as in the world of nature, old attitudes do not die easily, nor do new attitudes come to birth singly, but in their litters, their battalions,

in their species and genuses. If this eminent intellectual who is as much European as Russian can speak this way when he has been mellowed by beer, who else might not, even without the mellowing? But this again is another story.

In a sense this story is the direct antithesis of the faith and the discipline of the godless theocracy of the new Russia. Let no one balk at the word theocracy. To touch the life of the ruling class in Russia to-day at any point is to touch a religious life. The quality of this religion does not in its fundamentals contain anything novel. Marxist doctrine, which is the new orthodoxy of Russia, is a faith in a materialist instead of a Calvinist predestination and election and communion of saints.

Long before I had visited Russia and had had personal contact with this faith, I had sensed from its documents its fundamental psychology and I had set it down as such in my "Why Religion." Contact with the living structure of the Communist faith in Russia brought a realization of its power filled with surprises. The greatest of these was not the fact that *mutatis mutandis* the drama of salvation in the Christian scheme is preserved in the Marxian one. This I had already anticipated when I wrote, showing the essential identity of the plots of the two dramas:

For the City of God and the City of the World, read Proletarians and Capitalists. For the eternal warfare between them, read the class-struggle. For the incarnation, read the transformation of labor-power into capital. For the crucifixion, read the exploitation of the workers by their employers, the growing poverty of the poor and the growing enrichment of the rich. For the resurrection and the faith in it, read the increasing class-consciousness of the poor. For the Last Judgment, read the Social Revolution. For heaven and hell, read the Socialist State. Whoso believes this gospel according to Karl Marx shall be saved; whoso does not believe shall go down with the Capitalists when the Revolution comes off. Then there will be no more crises, no more business cycles, no more unemployment. Men will produce for service and not for profit. They will own the tools of production in common; they will work together and play together, and rich and poor shall be no more.

The process by which this destiny unfolds itself is described as that mechanical causation which science postulates as the form of all change. And since Marx and his compeers have had as much to do as anybody with the postulation and spread of the notions "economic determinism," "materialistic conception of history," there is a widespread tendency to believe that this is so. It is not so, however. Marx borrowed his rule of change from the transcendentalist theologian Hegel, who believed that things change by turning into their opposites and then combining—thesis, antithesis, synthesis—as labor turns into capital and capital uses labor to make other kinds of capital. The process is dialectical, not mechanistic, and its conclusion is determined not by its beginning

but by its end. It is a foregone conclusion. Marx is really a teleologist thinking in matter. To him there is a providence that shapes for Socialism, rough-hew the steps of history as we may. This providence is immanent in the process of history; it is omniscient, omniscient: the saving force.

But neither the documents, nor contact with Socialists elsewhere had enabled me to realize how deep can be the feeling which this new transformation of the prehistoric gospel expresses. For example, I used to take with a grain of salt the continual reports that in Russia the expectancy of a world revolution like the Last Judgment was intense and practical so that it modified the conduct of the daily life and shaped the present hopes of men. But again and again I heard this revolution spoken of with the same assurance as a Christian would speak of the Second Coming, or the Last Judgment, as a Business Man would speak of next season's market or the fall styles. Always behind these remarks I could sense the quality of anxiety and fear, the notion of a war imminent against Russia from the capitalist world. Always it was borne in upon me that the faith justified all manner of things and animated and fertilized all manner of effort in the believer.

For example, I found myself one dim after-

noon in the laboratory of a distinguished physiologist at the Brain Institute of the school of Pavlov. He was conducting certain experiments in the motor coördinations of dogs that promised to throw an important light on the nature of the conduct of men. His description of his work, although mediated by an interpreter, was absorbing, but even more compelling were the occasional references he made to dialectical materialism and the materialistic conception of history. His work as an experimenter and these doctrines appeared intimately bound up with one another in his feelings, and he seemed unable to refer to the one without bringing the other into the discussion. To me this looked like a curious trick of his mind, and I was moved to raise the question as to what in effect Marxist philosophy had to do with experimental physiology or dialectical materialism with scientific forms. The distinguished scientist looked distinctly surprised.

"Of course," he retorted, "it has everything to do with it. The unity of the departments of science depends on it, and the value of special ideas when interpreted." When I pointed out that in the United States at least there were a number of scholars conducting analogous experiments and that these not only were not Marxists, but were not even ordinary materialists, he smiled; I

thought somewhat pityingly, as a believer of any other sect might, at an infidel unfit still for the saving vision of the faith. In the mind of this scientist, the work and the faith could not be separated one from the other. The faith did indeed symbolize a certain vitalization of his personality and a heightening of his activities. Logically distinct as it obviously was from the character of his work, emotionally it ennobled the work and assured it of a certain élan and success. In a word, the Marxist vision seemed to function in this one instance much as a catalyzer functions among chemicals. Without any action or change on its own part it liberates and enhances the activity of others.

This catalytic power is peculiar to religious ideas of all orders. It is a recurrent religious phenomenon and testifies to the genuineness and the vitality of the change of heart in the Russian people which their revolution incarnates. Of course, the time will come when it will lose its power. Nothing lasts forever, and why should Communism be an exception? But how poignant, how never-to-be-questioned, is its present rôle! The propagation of the gospel and its realization both bear all the stigmata of a religious manifestation. Even the heretical faithful who are its victims attest this. So Trotzky. Condemned by the party and suffering the consequences of his

heresy, this leader of dissidence speaks of the event as not something that has come about through the communion and clash of living personalities one upon another, but as the inevitable disenfoldment of the dialectic of revolution. This dialectic requires all revolutions to run an identical course. So what is more natural than for Trotsky to use special patterns abstracted from what is on record of the French revolution to designate the courses of the Russian one?

The very tools by which the gospel is propagated and established show a certain religious quality. I have already referred to the Communist Party. One is never told when he is encountering a member of the party, but there are forms of behavior which are as definitive of membership as military dress or the garb of the clergy. Thus it is invariably the Communist waiters who refuse the tips; others can be persuaded. It is the Communist teachers who are most burdened. In fact, at this point and that, the Party recalls to a historically minded person the overdevotion and loyalty to the Church exhibited by the Society of Jesus during the early years of its organization, save that the Jesuits carried the gospel of the Church of Christ among the upper classes, while the Communists carry the gospel of the civilization of Marx among the proletarians. The

vow of obedience is common to both and equally efficacious in both. The Communist surrender of individuality and initiative to the discipline of the Party suggests the Jesuit rule and practice. And above all, Jesuitism is suggested by the conduct of affairs on the principle that the end justifies the means.

Not for a moment can it be allowed that this notion is a dogma of the Marxian gospel. If it largely describes the political behavior of the rulers of the Soviet Republic, it is because their behavior is a precipitate of what seemed to be the necessities of the situation, to be deprecated, but ineluctable. When the Bolsheviks came to power, the revolution had to be defended against enemies within and enemies without. The business of government had somehow to be carried on. The transformation of the national economy according to the model set by the Communist revelation had to be somehow accomplished. The habits of the new rulers had been the habits of the underground, the furtive, the secret and the pursued. Always the objects of elaborate spy systems, of military and political oppression as the enemies of government, the Bolsheviks, when they themselves became the government, found that merely to reverse the rôles was the nearest, the simplest, the easiest way. So the end of government was

changed, but not the means. The revolutionary power took over the technique of the Tzarist bureaucracy, employed as many as it could trust or supervise of the Tzarist bureaucrats, and added its own to them. It did not take over Tzarist ideals. Thus Tzarist practices go with Communist professions in the general faith that, because of the professions, Communist practices will grow out of the Tzarist ones.

To me this assumption seems pathetically ironic. No one who is at all conscious of the dynamic, organism-like connections between means and ends, can regard as other than an illusion the notion that it is possible so to separate them that an end will not carry in its being and form the traits of the means that made it—virtue, if the means were valid, enduring, and good; corruption and decay, if the means were corrupt. The quality and strength of an end imply the quality and strength of the means which made it. The idea that they are external to one another is a convenient mythology. As a matter of history, it is no more possible to separate means and ends in social life than it is possible to separate the years intervening between a man's first birthday and his twentieth from the twentieth. Whatever he is in his twentieth year the nineteen earlier ones have made him. Indeed they

are his twentieth. It integrates them and sums them up and they push it on to his twenty-first year. Or, if you prefer a material to a biological instance, means enter into the nature of ends and constitute them just as hydrogen and oxygen enter into the nature of water and constitute it. Different as these are, they are as specifically interdependent as they are different. . . .

Toward the making of a new society, old institutions, established customs, traditional practices and usages contribute only obstructions. A new society comes to be when new habits of life are established. And habits are adjustments of conduct to conditions. Only by the creation of new conditions can new ways of life be lastingly set up. Lacking the conditions, the habits will also be lacking. And lacking the conditions the original irrelevancy of means to ends, of practices to professions, becomes deepened. The old means, shaken by the revolution into instability, become reconfirmed through revolutionary uses as the habits of life. The new end becomes more and more remote from the actual business of living. It becomes simply the form in which public emotion is expressed, in speech, in rituals, in whatever other symbols. It becomes more than ever a religion. So it was with Christianity in the western world. So it is in danger of being with Com-

munism. The doctrinal orthodoxy is already set up. The pictorial symbolism is growing day by day in variety and theme. Though it is only ten years since the revolution, the gods of the Communist Pantheon have already nearly become stereotyped. Lenin is of course the outstanding example. In a sense Lenin replaces Christ in the new state religion of Russia. If Marx is God the Father, then Lenin is God the Son. To offset the birthday of Christ, the Communists officially celebrate the deathday of Lenin. This occurred January 21, 1924. It is the Communist festival competitively opposed to December 25, just as May first is the Communist festival competitively opposed to the Christian Easter Sunday.

Not only is Lenin's ikon found wherever the gospel has been spread or the state has power. His very mummy lies in Communist state of a terrible simplicity under a glass tent in the Red Square. It is guarded by soldiers of the Red Army. Changing the guard is a religious ritual which hundreds gather to observe. Viewing the god is an innermost pious rite, like the Christian unveiling of the Host, which is repeated again and again, day in, day out, by members of all classes. It has its macabre allurements. I have myself seen Lenin half a dozen times. Each time I found myself one of an endless queue of peasants and work-

ers, women with their children, men with their women, waiting patiently on their way from work to pay again due reverence to the dead redeemer who carried out the proletarian revolution. Along the queue, venders of cakes and bread and drinks of various sorts ply their trades. Numberless hucksters with small ikons of the dead god that could be worn in the buttonhole solicit the worshiper. Slowly you enter that curious wooden mausoleum. It is a building whose base suggests a bank or factory of the machine age. Its middle is a pyramid, its apex suggests something Doric that yet is not Greek and not anything else. The whole effect outside is of severity, of simplicity, yet not of harmony. The longer you look the more disquieting it becomes and somehow also the more apt, like certain types of modern music. You come to think of it as a true symbol of the tangled puritan passion of this new religion and its god. Then you go in. You step down deep winding stairs into a pit. All heads are bare. The hush is more solemn than in a church. Footsteps beat on the stairs like muffled drums. You get an impression of sharp black color. But chiefly the walls are red and shine redly where the electric light falls on them. Soon you feel the tepid wind of a great electric fan and hear its whir. Then you behold first the feet of the god in army shoes and

then the whole figure, in simple khaki, one hand clenched over his breast, the other at his side, and the mummified yellow face shining ghastly in its all-disturbing repose. You walk around this recumbent symbol of the proletarian revolution, this symbol that was a force in life and is being transformed into an even greater force in death. You are glad to ascend the stairs on the other side and to breathe the open air of the Red Square. The hush comes with you for a considerable way from the tomb that is temple, too.

The way out is in the direction of the chapel of the all-beneficent, the all-comforting and very ancient Iberian Virgin. You walk there and find yourself in a crowd of old men and women who before her assemble daily to do her reverence. She is no mummy with flesh yellow as ivory; her skin is renewed red and white and her gauds are still upon her. Her worshipers still kneel to her, but they seem to me to be old. Not many are young. Her candles still burn and close by the gate on the wall of what is said to have been the old Town Hall, is a white inscription on a tablet, "Religion is opium for the people." Not infrequently worshipers come from the shrine of Lenin to the shrine of the Virgin and cross themselves before the tablet, too. . . .

Communism is not the sole religion of Russia.

It is a religion added to its multitude and it is the state religion. It displaces the old church in power and prestige. It is official, but it does not abolish the old religions. Indeed as one moves up and down the great broad Slavic plains, one gets the sense that the cults have themselves benefited by the liberation which the revolution brought about, as much as any other aspect of the common life. Before the revolution the numerous religious sects of Russia were persecuted and driven. Now they pursue their worship in the open air. They are professing their faiths and practicing their ceremonials free and unafraid at last. Only the State church has not profited from the change. Orthodoxy's prerogatives have been taken by Communism. It is now a competitive cult among other cults. There are new gods and the faces of the old ones have been changed.

And fundamentally, in spite of its advantageous position, Communism is also a competitive cult. It enters Russian life and stays in it as a missionary religion, as a missionary religion backed by political power, what Christianity might be if adopted by the Chinese government. Communism in Russia is as much a faith and as little a fact as Christianity in the United States. Communism is to the economic and social realities of Russia what Christianity is to the economic and social

realities of the United States—very little more and no less.

Being the official religion of the State—the Communist Party corresponds to the ecclesiastical establishment, and how laborious, how highly disciplined, how plain-living, how puritan and exacting an establishment it is!—Communism possesses, of course, a certain advantage of position. It is favored in schools and colleges. Its adherents have the inside track in appointments to public office and the like. Its sacred texts and the very prospectively gargantuan commentaries upon them that have been elaborated since the revolution by the new body of Communist scholastics—and that promise to make as imposing a library of socialist scholasticism as the medieval doctors made of Christian—have the advantage in the government printing offices. And so on. No one not blinded by prejudice will claim, however, that this situation is peculiar to Russia. It obtains *de jure* in every country with an official cult, *de facto* in every country with a prevailing one. In a word, the State cult in Russia, like the State cult anywhere in the world, transacts “business as usual.”

This means that it has a favorable handicap in the field of religion, but in no way a monopoly. The official program of the Party looks to the

mortification to death of its rivals and competitors "only through the realization of purposefulness and self-consciousness in the entire social-economic activity of the masses." It proposes and carries on "scientific enlightenment and anti-religious propaganda." At the same time, it declares that it is essential "carefully to avoid anything that might violate religious feelings." Not since Christianity became the official faith of the western world has such a liberal attitude toward rivals gone with such a firmness of belief in the infallibility and salvational power of the faith. Russia, for the first time in her history, is enjoying the rare modern privilege of religious tolerance. . . .

What then is it that changed the faces of the gods in Russia and made place for new ones in the Pantheons? Not the devil of Bolshevism, nor the revolution it let loose, nor the Marxian Anti-christ that, according to Tikhon, it set up. The Church herself, by her goodly and godly work through generations, changed the faces of the gods and altered the words of their mouths; the Church and the churchmen whose breath was her life and whose living was her precious provision. An ecclesiastical establishment of ancient history and worth, the Orthodox Church naturally had attained to great riches in lands and buildings and

treasures of gold and jewels and silver. Her princes were princes among princes, and among the people their rule was made sure by the rule of the State. The priests who were the guardians of the Orthodox tradition and the ministers of its rite were members of an organization in which they were divided into two classes. One was composed of the black monks who lived in monasteries and did not marry; the other, of the white popes who lived among the people and did marry. The monks were learned and arrogant and political; from them only could the high officers of the Church be chosen. The popes were ignorant and envious and powerless; they formed the mass of the priesthood and endured with hatred what they could not remedy with force. The interest which united them with the monks was enmity against the sectaries and schismatics who kept popping up to challenge authority and to menace livelihood. Article 185 of the Tzarist criminal code provided that all the possessions of any who abandoned the Orthodox Church were to be confiscated and the dissidents imprisoned—until due and convincing repentance secured renewed access to the consolations of the faith.

Dissidence, in Russia, had from the beginning been perhaps far more widespread, counted a larger number of adherents, associated in a

greater variety of sects, than in any other country that God had blessed with an established Church. The nineteenth century saw a great resurgence of dissident sects. Whatever names they went by, and whatever the peculiarity of their inspiration and rite, or their ritelessness, they tended to have one thing in common. On the whole and in the long run, they were all protesters; and the thing they protested was their deep misery under the economic and social oppression of the Tzarist régime. They joined together eccentricities of dress and diet, idiosyncrasies of idol and idea with the rejection of government, of property, of war, of castes and of classes.

Some saw salvation in a second coming of Napoleon; others in the way of life taught by Tolstoy, whom the Church had excommunicated; others in the wearing of white robes; others in drinking milk only; others in the observance of a Saturday Sabbath; others in baptism only; others in self-mutilation. Some were called by the names of various leaders—Napoleonists, Tolstoyans, Stoundists, Sontaievtzi. Others were called by the names of their peculiar practices—Stranglers, Doukhobors, Milk-Drinkers, Merchants of Paradise, Jumpers and the like. Still others were named by their peculiar doctrines—like the Little Gods, Divine Men—also called, for their

practices, flagellants—Sons of God, Brothers of Death. Nearly all of them preached, in one form or another, community of possessions, wickedness of war and similar “revolutionary” doctrines. All suffered persecution at the hands of Church and State—and together they counted their millions.

Could these sects, spread from Sebastopol to Vladivostok, have been anything but fertile soil for the seed of revolutionary doctrine, doctrine so almost identical, at least in earthly matters, with what they themselves believed and taught, and as they could, practiced? The great authority on the sects of Russia is Vladimir Bonch-Bruevitch, Lenin’s secretary from the revolution to his death. As early as 1894, Bonch-Bruevitch told me, he had called Lenin’s attention to the high readiness of these dissidents for revolutionary propaganda, and much work was done among them. When the revolution came, they were among its most believing supporters, and in the counter-revolution they had a signal rôle in the defeat of Wrangel, Yudenich, Kolchak and other leaders of the White reaction.

To-day these sects are flourishing in Russia, the Baptists indeed so mightily that the State has offered them legal status as a corporate body. Expatriate colonies—Doukhobors, for example—are seeking to return home. Judaists, who meet

their great opposition from the members of the Jewish section of the Communist Party, were emboldened to ask for permission to call a national conference of all Judaistic congregations, and received it. The conference was set for October, 1927, and was to deal with various problems of the cultus; with education; with the freedom of the Judaist religious press; with the question of a permanent national-religious organization. It did not come off. Why, belongs to the fears and anxieties of the Jewish Communists. . . .

One does not need to be in Russia a long time to realize that the great revolution was far less a social upheaval than a religious reformation. Traveling as I did from Roman Catholic Warsaw, with its Julian calendar, to Greek Catholic Russia, with its Orthodox one, two Christian Easter Sundays fell to my portion. The first I managed to survive in Warsaw. The second I spontaneously enjoyed in Moscow. And then the kind gods blessed me with a Communist one. For my second Sunday was May Day. On both Sundays there were great processions of the same men and women. On Easter Sunday they marched into churches and chapels; the ikons they carried and adored were those of the ancient tradition; the event they celebrated was the turn of the season,

the resurrection of the Lord. On May Day they marched from peasants' and workers' *doms*, from Union headquarters, from barracks and shops and schools; the ikons they carried and adored were the red flag, the images of the saints and seers and saviors established by the revolution, the texts and maxims of the new dispensation; deep down, the event they celebrated was still the turn of the season, weighted now with a turn of a political wheel, a resurrection of the common man in a "proletarian revolution." So far as I could see, the mood of the parading masses was the same on both holidays—the Christian Easter and the Communist May Day—and the masses were the same. What was different was the status of the language and symbolic vessels of the two festivals. . . . The mighty had been lowered from their seat and those of low degree exalted. The first had been made last and the last had been made first. Power and authority had shifted their earthly seats. But I could not see that to the hearts of the worshipers the heavenly value of what had been cast down had at all been diminished. It was only that a heavenly value had accrued to what had been lifted up, because it had been lifted up and held the power of a new salvation. . . .

6

THAT the religion of Dialectical Materialism seeks to give itself a material incarnation goes of course without saying. The endeavor to change the so-called individualistic habit of the common life to a coöperative and collective one continues without study and without let-up. With the necessities of the living situation it makes the compromises it must. The first balkings of disillusion have already set in as noticeably here as in Italy. I recall a staid evening in Rome. We were a mixed company, taking coffee at Aragno's. Some of us had had much wine and all of us had had our fill of liqueur, cognac mostly. Two of us were foreigners, one was partyless, the rest Fascists. It was a time, though not a place, for confidences. Said a devoted but naïve leader of the Fascio in Florence, toward the end of a discourse in which he summed up the hopes that had animated him and the faith by which he was moved through the difficult years of the establishment of Fascism: "Well, we have done everything. We have made our sacrifices. We have hoped to get peace and bread for our wives and children, security to work for ourselves. We have paid the taxes when they asked us and then paid more taxes. We have sacrificed and we have sac-

rificed. And when we ask for the bread and the work, we are told to wait and bidden to pay still more taxes. We have waited. How much longer must we wait? Are we of iron, to endure? I wish that I could ask this of the Duce. I would like to send my little Margarita to ask it for me. He knows her, he knows me. Maybe we should get an answer. He would have it, our Duce."

In Russia the disillusion has taken another form. It has been a practical recession of the government from the logical extremes of Communism to the illogical but more stable *via media* of what was called a new economic policy. The coöperative organizations which had at first been frowned upon as somewhat "boorzjooi" have been encouraged and developed. Industrialism is on everybody's tongue and in everybody's plans everywhere. With this last, disillusion has come because it cannot be accomplished without capital, and capital in the needful amounts and on the Bolshevik terms is not to be had. Industrialization is more than anything else the frontier of the Russian hope. Industrial countries are looked to with a longing and an eagerness which move all classes; and especially the United States. My host of a night who could face the prospect of famine with "Nitchivo" asked me many pathetic questions regarding the state of the American farmers—

whether they all have tractors and Fords and light their houses with electricity. Have water in the house even, and bath tubs, it was said? My host of an afternoon who took me to that slight wooded height to the west of Moscow from which a hundred and more years ago Napoleon surveyed the burning of the town, discoursed to me in glowing terms about Americanization. We were a company of five: Yazikoff, of noble blood, a delicate, sensitive aristocrat, and a revolutionary from his boyhood on, who had given his life to the liberation of his people before the revolution and added his property to the gift after it, now head of the Bureau of Statistics of the Soviet government; myself; a young man from Tennessee who knew cotton; a Russian-Jewish-American who mediated between the cotton growers of America and the cotton users of Russia, and the chauffeur. Our talk was of the dependence of Russia on foreign capital and the possible future of the newly awakened country. "We hope," said Yazikoff, "not only to develop industrially like you, but to go beyond you. We intend to Americanize as rapidly and thoroughly as possible."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why not?" he replied.

"Have you been in the United States? Do you like what is happening there?"

"Oh, we shall avoid your mistakes. We have the advantage of starting much later than you, and your example is before us. We shall profit by your mistakes." But I could not share this optimism, which prevails and touches all the classes of the community alike. Certainly it is the one hope of the cult which is practical and is susceptible of a realistic embodiment. The other changes, the inward reorganization of the common life, the socialization of the individual soul, and the like, are all contingent on this one. So far, the Soviet system, the Soviet idea with its innumerable committees, its countless rules and meetings and votes, leads to a disproportionate predominance of talk over action. Visiting the factories, watching the workers, one gets to feel that only in those places where superintendence is efficacious is production significant. For the rest, the Circumlocution Office prevails in the economic as in the political institution.

The first fine, free frenzy has subsided in the makers of the revolution. But as one meets this person or that—I met Litvinoff one evening in the Yiddish State Theater; he hid from the public during the entr'acte—one gets an impression of weariness, of a kind of nervous and emotional exhaustion. The daily grind of administrative construction, the demands upon inexperienced people

of a terrific administrative routine, must all inevitably take their toll. Even successful revolutionaries can be driven into the mental state of tired radicals. Beneficiaries of their activity and devotion can and do come into this state more easily. Not even an individual life changes as rapidly as evangelists suggest. Convicted as men may be of sin and swiftly as grace may come to them, living in grace is also a matter of habituation and growth, of overcoming the inertia of old habits of conduct and established traits of character. Relapses are as numerous as they are automatic. This is why home missionaries flourish and the Christian authority demands a continuous evangelization for which the Trotzian "continuous revolution" is a precise analogue. . . . When the task is to transform groups and societies, the reaction is still slower a-coming. Often it takes so long that it seems never likely to show forth. Then the forces that seek to establish it become impatient, disappointed, and finally cynical. Material prosperity—whether the crops are good or bad; whether money is plentiful and tools are available; whether changes are not imperceptible but can be noticed and pointed to as miracles of renewal—exercises a large influence. It helps to set the attitude of the peasant and worker. It establishes whether he shall coöperate happily

and vigorously or whether he shall either respond actively or be so much dead weight upon the chariot of revolutionary change.

In the latter case the change has to be imposed from above and its successful establishment remains forever doubtful. In the former case the problem becomes one of determining incentives and animating them to the point where coöperative action flows freely. First it was "Bread and Peace." Then it was "All Power to the Soviets." Then it was "All Land to the Peasants." The immemorial land hunger of the peasantry is one cornerstone of the revolution and the chiefest and strongest. Another is the immemorial hunger for power and station of the town worker. Another is the lasting need of freedom for the countless religious cults and nationalities within the old Russian Empire. Only last, and deriving its all-Russian drive from these, the Marxist faith comes. Each, one gets the impression, has by now done its work toward shaping the revolution. Their persistence is security for its permanence. It assures the new Russia that every possible counter-revolution will fail. But I could see no indication that they have given the Russian psyche that turn of the spirit which would set it beyond peradventure on the road toward Communist habits of life rather than a Communist declaration of faith.

On the contrary. The Orthodox Church is dis-established, but its rivals that with the secular arm at its disposal it used to persecute, flourish and grow. The old caste system has been overthrown, but government is a regency for the proletariat and the dictatorship of the proletariat is quite another thing from dictatorship by the proletariat. The international vision is still recited and the Third International functions steadily as its apostle and missionary; but domestic propaganda and foreign ill-will have so enhanced and vivified the nationalism of the Slavs, and of each one of the hundred other Russian subject nationalities, that it has become very hard for the most devout internationalists to recognize that a class war, in which the proletarians of the whole world are to unite to establish a universal socialist order, need in no way be the same as an international war, in which the Russian system is to be imperially imposed upon the whole world. Under the circumstances, how should the two not be one?

If any fundamental change whatever has occurred, it is in the status and the attitude of women. Before the revolution the women of Russia were never highly regarded. The Russian world was a man's world, as the proverbs of the people attest. "The wife is to be kept in subjec-

tion with blows if the master of the house desires peace and a good life," says the proverb; "a fowl is not a bird and a woman is not a human." The dimensions of the female life were all hard labor and childbearing. All this the revolution has utterly altered. Legally, women now have the same status as men, and the same rights and responsibilities in every activity of life. The system ostensibly refuses to acknowledge any difference whatsoever between the sexes. Humans are human first and male and female afterward. As human, they are alike equal before the law. The female function of childbearing and childbirth is recognized as such and cherished and protected. For the rest, women live their own lives at their own risk as men do.

It seems to me impossible to quarrel with this theory or with this legislation. In the villages it appears to some degree vindicated. The complaints about women that the peasants made under the old order are now replaced by a new set of complaints: women are running away from their natural tasks to too many committees and conferences and meetings; they are neglecting the duties of the household and farm; they are behaving too much like the children; they are refusing to bear children; they seek abortions and the government justifies them. Such complaints testify to a liberation.

But the fact remains that the woman living in the agricultural economy is still a personality in a household. Her status cannot but be determined by the necessities of the economy, by the old habits of relationship between the sexes. The new order has enlarged her activities, improved her position, added to her feeling of personal worth, without altering her fundamental relationship to the household and the business of winning a living from the soil. The woman of the country seemed to me better off than the woman of the city. The faces of the countrywomen were uniformly more reposeful and self-acquiescent.

This may have been due to the fact that they were "rubes," but I doubt it. The working-people of the cities are hardly a generation removed from the soil, and urbanization could not yet have altered their essential quality. You cannot take a walk through a Moscow street on a crowded day without becoming aware of strain in the faces of the women. The factory workers, the shop girls and the like, are more directly involved in the application and consequences of the new law. The effects do not seem at present very happy. I have talked with several—with a distinguished official in the educational system; with the wife of a minister of state; with a number of school teachers and office workers. That they enjoy and idealize their liberties, they do not permit you to doubt.

That the liberties involved a conflict with the fundamental anabolic female psyche, the sight of them did not permit you to doubt either. They all seemed to lack security and stability and to want them. They all spoke of the advantages of continuous family life for children—even the director of a very significant experimental school in which the disadvantages of the family were supposed to be abolished and its advantages preserved and enhanced. For, of course, Communism is anti-pathetic to the family in any sense in which that word has hitherto had meaning, and in the cities the validity of the old familial form of sex life is receiving drastic tests. Of course, the attitude of the women who discussed the matter with me may be only transitional. That many suffer rather than benefit from the new freedom seems to me to be true. The matter is one, however, on which the correct posture is an open mind. Another generation will tell the tale. . . .

7

Women are most completely the material of revolutionary change. Next in order I should set the children. The preoccupation of the Communist administration with the children of the state is fundamental. Their proper indoctrination, the

setting up in them of habits of the group as against individual habits are definitively the prime objectives of Communist public education. Everything else is secondary. Educational experiment focuses in countless instances upon the processes by which social habits can be set up and developed in work, in play, in all of the activities of a child's life. The schools are specifically designated as "the ideological arms of the revolution," and next to the setting up of industry and the industrialization of agriculture, the schools are the most important instrument in the transformation of the Russian psyche.

The extent to which they have been developed is not great and their quality is extremely variable. The contrast between the show places and the schools of the countryside is notorious. Because of it and others many people keep saying that the Soviet government has created a false front which it shows to the visitor but conceals the disorder and incompetence and futility behind. This ridiculous notion has such a vogue that I cannot help mentioning it. I had myself been warned by various personages of importance that I would be shown only beautiful and intriguing façades, and I was shown those. But nothing was done to prevent me from looking at everything else and I looked at everything else I had the time and the

strength to. I cannot see that the Russian practice in such matters differs from that of any other country; certainly not from the American practice. How many visitors from abroad are shown the slums of the East Side, as well as New York's Park Avenue? How many are brought to an agricultural village in Tennessee as well as to John D. Rockefeller's country estate in Westchester? We all like to put our best foot forward to the stranger and we all have had a much longer time than Russia to perfect a best foot.

To me what the Russians have accomplished educationally in ten years has seemed marvelous. And as education is essential to the perpetuation of the government and the realization of its ideals, I have an idea that the prospect is very good that the very ambitious and extensive educational program will be realized. From what I saw of Russian schools, both the show ones and the others, I came away with the feeling that the educational system itself was enough to justify the revolution.

The program of this system is not a phase of the revolution. Most of the body of devoted teachers who carry it out are not Communists, hardly revolutionaries. The thinking about education had been done long before there was any dream that the Tzarist perpetuation of illiteracy

could be ended. What the revolutionary government did was to provide the educational leaders and the pedagogical experts with an opportunity to put their plans in action, and to back them up in what they were doing. It has multiplied the number of normal schools and is trying its best to turn out teachers in the quickest possible time. Of course failures and deficiencies and errors go with the process. Where do they not? And where, I kept asking myself after talking with one teacher and another—former shoemaker, tailor, machinist, peasant who had been a prisoner in a German prison camp for two years and had there learned to read and write—could one find a parallel self-dedication and devotion to the task of bringing light to the “dark people,” as the peasants call themselves?

The pedagogical outlook upon which the program of the technique of instruction is based, is called the “Complex Method.” Its principle is as obvious as Columbus’ egg, and as unprecedented. It takes for its point of departure the practical, immediate interests of the daily life and leads from them into all the disciplines of the wide world. Thus I was present at a lesson in botany in a schoolroom of a southern village. The teacher was a young man of twenty-six, a former shoemaker from Kherson. The schoolroom used

to be an old Jewish *cheder* and the pupils were mostly Jews, the offspring of farmers round about. It was sowing time and the children had been with their teacher out in the fields watching the planting of the seeds. Each had his garden where he planted similar seeds. Each had had to analyze his soil, gauge rainfall, compare the relative merits of different kinds of seed, and the like. There was little book-learning and much experimental curiosity. On the basis of the living experience the correct—Marxist—theory was set up. I heard it developed in a discussion which turned on the day's data. The teacher led, not too skillfully, but competently enough. And before long, the whole economy of the production and distribution of breadstuffs was being ardently disputed.

The plan has its definitive merits. It extends broadly to all possible subject matter of instruction: the arts and sciences, the practical disciplines, the organization of social life. Children seem much preoccupied with the latter; I was told that they hold even more meetings and serve on more committees than their mothers. The rest of the subject matter is embraced under a sort of semi-religious propaganda that is known abroad as Proletkult. This is the culture of the revolution. Its intent is to impart the ethos of the proletarian to every activity of the mind and expression of the

heart that the children and the citizens of the State are capable of. The theater, the graphic arts and literature all undergo modulations of Proletkult. It sets themes and determines accents. It sets the guide-lines for the text-books, which do not yet exist in sufficient quantity and are being laboriously produced to realize the new ideal. The heart of Proletkult is the notion that there is a species of culture which embodies the vision and the interests of the proletarian dictatorship and that this culture can be communicated like scientific facts or the Nicene Creed or the Augsburg Confession to one generation after another. The notion operates both as a liberator of energies and as a substantial modification of the ethos of the arts. Its outlines are precisely laid down in the gospel according to Karl Marx and in its official glosses by the Russian Communists. As a working fact its outlines, since weak men draw them, are not altogether definite. The gospel has a somewhat viable integrity. . . .

8

This integrity is in the hands of a body of censors. These are known as the Glavlit. They compose a general bureau under the Department of Education. Glavlit controls what goes on in the

theater, what is printed in the books and the papers, what is drawn and painted by graphic artists, or carved by sculptors. Old works are set forth with prescribed new valuations, at least in lighting and setting. New ones illustrate some phase of the Communist gospel. Famous are the experimental aspect of the Russian *mise en scène*, the work of Meyerhold, the work of Eisenstein. Because these are produced in Russia with the current Russian accent, they naturally are called Communist. But as I see them they belong to the patterns of the industrialized world anywhere and are of a piece with the new art everywhere.

Not so with the plays that the workmen and the "studios" attached to the theaters write for themselves. There you have a sort of liturgical drama in which workmen, schoolmasters, *comsomols* save the revolution or some of its predestined manifestations at the sacrifice of their own lives. They are dying gods like Osiris or Dionysus or Christ or, now, Lenin, whose death brings salvation. They appear in fiction. In Germany I picked up a book called "Cement" which tells the tale of the hero workman who undergoes all the misfortunes of revolution, the counter-revolution and reconstruction, losing his wife, his child, his home, enduring and suffering all that the new world might be. "Cement" is typical. The fun-

damentals of the gospel are vindicated, but one item after another comes in for drastic criticism—the bureaucratism, the selfishness and brutality of leaders, the graft, the politics within the party, the sensualism, the use of party machinery for personal ends, and all that. Indeed, within the limits of the gospel controversy is open and bitter and violent. There is the satire without sympathy, the unloving laughter, the realism without reality, the passion for righteousness and the indignation with wickedness that occasionally comes to typicality in America in such work as Sinclair Lewis's. The criticism has to occur, has to occur as an aspect of the orthodoxy of those Communists who are pure in heart, in whom the cleansing commissions find no evil. For publication it requires the imprimatur of a censorship which works without fixed rules. The range of this censorship is as wide as the common life. The Communists glory in it and insist that with it the minds of men in Russia are far freer than anywhere else in the wide world. . . .

One finds an impressive, inevitable analogy with the censorship exercised by the Roman Catholic Church, especially after the counter-reformation. Like the Church, the Communist Party assumes that there exists one and only one true and infallible revelation. This revelation is, in Bukha-

rin's words, "the best in the history of civilization—materialism, Marxism." What is written and acted or portrayed or printed, must conform to it. As once Catholics of the seventeenth century rewrote Dante to suit the new criteria of the Church, so now Russians rewrite Communists or H. G. Wells. Every publication—whether printed by the gargantuan State publishing house, which is a sort of Haldeman Julius on a national scale, or by the one or two or three surviving private printers—requires an imprimatur. News is censored to fit the gospel and foreign books and pamphlets are examined by the post office for heresies, and if these are found, are either returned to the sender, or destroyed. Even pure science has its limits. I know of a case in which authority withheld a brilliant study in psychology from publication because it did not conform to the premises or inferences of dialectical materialism. Even the Party itself undergoes censorship and periodically there is a momentous "cleansing"—which impresses those subject to it like the Last Judgment—whereby the Party is purged of undesirables. "Cement" recounts such a "cleansing." One gathers from it that "undesirable" has variable denotations, among which a lapse from orthodoxy is not often the most important or most momentous. . . .

CHAPTER II

NEW SALVATION AND THE ANCIENT SIN

I

OF THE Communist dispensation and the new life which it proclaims to the Russian peoples, the Jews of Russia are at once the beneficiaries and the victims.

Although they now have the privilege of living anywhere in the Republic, and although they have been spread by misfortune and necessity into all reaches of what used to be the Russian Empire, including the forbidden cities and Moscow, they still inhabit that portion of Russia which in Tzarist days used to be known as the Pale. To a considerable extent their history is consubstantial with the history of the Jews of Poland. They are spread over a contiguous territory stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea, through White Russia, Ukrainia and the Crimea. They are numerous in the provinces of Grodno, Minsk, Vitebsk, Mogilev, Volhynia, Podolia, Kiev, Chernigov, Poltava, Ekaterinoslav, Kherson; a nucleus of twenty thousand is to be found in Georgia, and since the revolution they have penetrated Siberia, Armenia, Azerbaijan.

In some of these provinces they had lived for centuries, mostly in small *mestchiki* or villages which were centers for trade and barter for the peasants round about. They had been the inn-keepers and liquor-sellers of the villages. They had served the muzhiks of the countryside as artisans and middlemen. When the Poles were the rulers of Ukrainia they had been instruments of Polish exploitation as factors and tax gatherers for the Polish masters. I have already referred to the Jewish horror of 1648. The peasant uprising of that time was repeated again and again. Seventeen hundred and sixty-eight saw an especially terrible renewal.

After the partition of Poland, the Jews became the property of the Russian autocracy and this autocracy, even more than the Roman Catholic anarchy of Poland, was anti-Jewish by indoctrination. To it the Jews were fundamentally those outlaws from human society who, when they rejected the Savior who was born among them to save mankind from its sins, had been so defined by divine ukase. Even the ostensibly rationalist Catherine admitted all foreigners to Russia except Jews, and when she took the considerable area of Polish territory where Jews largely lived, she constituted it the Pale of settlement whose boundaries have been the formal

limit of Jewish habitation from that time. From that time too the Jews became the hapless subjects of a curious policy of repression and exploitation which lasted right up to the war.

In the course of events the privileges of association and taxation that they had enjoyed under Poland to the advantage of the Poles, were withdrawn from them. One set of disabilities after another was imposed. They were driven from the land. The liquor trade was taken away from them. They were excluded from the schools. The rights of citizenship were denied them. Forced to live in the towns of the Pale without access either to the soil or to the learned professions, the victims of recurrent pogroms organized by *agents-provocateurs* employed by the government, they were largely driven in upon themselves and compelled to set up a way of life within the narrow limits which the social environment imposed. Every so often they were accused of ritual murder and the use of Christian blood for religious celebrations. Who does not remember the case of Mendel Beilis, which just before the war echoed through the civilized world? Numbers of the agents and agitators in that case are now aristocratic émigrés, beneficiaries of the hospitality of American snobdom, among them being the notorious Boris Brasol.

So driven, the organization of Jewish life in Russia split into two parts. One involved the business of making a living in a hostile society which they served mostly as middlemen. The other involved the hope of escape and salvation from the intolerable difficulties of the living world. As with the Polish Jews, so with the Russian Jews. The vision of salvation in the course of time began to overshadow and to upset the enterprise of living. For each single Jew who became rich thousands upon thousands became poorer and poorer. With the growth of the peculiar Jewish poverty, with the continued exclusion from the opportunity so to work as to overcome the poverty, there grew up also a compensatory scorn of work and of the prosperous working neighbor. The more miserable the chosen people were in the present, the more glorious was to be their future destiny if only they would adequately love the Lord Jehovah and obey his commandments. To love the Lord and obey his commands meant to occupy oneself more and more with the ritual minutiae of the *Shulchan Aruch* and the wire-drawn refinements of Talmudical dialectic. The Jew who did work with his hands, the *Ba'al Meloche*, was regarded as hardly better than a goy. The Talmudical student, if his father-in-law did not keep him, be-

cause of the merit his studies laid up for the family in heaven, was supported by his wife, who *de facto* functioned as the worldly head of the household while her husband was preoccupied with the things of heaven. If she did well she would have the privilege of serving as a footstool for his feet among the saints seated at the Lord's table in the world to come. The racial finalities of that world were to be preceded by the magical appearance of the Messiah and the restoration of Israel to the Promised Land. The whole magical profession depended upon the meticulous ritual righteousness of devout Jewry. It could not be consummated until that was perfect. Inasmuch as sinful men could never be perfectly righteous, salvation could hardly come through their unaided efforts. Was it any wonder that young Jews of the Pale, shut in by the Yeshibah and the compensatory doctrinal defenses of rabbinical Judaism, should become impatient of their bonds and seek by stealth, and sometimes by open defiance, another way of salvation? . . .

And how could this other way be anything but secular? And being secular with respect to Jewish life, what could it be save revolutionary with respect to the wider gentile life which owned its own religious orthodoxy? . . . The way out branched. One road stretched toward

the secularization of Jewry. This was taken by the young men and women who made the Haskala. They walked it in the heart of the Jewish community. They brought there the learning, the culture, the outlook, of the wider civilized world. They fought an enduring and still uncompleted battle with the ecclesiasticism and the priestly tradition of the hapless Chosen People. They developed Yiddish from a vernacular of the populace into a language of literature. They imbued Hebrew with a new life and they tried to convert the vision of the restoration to the Promised Land into a practical endeavor of colonization in Palestine.

The other road was the denationalization of Jewry. Sufferers themselves from a double exclusion, first by the walls of their own faith and then by the walls of inimical faiths, from contact with the wide world, the young Jews who walked this road denied those walls reality and validity. The differences between men, they said, are artificial and unreal. They are fabricated by property and power, by superstition and privilege. Really all men are alike, all men are equal, all men are brothers. Really all live by the sweat of their brows. . . . These young Jews became fundamental socialists, agitators, conspirators, revolutionaries of the type of which Trotzky is

an avatar. These young Jews became on principle enemies of the middlemen of the world, as Marx, himself half a Jew, taught them to be; therefore on principle anti-Semites. They saw in their impoverished and degraded brethren in Russia the very essence of middlemanship, the pure trader, scorning work, scorning the worker, earning his bread by the sweat of other men's brows. The abolition of the Jew as trader became a passion with them.

This passion, curiously enough, these internationalists shared with the nationalist makers of the Haskala and the Zionists. The Jewish idyll of life on a farm is traditional and inveterate. To sit under one's own vine and figtree is a consecrated symbol of happiness, and the Zionist endeavor in Palestine without regard to the realities of the situation, is refracted by the same old sentimental vision of a bucolic idyll as that of the *Yevsekzie* in Russia.

The two movements could not of course develop in this curious, isolated, persecuted Jewry of Russia without encountering strange cross-currents. The Haskala, as the revival of secular learning among the Jews of the middle years of the nineteenth century was called, sought simply to establish the Jew as a human being among others without respect to economic function or his the-

ological idiosyncrasy. Its fundamental philosophy, which came to its final form in the work of Ahad Ha'am, had a certain eighteenth century cast and background with the difference that such a cast and background would acquire when assimilated to the Jewish problem. The Maskilim wanted cultural self-realization in terms of the individual quality of the group; a cultural center in Palestine for the inspiration of the Diaspora; for the rest to be a Jew among Jews and a man of the world in the world. The Zionists, after 1896, wanted more. They wanted the integration of the Jewish nationality everywhere and the establishment of the legally secured Jewish national home in Palestine. Their ideals and activities were early proscribed. The Tzarist government could not tolerate the claim to national rights in Russia.

The nationalist bias of the Haskala and the Zionists became the setting and the background for the economic bias of the Jewish socialists when, toward the end of the nineteenth century, the Tzarist dominions were started toward a belated industrialization. It was natural enough that the Jews, concentrated by law in the small towns and the cities of the Pale, condemned to cutthroat competition alternating with idleness, forbidden to occupy or work any land, should be the first

section of the population to be absorbed by factory work. They had, besides, a foundation of individual craftsmanship which is the same as that of the Jews in Poland. So the factories at first took them over and they became the subjects of an educational campaign on the part of the Jewish intellectuals who had learned to think in terms of the work bench rather than the school bench. In 1897, the same year the first Zionist congress assembled in Basle at the call of Theodor Herzl, the Jews formed a national Jewish labor organization called the Bund. This organization had the usual socialist program, with the addition that the realization of the program was focused in the needs and problems of Jewish workers as Jews; and the language, aptitudes, and interests of the Jews were the point of departure for the socialist activities of the Bund.

2

OF COURSE an organization of this kind could neither work alone nor be anything but illegal. It had to associate itself with the other subterranean forces of opposition and to seek after a joint program. So in 1898 it enrolled in the Russian Social Democratic party and for five years functioned as a member of that body. But the

party insisted on its abstractionist international doctrine and the men and women of the Bund knew that if they disregarded the Jewish national and cultural interest, their work would be so much the more difficult. Moreover, this interest was precious to them. Indeed, their program called for "national cultural autonomy" for the Jews.

The implications of that program were fundamentally those of the Zionists and the men and women of the Haskala. To them the state was an instrument, made up of economic and political institutions, which should serve to liberate and to secure a free development of the individuality of the groups that compose it. This individuality, they held, is embodied in the social institutions, the language, the culture of each people. Therefore the economic work is logically prior to the cultural work and provides its practical foundation. Since, however, economic and political reconstruction cannot be actually accomplished without cultural education, the two works have to be carried on at the same time, and on the spot where the Jews live, with the current instruments of communication and expression in the national life, *i.e.*, with Yiddish and the literature of Yiddish. So if the Haskala was the force in the renewal of Hebrew and the establishment of Yid-

dish as a literary medium, the Bundist movement was its only heir among the populace and carried on its work. But the Haskala had an aristocratic or at least a bourgeois background and reflected the state of mind of the middle class. The Bund went to the people. As against learning it glorified labor. Its scheme of salvation in an unmistakable way inverted the traditional values of the historic Jewish scene.

The impact of Bund, Haskala and Zionists resulted in a number of mixed patterns wherein the Palestinian nationalism of the Zionists was conjugated with the general socialism of the Bund. Of this were born a variety of sects, among them the Poalei Zionists and the Zeirei Zionists, who have vestiges in Poland and power in Palestine. On the other hand, the Jewish Socialist Workers and the Zionist Socialists who at one time formed the United Jewish Socialist Party, have disappeared. For as among other sects, Christian or Jewish or pagan, fundamentally similar in principle, the points of difference and the rivalry of personalities swelled disproportionately large. Party warfare became more important than common purpose. It displaced as an end the general task of social construction of Jewish life. The parties competed for Jewish converts instead of collaborating for Jewish well-being. All of them,

moreover, were compelled to work under cover; all were regarded as the enemies of law and order, as a menace to the state, as infidel dogs, anyhow. The Tzar Alexander III believed that the Jews, being the inheritors of the curse upon those who killed the Savior, were responsible for the murder of his father. His son inherited both his beliefs and his advisers. The problem was, somehow, to foil these devil Jews. To multiply their disabilities and insecurities was not enough. To order pogroms, one after another, was not enough. In spite of the fact that the city hooligans, led usually by the soldiery, the police and the respectable burghesses, commanded by bureaucrats, enjoyed greatly the looting of the Jewish quarters and the raping of Jewish women and the slaughter of Jewish old men and children, public discontent would not be allayed; the revolutionary activities and movements of the Russians proper persisted in growing. What, then, to do? The *Okhrana* hit upon the device of bribing the Jews by promising relaxation of the persecutions.

"Why," under-cover agents of the government said to leaders of the Bund, "why meddle in politics? Your objectives are fundamentally industrial. You want to improve the conditions of life and labor for your people in the shops and factories. Why do that illegally? Why not keep

out of politics? Why not get the sanction of the government for your program of industrial organization? Then you can work in the open. As a lawful society you can improve the condition of your poor. You will have the good will of the authorities and the improvements that you desire will be accomplished swiftly and easily."

The plea could not help being persuasive, so distressful was the condition of the Jews and so precarious their safety. A number of the Bundist leaders listened. Among them was Manya Wilbushevitch, now Manya Shochet, a leader in the labor organization of Jewish Palestine; and Sasha Tchemerisky, now an outstanding figure in *Yev-sekzie*, as the Jewish section of the Russian Communist Party is called. They organized what came later to be known as the Zubatov movement.

It soon appeared, however, that this purely industrial movement was in fact a device of the government only to break up the unity of the revolutionary activity in Russia, to discover its secrets and jail its members. Zubatov turned out to be a spy of the *Okhrana*. Everybody associated with him was tainted with the inevitable suspicion of spying. That in most instances this suspicion was unjustified is a matter of record. The government failed those whom it seduced as thoroughly as the Tzarist government knew how to. The Zubatov

movement broke up. Its members scattered. Some were readmitted to the Bund; others could no longer find a place in the older organization; still others attached themselves passionately to the Zionist or Socialist interest. All resumed some kind of under-cover work. All figured in the aborted revolution of 1905. They figured again in the open political activities that came with the creation of the Duma, and failed nevertheless to prevent this Duma from becoming progressively more anti-liberal and anti-Jewish. . . .

The state of things cannot be said to have altered for the better when the war came. The Jewish Pale of settlement was in the war zone. The failures of Russian generalship, the breakdown of the Russian commissariat through graft and incompetence, the growing discontent of the masses of peasants, the success of the German armies, each provided a new motive for the traditional use of Jewry by the government as the scapegoat for its own corruption and treachery. That the Jews should be consistently accused of treason, of traffic with the enemy, of cowardice in battle and desertion from the army, of spying and profiteering, was simply in keeping with the orthodox Russian tradition. Again and again they were given over to the soldiery to do what it would. It was assumed that so the soldiery could

be kept satisfied and in good order. Military "strategy" thought nothing of evacuating Jewish towns on half-hour notice, of driving their inhabitants on foot hither and thither across the open steppe, where they died in their hundreds and thousands. Their property was stolen or destroyed. Their roots in the economy of Russian life were torn up. They became in the course of a year nomads without shelter and without protection. Inevitably they moved eastward out of the Pale into the more specifically Russian areas. Under a ukase of 1915 they were given permission to do what they could now not avoid doing without committing suicide. By the time the revolution came, less than a third of the survivors were left in the war zone. Hundreds of thousands had wandered, some as far as Siberia and central Asia. A third had found some kind of refuge in the south of Russia and the remainder were divided between the center of the country and the Volga regions. Their sufferings were beyond words to utter. That their physique should degenerate and their mentality give way under hardship was a foregone conclusion. Only because the Jewish Committee for the Relief of Jewish War Sufferers, the Ort and the American Joint Distribution Committee spent millions alleviating their horrible plight, a remnant was salvaged.

Otherwise the whole of a people might have undergone destruction, for the war was only the beginning of their sufferings.

3

WHEN the Kerensky revolution turned the Romanoffs out, it seemed as if that might be the end. The provisional government immediately enacted a statute which made the Jews equal citizens with all other former subjects of the Tzar. The Jews themselves planned a centralized organization of all Russian Jewry. A national congress was called where the warfare of the Bund and the Zionists renewed its flame. In the Ukraine, where the Bund was strong, the program of the Bund was actually carried out. The Rada in Kiev authorized a national council of all parties. It gave this council authority to organize Ukrainian Jewry on the principle of "national cultural autonomy." It created the office of a Secretary of State for Jewish Affairs, but when the time came to vote, it was the clericals and the Zionists who won the elections. They and not the Bund had been chosen to represent the fundamental wishes and views of the Jewish masses. It was the traditional hope secularized at most in the Zionist form which the Jewish masses of Russia clung to.

Of course the Bund did not give up. The fight was to go on. But then the Bolshevik revolution came again to change the incidence of events. A complete reconstitution of Jewry along Communist lines was planned and offered. A program of Soviet organization was laid out. Kehillas were to be abolished and the new order set up with a rush. But the Jews of the townlets and cities were no readier for the new order than the Christians of the villages and the countryside. Their aspirations retained their theocratic cast, their habits of work could not easily or clearly be remodeled into the new pattern, and practical guides, teachers, superintendency, were lacking. If they were forbidden to work more than eight hours a day, or for themselves and alone, they worked at night. They set up a bootleg industry contrary to the new law, but in harmony with their old habits; and of course they traded, as they always had, they and their fathers before them. Thus the Jewish masses and the Bolshevik ideology and leadership were automatically confronted in a conflict which only a wise and patient statesmanship and an intelligent conception of the problem of human engineering could abort. But statesmanship and management were lacking among the Jews even more than among the Bolsheviks and before time could mollify the exacerbations, came the

ways of counter-revolution. The counter-revolutionaries, Petliura, Skoropadsky, Denikin, Bala-kovitch, were all by inheritance and disposition anti-Semitic. They pogromized the Jews for being Jews, for being Christ-killers, for being poor, for being Bolsheviks, and just for being. The Red Army pogromized the Jews for being middlemen, for being Jews, and so for being counter-revolutionary. From 1917 to 1922, the unhappy people was ground between the upper and the under millstones of the times. Scapegoat for the sins of either side, it was committed by both to Azazel. . . .

That the Bolsheviks should conduct pogroms was an anomaly over which the government had no control. The fact was that the old tradition had a strength which the new gospel could not budge, and pogroms often were assurances of the continuity of discipline and the military success of the revolution. The Bolshevik authority did its best to instruct the soldiery against pogroms. It laid down the principle which it has rigorously adhered to ever since: anti-Semitism is counter-revolutionary. But principles are one thing and habits are another. In a conflict between a principle and a habit, it is a weak habit indeed which yields the victory to the principle. . . .

Of course the Jews were not inactive either.

They recognized the liberation and security implied in the success of Bolshevik power. They even organized in Minsk Jewish regiments which served with distinction in the Red Army. And throughout all the towns they assembled companies for self-defense which won the approval and the backing of large groups of Jews in the United States. When they had the wherewithal they paid a ransom for their safety. Withal, no less than fifteen hundred and twenty pogroms had been counted in nine hundred and eleven places of the war zone. These are aside from the unknown ones. More than one hundred thousand were killed in these pogroms, and this number does not take into consideration those who died of wounds or of exposure.

To cap the climax, Jesus and Jehovah sent the famine of 1921. Peace was in the land, but Death stalked still. The problem of salvage now took a different form. The work of the agencies of relief, outstandingly the American Joint Distribution Committee, is a matter of record. In the course of time it restored a level of sanity of mind and body. This level was inevitably lower than that before the war. It is lower than it should be for the security of the Jews and the rest of the population of Russia. For disease, even in a Communist Republic, is still the greatest internation-

alist; refusing to discriminate between trader and peasant, middleman and worker, Nepman and Communist. It menaces alike the outlawed and the elect, and spreads with a tasteless impartiality from the Marxist damned to the Marxist saved, altogether unheeding of the dialectics of materialism. In their misery and need, the Jews of Russia remained more than ever a problem to themselves and to the Russian government.

4

IN NUMBER the Jews come to perhaps two hundred fifty to three hundred thousand short of three million. They are concentrated in Ukrainia, where they count in round numbers about one million six hundred thousand, and in White Russia, where something more than half a million half live and have no labor. Nearly six hundred thousand are distributed in the Russian Republic itself. Most of them live in small villages and the concentration in cities is of course traditional. The Jews in Moscow are said to total something like one hundred thousand. Three-quarters of the Moscow total live in Leningrad. These used to be forbidden cities, and the Jewish population has established itself in them since the revolution. . . .

To find for these masses, with their history

and their traditional occupations, a way of life that can integrate them into the program of the Communist state, is a problem which concerns both the Russian government and the more happily disposed Jewry of the western world. Tradition, habits, aptitudes and traditional ideals are in the light of the new dispensation the ancient sins of Israel. They automatically shut the Jewish mass out from the new City of God. In this city the citizens can be only peasants and workers. To them all the privileges of citizenship accrue. Ostensibly for their benefit is exercised the police power of the government. Taxation, housing, transportation, entertainment, financial safeguarding, the protection of health, free public education, insurance against unemployment—these all accrue to the city workers, and where possible, to the village peasants. That the peasants are in a certain sense wards of the state and hardly exercise suffrage, is well known. It is the program and the problem of the government to educate them into the ways they should go in this new City of God which the Communist state foreshadows.

The City of the World of this new dispensation are those who do not come under the category of peasants and workers. They are first and foremost the various counter-revolutionaries. They are the clergy, and most especially the individual busi-

ness man who used to be called *koopetz* and since the revolution is called Nepman. In many ways these persons are *déclassés*. They have no rights before the law. They are without suffrage. They must pay higher rentals, higher fees and higher taxes than the peasants and workers. They are last to be considered for any of the services which the state renders the citizens, such as education, health, employment and the like. They are constantly hounded by the police power. Rules and regulations often seem formulated only for the purpose of making their lives a burden.

It is to this congregation of the *déclassés* that the Jews inevitably belong. Prevented throughout the greater part of their sojourn in the Slavic lands from finding any other occupation than trading, but serving, as traders, a definitive and essential function in the economy of the overthrown empire, they have been obviously powerless to acquire, in the six or seven years since Russia has begun to go back to the normal chances of life and work, new ways and new ideals. How can they help endeavoring to maintain themselves as they had been used to through the generations? Or to think as, through the generations, the circumstances of their lives had compelled them to? Of course they stay mostly traders still. Of course they were relieved when the new economic policy

relaxed the rigid Communism which supposedly preceded it and they could abandon bootlegging in necessary commodities and work more openly in their accustomed ways. And of course their destitution grows, as the policy of the state which enabled them to become Nepmen not only permits them none of the advantages of that condition, but imposes penalties upon those who enter it.

On the other hand, to offset this aspect of their situation, their prevailing literacy and the intellectual eagerness of Jewry have made Jews more available than others as officials of the public service. In the financial branches of the government and in the Department of State, they noticeably count up. As these two arms of the government of the Soviet Republic more than any other touch the external world, foreign visitors get an impression that Jews prevail in the Soviet service. These two branches are also very powerful. . . .

To me it looked as if the material position of the Jew under the new dispensation is not different from what it used to be under the old. On the one side, the government is against him because he is still the typical unregenerate, the middleman proscribed from salvation. On the other side, the populace is against him because he seems

to be an agent of the powers of this salvation. The Christian tradition has by no means lapsed in the consciousness of the Russian master. To the suspicion of the Jew which Christianity instills is added the distrust of the Jew which Marxism teaches. He remains thus as ever an object of fear and jealousy. The party discipline cannot extirpate anti-Semitism by calling it counter-revolutionary or even so treating it. Here again habit is stronger than principle. The curse of ancient sin resident in the term "Jew" holds its menace and its might over Jewry.

The new salvation from this sin falls curiously in the line of the program of the Bund and the Zionists. In Russia as in Poland, the push and squeeze of economic circumstances had forced the Jews into the creation of consumers' coöperatives, a creation in which Bundists had led. These coöperatives had been subject to inconsistent treatment on the part of the revolutionary government but are now free to develop along the older lines. Labor is glorified more than ever. Because of the Communist transvaluation of the status of the laborer it is now the worker with his hands, rather than the trader, to whom prestige accrues and on whose account one can store up merit in heaven. *Melocha iz melucha* runs the war cry. That is, work is sovereign, work is king. And the work : it

is either that of the small-town craftsman joined with his fellow craftsmen in some sort of producers' coöperative, or the work of the farmer. Salvation is proletarianization. The Jews can enter the City of God of the new Russia only as they become workers and peasants. The salvation that can make them peasants is at hand, and provided for. The salvation that can make them workers is still to come. Land has been given. But who will build factories? It is a question for the Joint Distribution Committee to ponder. . . .

CHAPTER III

THE JACOB AND ESAU OF
RUSSIAN JEWRY

I

FORMALLY the mediator of Jewish Salvation in Russia is the *Yevsekzie*, or the Jewish Section of the Russian Communist Party. Its formation is fraught with the curious irony that attends so much of the history of the Jews. It was assembled after the general Communist Party had been constituted. Of the fifty thousand odd members which it counts, more than a proportionate number are women. Its leaders are recruited from all the vestiges of the pre-revolutionary revolutionary sects. There seems to be not one who does not feel that he is a person with a past which he must live down and compensate for in his Communist existence. There seems to be not one whose habits and mental outlook miss implication with the traditional hope and the modern program of the Jewish people. Thus Sasha Tchernerisky had been a leader in the police-fomented Zubatov movement. Merezhin, Litvakov and Roshkes had been Zionists. Esther Frumkin, Kantor, Diaman-

stein and Weinstein had been Bundists. Samuel Agursky had once functioned in an anarchist group in New York City. Michael Levitan and Jehuda Novakovsky had been Sejmists. Almost every one of them had in different periods of his life changed his party allegiance. Their Bundist and Zionist manifestation is particularly strong and their entry into the Communist ranks is involved in much drama.

For the Bund and the various types of Zionist socialists were Menshevik in theory and liberal in practice. Joining the Communists meant a change of heart and self-dedication to a new program among a suspicious and watchful fellowship. One such step was taken when in 1919 the United Socialist Party and the Left Wing of the Bund voted to align themselves with the Communists of the Ukraine. Two years later an analogous thing happened in the Russias. The Menshevik leaders, like Dr. Silberfarb, who is now head of Ort in Warsaw, were forced to emigrate and the Bund came to its finish in Russia.

Another phase developed in the attitude toward Judaism, Zionism and Zionists. With respect to these, Jewish members of the Communist party feel that they must be more Catholic than the pope. . . . Generally, Zionism was equated with reaction and counter-revolution. Those Zion-

ists who were tolerated were tolerated because they compenetrated the Communist economic program with the old sentiment for the vine and fig-tree. Such a compenetration enabled Hecholutz, as the organization of young would-be pioneer emigrants to Palestine is called, to enjoy the privilege of endeavoring to set up a Jewish agricultural life in the Crimea and elsewhere in Russia. But the privilege of these pioneers is precarious. They are sometimes tolerated and encouraged, sometimes treated as counter-revolutionary societies. Much depends on the tone of the large community at the time; and the idealistic impatience and the folly of youth are not without influence. . . . Judaism, its institutions and practices, were discarded. Hebrew was made a proscribed culture. At all points the Jewish Communist Party endeavored to arm itself *cap-à-pie* with a pure Communism less tainted by compromise with tradition, current interests and present problems, than any other in the Federated Soviet Republic.

2

CONSIDERING their attitudes and activities, one may ascribe to the Jewish Communist Party an anti-Semitism more rigorous and angry and cruel than the general anti-Semitism of the gentile world. For the gentile anti-Semitism derives from

the consciousness of actual diversity and the old and the new conception of the Jew as the cosmic sinner of the human family. But the anti-Semitism of the members of the Jewish Communist Party was defensive. It was directed toward the repression and negation of exactly those attitudes and interests of Jewry with which they themselves had in other times been largely identified or else from which they had reflexly suffered. Their anti-Semitism looked like an endeavor to detach themselves from these filaments of connection with the Jewish past, the Jewish tradition and the hereditary Jewish hope. Logically, their endeavor should have led to the complete obliteration of what is distinctively Jewish in the Jewish people and the setting up of the undifferentiated philosophic abstraction, the Proletarian, the Peasant, the Worker as such in the place of the Jew who is a proletarian or a farmer or a laborer. . . . This logic pertains in fact to the whole Russian program and holds as much for the Communist Party as a whole as for its Jewish section. But events have a way of nullifying logic. . . .

So far as the policy of the state is concerned, the Tzarist régime was with respect to nationalism more Communist than the Communist régime. For the Tzarist government aimed, broadly speaking, at the russification of all subject na-

tionalities and their transformation into obedient Orthodox Russians. The government of Lenin abandoned this policy for its opposite. It works on the same supposition as the Bund before the revolution. The unities of the economic and the political order are treated as guarantees and liberations of the diversities of the cultural and social orders. The Soviet government is a federal government. Each Soviet republic is a separate and distinct nationality which is supposed, upon the soil of the Communist economic and political order, to nourish and to grow its own peculiar linguistic, social and cultural individuality. Theoretically every republic in the Soviet Union is an independent and sovereign entity with the right to withdraw from the Union if it so desires. Practically, it is nothing of the sort. The oneness of the Communist state is a highly centralized and organic oneness more or less maintained through the unity of the Communist Party. An attempt at secession would be treated as rebellion just as it was in the United States, and would have analogous consequences. But culturally, the diversity is fomented and subsidized. Nationalist aspirations, which had been regarded as revolutionary in Tzarist times are now approved and fostered by the government. Each nationality is encouraged to develop its own language and literature, its own

arts and crafts and to conduct its affairs in its own medium. Even primitive folk who as yet have no written language are provided with a congruous alphabet and solicited to create a literature and to keep records of their public affairs. The whole enterprise is expensive and inconvenient, but it is regarded as a valuable investment, for it releases great complexes and repressed interests and ideals and satisfies long-standing aspirations and heals many of the wounds of the past. . . . The rulers of Russia believe that the extension of industry, the unity of the economic system and the solidarity and cohesion of the political establishment will in the course of time offset the cultural variations and perhaps absorb them into itself. But for the present, nationalism is a highly potent mode for the translation of different peoples to the indifferent, unified, final Communist state. . . .

In Russia one chooses one's nationality. To be a Jew or a Georgian is now not a matter of birth but of will. One is a citizen of the Soviet Republic first, and a member of an ethnic group, or *norodnast*, afterwards. Though the point of view contradicts the deliverances of biology and sociology, it has its merits.

Thus, so far as the Jews are concerned, there are Jewish Communists rather than Communist

Jews. Numbers of Jews are simply not counted in the nationality. They are free to identify themselves as members of some other nationality, but not as citizens of another state. Of course not many of the approximately three million Jews can or do so lay off and take on their nationality. The residue are a considerable body of people with whom the government must somehow deal.

What more effective intermediary could it have than the Jewish section of the Communist Party? And what more effective avenue to the attainment of fame and power in the larger life of the community and to service for the people of one's fathers could ambitious internationalists of Jewish origin have, than the Jewish section of the Communist Party? So the Jewish section of the Communist Party was organized. The task of the party is to facilitate, with as little friction as possible, the government of the Jews, who are too numerous to be dealt with as merely counter-revolutionary and too miserable and too scattered in their misery not to be a constant menace to the health and well-being of their neighbors. To concentrate the Jews in a single area so that they might the more easily be endowed with "cultural and social autonomy"; to extirpate that in them which the Communist gospel condemns; to implant what it approves; to indoctrinate them in

the teachings of Communism and to train them in its ways—these are the tasks of the *Yevsekzie*.

3

To accomplish these tasks, *Yevsekzie* maintains a newspaper called *Emes*, or Truth, which is edited by Litvakov. It is causing to be prepared innumerable texts and tracts in Yiddish on the doctrines and program of the party. It is re-writing Jewish history in terms of the Marxian doxology. It is preparing for the use of the schools text-books in the different disciplines of the arts and sciences. It is reprinting—edited of course to suit the Communist purpose—old classics. The language in which all this is being done is Yiddish. Yiddish is used because it is the vernacular of the people. Hebrew, being ancient, sacred, bourgeois and Zionist, is nonproletarian and taboo. Neither the national government nor the Department of Education has any objection to it; but *Yevsekzie* finds it—let the psychoanalyst say why—intolerably counter-revolutionary. The form of the Communist Yiddish is new. The literary lights of the *Yevsekzie* seem to feel that the changes in the Jewish inheritance must be parallel to the changes in the Slav inheritance. As the Russian alphabet was reformed and improved by the omis-

sion of several unnecessary letters which made spelling and reading easier, several letters had to be dropped out of Yiddish to make spelling and reading more difficult. At least to me. I found that trying to read any of the numerous documents printed in this orthography meant having to learn a new language. The favorite Yiddish classics, especially the work of the Mendeleyev, Peretz and Sholom Aleichem, can be had in revised versions in the new orthography. The revisions are made with the proletarianization and Communization of Jewry in mind. Not only are the practices of Judaism to be derided as they occur; also the tradition of Israel is to be laughed as well as hounded out of existence. The plan finds its most vivid realization on the Yiddish stage. This purveys dramatization of the classics; often bitter exaggeration of the satire of the great masters. . . . Again laughter without love, indignation without pity. But here, the love was manifest and is removed, the pity is withdrawn. . . .

I was invited to see an opéra-bouffe version of the *Zeide's* "Travels of Benjamin the Third." Set admirably in the most approved modern manner, the tale was worked into a play making fun of the Jewish past. . . . There is wisdom in propaganda by ridicule . . . civilization owns no better cleanser . . . but such propaganda becomes

itself a low comedy when it endeavors to cut social memory off at a fixed time and to begin Jewish history with the entry of Jews into Russia. So long as there are Jews out of Russia who remember and study the ancient past, it will be recalled and sought after in Russia. Here an unnecessary folly beats its bladders against the walls of life. If *Yevsekzie* were not unconsciously of divided mind, if it were clear in its own heart regarding its ideals and methods, this nonsense would not have been. But because of the past of its leaders, its own heart is divided, its personality is split, it is at once the Jacob and the Esau of Russian Jewry. With one hand it has sold its birthright for a mess of pottage; it has made a way to Edom to dwell in. With the other it is preserving the tents of Israel. It does neither well because both make it afraid. . . .

And this is its tragedy. For the wise nationalist policy of the Soviet Republic permits the gratification of the lifelong nationalist propensities of the former Zionists and Bundists who now lead the *Yevsekzie*. The fear that they might be regarded as more naturally than doctrinally nationalist, leads them to repress and to persecute the Zionists who are frankly so, and to repress and to persecute Judaism and traditional Jewishness, where the gentile Communist could look on with

tolerance and some amusement, if not with sympathy, or could work with tact rather than with force. These are the respects in which the *Yevsekzie* seem to have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. These are the respects in which they are the Esau of Russian Jewry.

But the *Yevsekzie* are also the only effective guardians of the integrity of the Jewish inheritance in Russia, the promulgators of a renewal of life and hope, the pioneers of a new way, the vindicators and remakers of the Jewish nationality. These are the respects in which they are the Jacob of Russian Jewry. Alas that Esau and Jacob are brothers who cannot live at peace in the same house together, or in the same soul! Out of this warfare in the heart come queer contradictions in behavior and attitude which one discerns in the leadership and the record of the Jewish section of the Russian Communist Party. Thinking of their labor and their distress, as the train that takes me from Russia nears Warsaw, I remember that the Promised Land is the inheritance of the house of Jacob. Communist theory or no Communist theory, men are first of their *natio*, then of their guild or craft. Even in Russia one still is born Jew and becomes Communist. . . .

CHAPTER IV

LAND + HOMES = HOMELAND

I

AT PRESENT the Jews of Russia are a nationality without a territory. Because of this they set a peculiar problem in the application of the principle of nationality in the Union of Soviet Republics. Being landless they are without representation in the Council of Nationalities, where much smaller aggregates like, for example, the Moldavians, who are a territorial group, have a voice. Without a territorial center, the Jews are prevented from effectively organizing for cultural development and economic growth; the difficulties of their present outlawed status in the political order of the Soviet Republic are reënforced. That their position multiplies anomalies is acknowledged and trouble is taken to mitigate them. The *Yevsekie* has been able to secure for the craftsmen and artisans of its own people the civil status which usually accrues to persons who are entirely workers and peasants. Every effort is being made as swiftly and happily as possible to gather Jews together in a large area of contiguous territory and to organize them into a Jew-

ish autonomous "state." The focus of this area of concentration is southern Ukraine, in the region of Kherson. In the Ukraine are collected the mass of the Jewry of Russia. In the Ukraine their sufferings had been greatest and most radical and their need most urgent. In the Ukraine the quantity of unappropriated lands available is greater. In the Ukraine the first important experiment in the transformation of the Jew from a trader into a farmer was made.

For these reasons and others, the area around Kherson becomes the nucleus for this new social and cultural establishment which is to compensate as a Communist Promised Land for the remoteness and impracticality of the aspiration after Zion. The homeland of Israel, say the Russian Jewish Communists, is where collective Israel can hold land and build itself homes. This also is to be, like Palestine, an agricultural homeland, but unlike Palestine, not for sentimental reasons merely. Sentiment about the beauty and simplicity and security of the farmer's life is not lacking. The ancient aspiration of an urbanized people moves the *Yevsekzie* also. But it is overlaid here with a great many more practical considerations, of which perhaps the most fundamental is that the disinherited Jewry of Russia about to die, can most cheaply and easily find a

living in the growth of the soil, that the complicated limitations upon merely keeping alive which characterize the city need not apply in the country. Starvation at least can be obviated: as a farm wife of Sedemenucha said to me in the course of a tirade about the difficulties of her life: "Yes, yes, we will plant and it will grow. We will have bread, and we will eat." This formula of hers is a recurrent one in the mouths of Russians of all nationalities. To have bread is to be insured against hunger, and bread is grown from the soil and first and foremost is eaten where it is grown. To the cities it must be carried over long ways and there exchanged for city goods that the country *can* do without, and did, these millennia. Under the circumstances the Jews of Russia have nothing whatever to exchange for bread. If they do not grow it, they ineluctably starve.

. . . To make farmers of Israel was not merely the aspiration of Jews who inherited this aspiration from their fathers and their fathers' fathers, to whom it had been an article of religion since nomad days in the Arabian desert; to make farmers of the Jews was a program of Lenin's and a plan of the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party early in the development of revolutionary Russia; and for both these

reasons, and others, to make farmers of the Jews became a political endeavor of the Jewish section of the Communist Party. As early as 1919 they petitioned that the government might undertake this mode of relieving the bitter lot of Jewry, and in due form the government prepared an appeal to the poor Jews of Russia to save their souls by making of themselves productive workers, and their bodies by making of themselves that special kind of productive worker that the peasant is.

The appeal did not fall on deaf ears. In 1919 the Jewry of Russia was in the Slough of Despond. The horrors of the war and the revolution had broken down their whole economy. Hardly a tradesman but was seeking for himself a way out of the dilemma of living dearly on nothing at all or committing suicide. A spontaneous movement toward the country had come up, assisted as might be by *Ort*.

Before it could grow into any important dimension at all, came the multiple horror of the counter-revolution and the war of brother against brother. The effects of these upon Jewry, in whose domicile this warfare largely took place, are notorious. Their demoralization was completed. City and country alike took on the aspects of an irredeemable ruin. Every institution of life went to pieces. People slept in houses without

roofs, on floors without boards. They worshiped in synagogues whose doors had been torn out, whose windows had been broken and whose sacred objects had been mutilated and defiled. They ate the bread and wore the clothes of charity which came mostly from America. Without that healing, they would have been utterly destroyed.

The ruin extended also to the agricultural communities which had existed in Russia before the war, some of them for as long as a quarter of a century; how could their economy have escaped the fate of the rest? Many of the farms had been abandoned. On all of them the buildings had been torn apart, the tools stolen or shattered, the live stock consumed or taken away. When finally the Soviet arms were victorious, restoration began. In the cities nothing could be done, for the city dwellers were now subjects of a state which refused to acknowledge that they had any place or rôle in the public economy. Those belonged to only workers and peasants. The Jews of the towns must either proletarianize themselves or die. And under the circumstances, proletarianizing was easy to advise, next to impossible to accomplish. Picture the starveling casuals and outcasts of life taking in each other's washing, and winning station and a living thereby! . . . In fact the Jewish town economy between the period of the

Nepman and the revolution amounted to just that futility. Without the relief work of the American Joint Distribution Committee what desperation would their case not have plumbed!

On the countryside, restoration was easier and more hopeful. Here there had obtained a tradition of coöperation from beyond. Here the Jew was, more or less, a worker or peasant. Here he could have and did have the status of a citizen. There were at least the land to return to and the ruins to build up. Some of this land has been in Jewish hands since 1804. Jewish farming communities had been settled in the area of Kherson at various periods in the nineteenth century. The settlers had gone through the same sorts of difficulties that all the settlers in Palestine encountered. The Jewish cultural syndrome, the taboos and commandments of orthodox Judaism which at the same time idealizes agriculture, long delayed their becoming effective farmers in Russia. In three generations, although they lived on the land and worked on it, they failed fundamentally to accomplish a symbiosis with the cycle of nature on the Russian steppe. Farming, instead of being their main occupation, was made accessory to their old trades; so much so that under the Emperor Alexander II they were registered as traders and burghers. Nevertheless, the assimilation to the

land, though retarded, was accomplishing itself. Jews in the Russian cities were deeply moved by the sentimental interest in the Jewish "independent farmer," and made contributions to his upkeep. Financial and other aid came from the Jewish Colonial Association; a Russian Society for the Promotion of Agriculture and Crafts (Ozet) was organized. . . .

The generations went on reproducing their kind. The scene went on modifying, transforming it, here a little, there a little. In the course of a century a Jewish farmer type emerged. You can see it and speak with it at Sedemenucha, Nahartov, Yefenehar and other Jewish agricultural villages of ancient foundation. That is, I recognized it for myself as a different type of Jew from any that I had seen before. A type suggesting the farmer, though not the peasant, anywhere. . . .

But my own impression is by no means universal. I ran into a sharp contradiction of it in the schoolhouse of Sedemenucha. It came from the mouth of the principal in charge of six teachers and two hundred and fifty children. This was an unshaven dark young Jew with curly hair and soiled linen who had come down, he told me, from Kiev. Before he was a teacher, he had been a tailor, a good one, he said. A devout Communist, he had taught himself, and finally had taken a

course at the Teachers' Institute in Kiev. Now he was directing the application of the Complex System to the instruction of Jewish children here. . . . The time was the middle of May. They were studying the various pests that attack vegetation and being prepared through this entomological research to meet the danger when it comes; flies and grasshoppers and potato bugs were in evidence, in various stages of existence and preservation and dissection. "The Jews as a whole," said the teacher, "are an urban people and remain so. I know. I have lived among the peasants, and I have lived here now over a year. Just look at the houses of the Jews and the houses of the peasants. The Jews retain their city standards. They don't grow into the soil. When they can, they move to town. What peasant would do that? And these people have been farmers one hundred and twenty years."

That there is a difference between the Jewish and the peasant standards one cannot doubt. The young instructor in agriculture, whose salary was paid by the Ica, declared that the Jews consume more than the peasants, that they have a higher standard for food and clothing and education, and that they, for this reason, have a smaller surplus to put into developing their holdings. If that is true, low, indeed, must be the standard

of the peasant, for certainly the Jews in these "old colonies" lived, if not beneath the level of subsistence, dangerously close to it. . . . I could not quite make them out. The Jews I had been used to at home and abroad were Jews in whom the habits of ritual Judaism were strong. *Kashrut* was second nature and even the emancipated ones, who violated the dietary taboo with oysters or ham, were never quite at ease with the trefa diet. Large numbers of Jews have the most advanced and liberal principles regarding God and society, but their habits remain functions of the *Shulchan Aruch*. They might be anti-Zionists and look upon Messianism as a paranoiac delusion, but their sympathies are so practically bound up with the vision of a new Zion that, willy-nilly, they contribute to this or that item of Palestinian endeavor.

In those whose souls the modern world had not set up a conflict between the outlook of the mind and the habits of the heart, a certain simple unity of character could be observed, such as is usually and quite incorrectly denied Jews. I encountered such a person on the steppe. It was in the Jewish Rayon, or self-governing area. We had been traveling all day in one of the Agrojoint utility cars, stopping now at this new settlement, now at that. Toward sunset, when already the

cool of the evening was making itself poignantly felt, we drove up to what looked like a gypsy encampment. As usual dogs came barking, children shouting and adults abandoned whatever they were about and moved toward us, scratching shaggy pates. Head and front of the small company came a little round Jew with a big round beard. His *Arbah Kanfoth* (a ritual undergarment worn by all devout Judaist males) flapped gigantic where his paunch began. He had a way with him that seemed familiar. As soon as he opened his mouth I knew why. He was an American Jew. He spotted me by my clothes at once. He was familiar with clothes, he told me. He had been a ragpicker and junk dealer in New Haven, Connecticut, for twelve years.

"What?" I said. "You have lived in America and have come back to Russia? What made you? Did you get into trouble? Junk dealers sometimes do."

"Oh, no, no," he assured me. "I am a good Jew. I keep the Commandments and I want to worship my God with a clean heart. I want to bring up my children as good Jews. In New Haven that could not be. They were growing up, and once I caught my oldest son eating trefa, and my daughter playing on the street on Sabbath like any little *shicksa*. So I sold my horse

and wagon and my customers and packed up and came back to Podolia where I was born. I knew that at home my children would have a good Jewish education and would grow up to be good Jews. Well, the war caught me, and here I am now on the land."

"And your children?" I asked.

He shrugged. "There is my daughter"—pointing to a round, feminized edition of himself who stood at a distance.

"And your son?"

"God gives and God takes away. He has gone over to the Communists."

"Well, do you think that you will be able to worship your God here?"

The look in his eyes turned inward. "It is as God wills. Me they cannot touch. If my strength lasts and the comrades work well we shall have a *minyan*. At least, we have peace here, and soon we will have bread."

This was a townsman without agrarian background. The contrast between him and the farmer of Sedemenucha who put us up is hard to state in words. The farmer was also a son of the old faith; I stood by his side on Sabbath in the synagogue where an itinerant cantor and his two boys were celebrating the Sabbath service, and he was as devout as any. But his ways were not altogether

the ways of the *Shulchan Aruch*. The generations of contact with the earth had modified them. He had, for example, kept pigs. He had been moved on a Sabbath and even on a certain Yom Kippur to leave the synagogue, in order to milk his cow or to keep the horse out of the vegetable garden. The minutiae of the ritual had become blurred. The sharpness of intellect had become blurred. He was of a vagueness. Although he wasn't living like the peasant, it could not be said that he had not become peasantized.

In his wife the difference was even more conspicuous. A thin, drawn little woman with sad eyes and a resigned look, she was. Her father, she told me, had been the *shochet* of the town. She had been taught to read Hebrew and brought up as a kosher Jewish maiden should be. She was aware of the ritual rights and wrongs of each item of the household economy, but they were constantly blurred in her housekeeping, which was poor to the point of sketchiness. The three rooms which she and her husband and their two living children inhabited were, as usual, attached to the cowbarn. They were heated from a central oven with the classic fuel of the steppes, dung, mixed with straw and trodden into compact cakes. The smell of the burning dung suffused every room of the house and everything it contained. Maybe,

like the excrement of camels, it enriches tobacco flavors, but as an aromatic addition to the general slack housekeeping it could be dispensed with. In her cooking the separation between milk dishes and meat dishes didn't altogether obtain—there were not dishes enough; and anyhow, as she told me, "What difference would it make to the Upper One?" . . . She was an ailing little creature and when she heard my guide call me "doctor" she immediately began to recount her symptoms. She kept on recounting them even after I had assured her that I was not that kind of doctor, and from the narrative of her symptoms she passed to an enumeration of her troubles. Forty though she looked, she was not much more than thirty years old. Her youngest child was seven, and a bright girl at school without any prospect. Her son was fourteen and herding the cow on the steppe. She wished the girl were a boy, too, "Because," she said, the tears welling up in her eyes, "what life have we women?"

"I married when I was a young girl. I have two children alive and I have had six abortions in six years. I wish that He [she spoke of her husband as only "He" or "Him,"] would take himself another wife. No, I don't mean that I want to be divorced, but I wish that he would let me alone. After all, there are more women than

men in Russia, and a man might have two wives or even three. It would save each of them a lot of hardship and trouble. Now me, I don't mind the hard work; I don't mind the tasks about the house; I'd be glad to slave and to manage in the kitchen and in the barn, but I wish he had another one for his bed."

"Fine talk for a shochet's daughter," commented my guide. "You know this man is writing it down, he will tell about you in America."

"And what then?" she retorted. "Isn't it the truth? Isn't a shochet's daughter a human being like a gentleman's daughter, or your own wife?" My guide was having his own domestic problem, for his wife was studying medicine, and studying medicine involved long periods of separation, difficult for a loving, recently married couple to endure. She insisted on her career as well as a husband, and her husband insisted on the claims of hearth and home as well as career. . . . The matter gave them no peace. . . .

2

To the Jewish women of Russia, the ordinary commonplace, non-Communist Jewish women, the revolution had evidently done something different.

The old order was more deeply shaken in them than in the men. That indirectness and deviousness and medievalism, that idealism and piety and passionate self-sacrifice which Peretz had portrayed so poignantly and Sholem Aleichem had laughed at so tenderly and Mendele had symbolized with such wisdom—these were more apparent in the men than in the women. The women were marked more strikingly with the stigmata of the new faith, even though they were not professing believers or believers even, and would have resented the imputation. Their children, willy-nilly, would be believers. For the powers that make opinion were all against the old order. Mendele and Peretz and Sholem Aleichem were being transformed from imaginative interpreters of the tragedy of their people, into savage satirists of their faults which were their tragedy. The Cheder was being replaced by the school, and the whole ecclesiastical establishment which had been the slowly shifting center of Jewish cultural life had been driven underground to preserve a crippled self. Above ground, it looked like a ruin crumbling down, crumbling down. . . .

In a certain town we visited a synagogue that had been the scene of a fight. We found in cold and sacred smelliness a young man with long red earlocks and a red little beard and staring blue

eyes. He looked us over with that mixture of timidity and impudence which flourishes mostly in the Jewry of Poland. Finally, he made up his mind, and started talking. First he told us about the synagogue. Then he said: "Perhaps you wish to see the rabbi. If you come to the synagogue, then I understand that you wish to see the rabbi." We disclaimed the desire, but he persisted: "I am his son-in-law. You do wish to see the rabbi. I understand that you wish to see the rabbi. I will lead you to the rabbi." So, not with all our heart, we permitted ourselves to be led to the rabbi. He looked far from badly kept, this rabbi, in his two rooms, with his wife and his daughters and his son-in-law to look after his wants and to assure his comfort. His manner was suspicious, he murmured rather than spoke, but his opinion was sure. "They persecute," he declared, "they persecute, but they will not destroy the faith of Israel. It is difficult, but we train our young and pass on our sacred Torah just the same. . . . There is still a God. . . ."

Quite other was the rabbi of a charming old town where we stopped for noonday dinner. He came to see me; an older man than the first one, the quiet of a spirit at peace in his eyes. We were at table when he arrived, but he would not eat with us, although his glance brightened at the

sight of food—eggs and salt herring and black bread and tea—and one could see the moisture forming at his lips. The times, he said, were bad, the Law had been broken down. The young couple without being properly married, although he had caused it to be known that he would celebrate marriages according to the Law of Moses and of Israel without fee. . . . The children were growing up without any Jewish training. . . . The whole dietary system had broken down, and *Kashrut* was dubious. . . . This was true for all the generations, even the old one. The synagogues were out of repair and there was no interest shown in repairing them. On the other hand, male children are circumcised, even when their parents are not married as kosher Jews should be. As for himself, he wanted nothing. He was an old man and had seen much in his days. He was making a living from *shechitah*. No, he could not blame the government. It is the wickedness in the hearts of the Jews themselves. Being a good Jew is difficult. The Law is a yoke. It is easier not to be observant of the Law than to observe it. One can be a good Jew in Russia to-day if one wants to. One can be a good Jew with a quieter heart than before. But the new generation are goyish. They make fun of the holiest things. The goyim are much more decent. . . .

Both rabbis refused to accept any gift from me. . . .

Such is the way of the old faith and its expositors under the new dispensation. It is not, however, the dispensation which vitiates the faith; other faiths flourish. The enemy is the new condition of life. For the Jews are the one part of the population of Russia in whose environment the revolution has effected a genuine transformation. For them nothing remains that can in fact sustain the old folkways with the old vision. They are compelled to make a new life because the world they live in is new, because the old habits, before the revolution more or less adequate adjustments to the milieu, are distressing maladjustments now. Only in those cases where a fusion of the old habits and the new conditions can be achieved is the survival likely of anything pertaining to the pre-revolutionary order.

The cases I have in mind are of the fusion of Zionism with Communism in the vision that animates the Chalutzim about Tel Khai and the other colonies in the Crimea and in the vicinity of Moscow and other places. Tel Khai was one of the earliest of the new colonies, settled in 1919. And a promising adventure it is said to be. Its psyche is curious. I had no chance to visit it, but two of the young men who had founded it and had grown

up with it came to see me in Moscow. What they told about life in Tel Khai described an interesting foil to the Kwutzahs of Palestine. In the five years of the colony's history there had never been an occasion when the Communists' way of life seemed dubious, not to say, defeated. The common table, the community of possession and of work set up in the beginning, have survived. The colony is both successful and Communist. Of course, not a vestige of the traditional Jewish mores remains; Tel Khai owns four hundred swine and seems to have been proud of a camel. Concerning the uses of this camel my informants were a little ambiguous. They compared it favorably with the ox and the horse as a farm animal, but I suspect that it is a spiritual symbol rather than an economic asset. In the camel, the Palestine of vision became a little real on the soil of Crimea. Its value derives as much from that as from its powers and skill as a farmer's helper. For the rest, the colonists were said to be restless and discontented. The period of their probation, they felt, was over; they wanted to fare forth to Zion, and they couldn't. So one and another of them was going to Moscow instead.

The Chalutzim are uncertainly the tolerated branch of the Zionist movement in Russia.

Though the most is made of their not few follies, against them the leaders of the Yevsekzie cannot carry a full, defensive and compensatory vendetta. Nevertheless, they are afraid. It was my good luck to make contact with several of them who were going their appointed rounds from colony to colony and group to group. Spare, hungry-looking young men with something not unlike fanaticism in their eyes and a religious devotion to their cause. None would speak anything but the proscribed Hebrew to me, and that loud on the public streets. They conducted their cultural propaganda as they could; secretly, publicly, on a large scale and on a tiny one, living as laboriously and ardently as any monastic Communist ever could. . . . One of them during one period of my stay in Moscow adopted me and constituted himself my guardian. A youth of twenty or more, long, lank and half-starved, he had been two years on the fields in the Crimea and was now ready to go to Palestine. How, he did not know. If he could get a passport, well and good. If not, well, he would get to Palestine. That I had myself been there made me precious in his eyes, and that I was not a Communist, but a mere infidel individualist with much curiosity and no faith, did not greatly reduce my value. He asked all sorts of questions about Palestine. And almost as many

about America. I am not sure that I hope that he has found his way to the Promised Land. His mood was one in which happiness was easy. And there are not many people, even among philosophers, whose happiness can be integrated with disillusion. . . .

3

IN THE reconstruction process the American Joint Distribution Committee had functioned as competently and as signally as in Poland and in the other war-devastated countries. The credit coöperatives, the loan kassas, the training schools for artisans and craftsmen, the medical work, the protection of childhood and old age which are the categories of the work elsewhere, are the categories of the work also in Russia, and the form and implications of this work are the same. But at very best, given the new economy of Russia, this work could be no more than palliative. It could prolong the agony of Russian Jewry, but could not end it. . . .

The really great achievement of the Americans in Russia is the colonization work.

The plan, the character and the unprecedented effectiveness of this work, little though it is in proportion to the bitter need of Russian Jewry, turned upon the individuality of one man. This

man was the first to envisage its possibilities as a practical undertaking, to convince the leaders of the American Joint Distribution Committee how feasible land settlement was, and to make the contacts with the government, the Yevsekzie and the other powers and influences of Russia, upon whose attitude and coöperation the ultimate outcome of the enterprise would necessarily depend. The man is Dr. Joseph Rosen; from the first the director of Agrojoint, as the American-Jewish Joint Agricultural Corporation is known. Himself born and educated in Russia, an agronomist of distinction who had been director of farm schools in the United States, a successful farmer on his own account in the state of New York, he has also had a wide range of experience in commerce and foreign trade and a wisdom deriving from the contact with all sorts and conditions of men over a considerable portion of the world. He had returned to Russia as a member of the American Relief Administration during the famine. Almost immediately upon his arrival he had been asked by the government to advise it with respect to its own agricultural problems. He is to-day the near associate of the very distinguished experts who compose the Russian Academy of Agricultural Science. He seems to be the friend of every class and condition of man in Russia. There is that in

his personality which warms and wins confidence at once.

Well, he had ample opportunity in those early days to see into the depths of the misery of Russian Jewry and to come to a full realization of its prospects. Never in his past concerned, except as a sympathetic spectator, in the problems of Jewish life, he was this time moved to the depths of his being. He knew what Lenin and the Communist party had in mind as a possible way out for these innocent victims whom the revolution had disinherited. He knew that the Yevsekzie would follow loyally along, and having thought and talked the situation out, he laid his ideas before the Joint Distribution Committee. His plan was simple. The Distribution Committee was to provide the money and to set up the instrumentalities by means of which the Jews were to be settled on the land and made over into farmers. The government was to provide the land—as nearly as possible in single continuous tracts, on which the Jews could be concentrated and, in the fullness of time, form their own autonomous territorial nationality. It was also to provide transportation at reduced rates. It was to set aside certain areas of its timber land for building material and the like. So far as possible it was to provide credit for tools and seeds. The Agrojoint

would register would-be settlers. It would help the successful applicants to find the land on which they wanted to settle, and to prepare the land for settlement afterwards. Preparation meant, as a rule, digging a well in that rich waterless waste, doing the first year's plowing, lending money for seed and stock and tools and housing. In the settlements Agrojoint would maintain a continuous supervision by trained agronomists who should give advice, correct errors, and the like. In addition, Agrojoint was to advance loans for further development and expansion.

Agrojoint's part in this operation would be a purely technical one, an enterprise in human engineering. The financing and the administrative organs of the enterprise were to be entirely separate and distinct. None of the issues which on this occasion or that influenced events in the J. D. C.—in a word, none of the politics of American Jewry—was on any account to be permitted to enter into the work of salvaging Russian Jewry. This work was as definitely a task for professionals as healing the sick or building a house. "Joint" politics are irrelevant to it and as dangerous as they are irrelevant.

One need not be long in the offices of the Agrojoint in Moscow, and afterwards in the colonies around Kherson, to see what a tremendous asset

accrues to the enterprise from this sharp separation between the money-raising instrument and the money-spending instrument. The whole work is vivid with a professional morale. Its spirit, its technique, its hope contrast very sharply with the sort of thing one is made to feel in the Zionist administrative offices and in the Zionist colonies of Palestine.

Well, in July, 1924, the Agrojoint was established with Dr. Rosen at its head, as a voluntary, unsalaried worker. The contacts with the various powers in Russia were made immediately. A month later the Council of Nationalities created the Komzet, as the Soviet Government's Commission for the Settlement of Jews upon the Land is called, and work was immediately begun. A measure of the competency of this work and of the need of the people can be found in the fact that in three years the fifteen thousand odd families who had been living on the land were more than doubled and the acreage was increased from six hundred thousand to a million; this in spite of the very extensive turnover of the would-be farmers and of the psychological and other problems inherent in the personality and habits of the settlers.

Outstanding is the *planmäßigkeit* of the work. It is as precise and non-speculative as in the nature of things such work can be. The organization

which Dr. Rosen has built up is drawn primarily from people on the spot. There were very few Jews of other allegiance than the Russian among either the office or the field staff. The director seems to have gathered about him the most competent experts in the field. His immediate assistants are distinguished agronomists of long standing. The field workers are native to the place, almost all of them children of old colonists, who had grown up in the Jewish agricultural setting of the older Russia and had been trained in Jewish agricultural schools. Their psychology is one with the psychology of the people whose guides, philosophers and friends they are to be. Their differences from them are not antagonizing but rather coöperative ones; such differences as a doctor must have from his patient or a teacher from his pupils.

Before any settlement is permitted at all, the allotted land is carefully surveyed and studied. The village is then laid out with especial reference to the location of the well. For all over this area of Jewish colonization water is the problem, just as in Palestine. Agrojoint digs the well, then the houses are allocated, the common grazing field is bounded, and places are marked for such public buildings as the People's House, the School, the Post Office, the Coöperative General Store and

the Coöperative Dairy. Bases of supplies are constructed with reference to the location of the settlements that are to draw on them. I visited such bases for lumber, a storehouse for seed, tools and the like, and a tractor base. In town, a cut, make and trim factory is maintained for the provision of the more elaborated items of the building material. Roofing tiles are imported, because they are cheapest so, from Marseilles. The tractor base serves also as a tractor school. And there are several farm schools—I was able to visit only one—where boys and girls learn farming under rather arduous conditions of housing and nourishment. The work goes on as any great engineering enterprise might in the United States or a military operation in Europe. I have never seen any public Jewish enterprise which involved so little waste motion. . . .

4

AND the people. . . .

Three or four hours out of Kherson is a lumber base. The manager was an ex-farmer from one of the old colonies. His son was running the ancestral farm. He himself was running a dozen-odd peasants who were making good wages sawing great logs in halves that were afterwards to be built into houses for the new colonists. It was late

afternoon and the wind was returning to its unsunned rawness when there came into the yard an eager, foul-looking little man with a scant beard and a sty in his eye. Seeing strangers about, he seemed, small as he was, to shrink, and for some time stood around, obviously timid, yet restless to be about his business. Finally I went up to him.

"Sholem aleichem," I said, and put out my hand. He started back, then his eye brightened and he gave me a timid and grimy hand.

"Sholem aleichem," he answered.

"Well, how are you? What are you doing here? Are you a farmer?"

"Yes," he said with a deep sigh, "I am a farmer."

"And what were you before you became a farmer?"

"Et," he deprecated, "a shochet."

"Yes," I said, "where?"

He mentioned a townlet, whose name I don't remember, which for obvious reasons may just as well be called Tunjadewke. Shy to begin with, he warmed to his talk when he saw that I was nothing official, but only a friendly stranger. He was glad to tell me about Tunjadewke. It was a village of three- or fourscore families, mostly traders; a carpenter, a grocer, a shoemaker, and

a tailor. The last four were making a living, the rest were being starved.

"It was not enough that they didn't have money to buy any goods with: if they did buy any and finally disposed of them to a customer, the Communists came and took the profit away from them in taxes. If they kept the shutters up one minute beyond the eight hours allowed they were arrested and fined. Officials were always coming along with complicated new-fangled regulations, and if the people weren't hounded for this thing, they were hounded for that. Everybody was starving. They didn't have bread to eat. As for meat or fowl, not even on a Sabbath or a holiday. So what could a shochet do? Wait for a miracle? I used to *knel* [the word, I learned afterwards, means "teach"] small boys, but they took them away to the *Shkole*, and Cheder was shut up. Besides, the parents had nothing to pay me with, not even an extra herring or a loaf of bread. And I have a wife and small children who sometimes need to eat, too. So I became a farmer."

He stuck his grimy hand underneath his coat and scratched.

"And have you liked it?" I asked.

"Why not?" he replied slowly. "Am I not working for myself with my own hands instead of eating the bread of others?"

He seemed to me to be reciting this phrase as if he had learned it by heart. I could imagine that a marrano might recite in the same way the Christian confession of faith. There was something forced about it; a constraint as of anxiety and fear. Again and again on my way through the colonies I heard the phrase and got the mood. It is far more in evidence among the latest colonists who are just establishing themselves than among the earlier ones who have established themselves. It is a symptom of the difficulties of readjustment, of how genuinely arduous can be starving old habits and setting up new ones for a new life. A similar state of mind may be observed among the émigrés of all classes and conditions to the United States. As in marriage, the first year is the hardest. But this is an aside. . . . "How long have you been on the land?" I asked my shochet.

"This is the end of my second year. I am finishing my house and I need material for the roof; the wife and the children are still lying under the stars. I need a roof." He turned to the manager with a sad appealing look, but the manager was otherwise engaged.

"Do you find it hard?" I persisted in my questions.

He shrugged. "Hard, not hard, what could I do?"

"How did you come to think of getting on the soil at all?" I asked.

"What else was there for me? What else was there for anybody in our townlet? One day after Minchah we got to talking about our portion under the Lord, and we decided that we would form a collective and send a man down to the offices in Kherson, to make an application for us. Yusel, the grain dealer, and I were chosen as the messengers. Then we discovered that we had to have money and none of us had so much as a green kopek. Well, we thought, Jews are Jews, and the Agrojoint from America has money enough. If we tell them that we have what is required, would it do anybody any harm? If only we could get on the land and make us a living! But they are too smart in that bureau. They asked us too many questions and we got confused. We returned home. A little money was raised."

"How? From what?"

"Well, you know how it is. Somebody starves himself but has a stocking hidden somewhere. Somebody is able to dispose of a pair of candlesticks or gold earrings from better times. Anyhow, enough money was gotten together.

"And do you think they were satisfied? After

that we had to fill out I don't know how many papers with all kinds of questions, and the people from the Agrojoint and from the government came and asked us more questions. The *tzores* we had! But finally, thanks to the Upper One, it was over and four of us went out to look at the land. We didn't want to. What should we know about land? But they have those silly rules and regulations just as in the Tzar's time. So we went. By this time it was already near Rosh Hashonoh and we came back quickly. We wintered in the town, working as we used to. You understand—'working.' We have been on the land since early last spring."

"How did you live when you first went there?"

"Well, do you see, the Commission measured the land for us [he meant surveyed] and then they sent down one of those tractors and plowed it and planted it with a crop of corn; and the corn was growing already when we came. So we had bread. As for shelter, we lived like muzhiks. Why should we not? We dug us a hole deep in the earth and stamped down the floor until it was hard and then we made banks of earth along the sides to sit on and to sleep on and spread around a few things to keep us warm and cook."

"How did you stand it?"

"Stand it? What else could I do? I must say

it was hard. Often I thought my bones were breaking and my heart was standing still. I used to get so tired I couldn't even *daven*. I neglected my God and my Law. Sometimes one of us would have to leave the service in the middle of the Eighteen Blessings to run after the horse. Sometimes it was rain that was making the trouble. But the Upper One was merciful and I have lived through it. I can't complain. If, now, I only had a roof for my head—"

"And you are building a house already, are you?"

"Yes. It is a nice house, too; a better one than I had in town. Our things are already inside, but we have no roof for it yet, and what good is a house without a roof?" He kept glancing at the manager as he said this.

"Would you go back to town?"

"And if I went back what would I do there?"

"I have heard that things are not so bad in town as they used to be."

"And my hard labor here? Like a slave I have labored. My hands hurt and my bones ache. Should I leave what I have made? I should leave my land yet, and my house, just when we begin to feel at home? For what? No, I would not go back to town."

"Are you practicing *shechitah* in your colony?"

"Sometimes, as for a holiday. We don't eat flesh."

"What do you eat?"

"We have bread."

"Anything else?"

"An egg sometimes, and sometimes greens. We get herring from the coöperative store, but it is good, thanks to the Upper One, to have bread. If we only had a roof on our house there would be nothing to complain of."

"And the work—are you getting used to it?"

"Et-t-t. One gets along. Some of us couldn't get used to it. Half a minyan of our collective simply broke down. I don't know why, either. They were younger than I am and much stronger. Some of them had money and went back to the townlet. They even abandoned their fields and their earnings from their hard work and their share in the collective. But the rest of us are doing well enough. Although if it wasn't for the agrom, I don't know what would have happened. Last year he would come around day in and day out. He showed us everything, helped us even with cleaning the cow and making the fuel. Some of us thought we knew better than he. Now, however, that he doesn't come so often, we wish he would. After all, are we then peasants and workmen, people of earth? We are Jews. In such

things we make mistakes and we lose our labor and our money and then we have to make new loans, and what good is that? . . .”

Many other things the little old shochet with the sty in his eye might have told me, he was so glad to talk. I learned afterwards that he had the idea that I was a “kommisie” from America. A good many of the voluble ones among the colonists whose acquaintance we made had this idea. Not so many were simply pleased to pour their hearts out to a supposedly benevolent patron. A great number were full of complaints. They wanted this, they needed that, the Joint would not give them credit for the other thing, their hardships were unendurable and they wanted to go back to town anyhow. As soon as they learned that I was merely a tourist taking a look-see, their tune changed entirely. They dropped the whine and went back to their work. Their behavior smacked something of the *chalukah-takers*’.

I had encountered similar postures of mind in Palestine. But it is necessary to say that the whiners, the complainers, the neurasthenics were all settlers in the first or second year of their compelled venture toward a new life. The settled ones showed quite another attitude. It was not the same as that of the old colonist at Sedemenucha. The revolutionary formula had had its ef-

fect; the instructions and suggestions of the supervising agronomist had sunk in; a certain amount of symbiosis was manifest with the intellectual climate of the revolutionary ideology and with the natural scene. In the young it seemed liberating. They impressed me with a charming eagerness. They had something of that healthiness and buoyancy of tone that one could observe in the chalutzim in Palestine. The contrast between the generations was illuminating indeed. If this astounding work of salvage so competently carried out in Russia has significance, the significance lies, it seems, to me, in this contrast.

For it implies a new kind of Jew in the very country whose persecutions and distresses had made the old kind. A kind of Jew as new under the new conditions as the American Jew is a new kind in the United States. I felt, in the presence of the children and the young Jews on the farms of the new settlements, as I had had occasion to feel again and again in Russia: the Jews are being transformed more radically, more completely than any of the other subjects of the Communist Party. For them more truly than for any people under the Soviets a new life is beginning. That this new life will take a Communist form seems to me to be doubtful. The tendency, as in Palestine, is for the collectives to break spontaneously

into small artels and individual holdings so that each household does its own work for itself so far as it can and works together with its neighbors upon those tasks that require joint effort. Dairy products get pooled; the buying of seeds and tools and fuel, and the like; and the selling of produce gets pooled. A coöperative rather than the Communist system is what seems to be vaguely shaping itself in the circumstances. . . . Of course the event contravenes the faith of the Communist and is not according to the Communist plan. The government recognizes this, but is, as in respect to much of the residuum of peasant life, helpless. It must and wisely does accept the implications of the event and stresses co-operation more and more while paying continual formal reverence to Communism.

5

AN analogous development seems to me to be in prospect in the field of Jewish culture. The momentum of the living tradition is not lost; it is, however, because of the attitude of the Yevsekzie, dammed up. Where Hebraism and the Talmud are under prohibition they become bootleg interests, the more precious because of the law's forbidding. But they, also, *qua* bootlegged, seemed

to be working into a symbiosis with the moral and intellectual climate. Here the factors are too vague, too much matters of inference rather than observation, to permit anything but an imaginative forecast. I caught the feeling, however, that the spirit of the chalutzim was more symptomatic of the possible culture of a Jewish autonomous nationality in Soviet Russia than either the intentions of the Yevsekzie or the purposes of the upholders and secret sustainers of traditional Judaism. The new Russo-Jewish world which is forming will be a secular world with secularized memories of the past and a positivist secular attitude toward the continuity of its own tradition. It will undoubtedly be Yiddish-speaking, just as the Jewry of America is English-speaking. It is likely to be far more Jewish than the Jewry of America and to be the matrix of culturally far more significant Jewish values than the Jewry of America. For its status under the law of that coöperative commonwealth of nationalities which the Union of Federated Soviet Republics intends to make of itself, is one of equality with its peers, of parity in right and duty and privilege. The prospect is of course conditional. Its realization depends on the continued good will of the government; depends on the continuous attrition and final subsidence of the traditional and presently

virulent anti-Semitism which prevails among all classes in Russia; depends on the gradual mollification of the exacerbated feelings of the Yev-sekzie and the awakening by the makers of the Section's policy to the fact that their policy is due rather to their desire to keep their skirts unsoiled in the eyes of their gentile comrades, than to the dogmas of the Marxist faith or the dictates of the Communist program. Far more can be accomplished toward secularization with kindness and tolerance and humor than with violent repression. . . . And finally, the prospect of a good life for an autonomous Jewish nationality depends upon the stability and continuance of the work of the Agrojoint; upon the steady flow of monies from the United States¹ and the unbroken continuity of policy and technique in Russia. Already, as it stands, the Jewish agricultural settlement is a great, in my eyes a distinguished, work of social salvage. In its persistence and growth lies the possibility of far more than salvage, the possibility of a fundamental renovation; the setting up of a new life for the Jews of Russia. It is at the last frontier of the Jewish hope.

¹ Owing to the wise munificence of Julius Rosenwald, the prospect in this respect is good.

Epilogue

The Ways of Job

*Behold, I have no hope; I know
that he will slay me; nevertheless
will I maintain my ways before
him. This, indeed, shall be my
consolation: that a wicked man
would not come unto him . . .*

*Mine integrity hold I fast and
will not let it go.*

*My heart shall not reproach me
so long as I live.*

From the BOOK OF JOB.

THE WAYS OF JOB

I

IN PARIS, where the Boulevard du Montparnasse crosses the Boulevard Raspail, the four corners are dominated by four cafés. In these cafés assemble the congregations of adventurers and travelers and exiles who have drifted to the left bank of the Seine from all parts of the world. In a summer week you will meet one or another of your acquaintances from Egypt and England, from Palestine and Russia. They will, as a rule, not be the solid folk of their homeland, with a root in the soil and an enduring task in the daily life. They are marginal people; the restless and hopeful, the disinherited, the uprooted, searching and seeking, they know not what. Here in Paris they find asylum and flitter and flutter in a sort of psychological Brownian movement for which a statistical curve may be found that no one individual will fit. Here they recall their past glories, conspire their poor conspiracies, make to recover their inheritances deep and secret plans which they then discuss with anybody who will listen; write protestations and manifestoes, and occasionally commit a murder which a French jury afterwards vindicates as an act of justice.

In many ways France is to-day the freest country in Europe. Emigrés and revolutionists, grand dukes and peasant terrorists here receive shelter and protection. For France seems to have come out of the war more stable, more human and civilized than any other country that was drawn down into that vortex. The good life is still pursued in France in the old way, and politics is still an affair of the careerist and the financier, who may do what they choose so long as the rentier's sock is not empty and the interest rate is not depressed. Life retains the amenities that it owned before the war and the arts and the sciences still splurge and splutter in unequal splendor while the good citizen sips his liqueur and applauds the derision which the topical song heaps upon the financial and political masters of Frenchmen and the neighbors of France. Mistresses, of course, also receive their liturgical due. . . . Yes, France is normal and healthy. Her essential frontiers have not changed nor her old enmities been exacerbated; her neighbors, even the Italians, are still as they were and her international problems continue to be dealt with in the classical manner of classical diplomacy.

Not so with the rest of Europe. The central empires have been broken up. Now two or five or eight frontiers grow where one grew before.

There are eight visas for one's passport and eight customs inspections for one's baggage. There are eight official languages to go wrong in and as many coördinate multiplications of non-essential differences in the public life. All over Europe these differences are forced and inflated; all over Europe the invidious distinction is drawn which arises when one feels in one's heart that one is not quite so good as one's neighbor and therefore proclaims loudly that one is infinitely better.

What used to be on the whole a unified economic order has become a pluralized one, and in every Continental country industries are reduplicated rather to weaken the neighbor than to strengthen oneself. Some, like Poland, recall bygone fatness and will be content with nothing less than the largest dimensions of the old piratical kingdom. Others, like Hungary, refuse to recognize that there has been a diminution of the national girth, and teach their children geography in which the territories cut off are described as stolen lands to be won back from the thief; others, like Roumania, are ballyhooing about a national and cultural solidarity where none exists; others, like Italy, are rattling swords and making faces at the world to offset and to conceal the dissension and insecurity within.

All are borrowing money or trying to. The

lender, of course, is the United States. The investment banker has become the rival of the stockbroker for the lambs waiting eager to be shorn in the hope of a brighter growth of wool. Prosperous Americans are being nourished upon prospectuses of national projects which possess no less imaginative vividness and no more basis in the economic realities of the European countries that spread them than the classical propaganda of oil and mining companies with holdings in the golcondas of the imagination. The seduction of the investor goes on smoothly and subtly by the well-known technique of diplomatic and other types of flattery; and the flow of capital to countries without resources and without managerial ability is steady and the flow of flattery from them to the United States is even steadier. That the outcome of this cannot be anything else than the bitter disillusion of the simple private investors, all European observers with whom I have spoken are agreed. They point a finger at Poland. . . .

One cannot say how much of this growing indebtedness of the new countries of Europe will be repudiated; but one can say that with the repudiation will come, if the prosperity and power of the United States continue to increase, an American receivership of the business of continental Europe,

and with this receivership, of course, an acceleration of the Americanization of Europe which set in with the post-war period. If the paranoid inflation of the psyche of so many of the new central European states is not deflated before this happens, the receivership will undoubtedly deflate it.

The European states seem, broadly speaking, dominated by two moods, either the paranoiac mood characteristic of Poland and Hungary and Italy, or the defeatist mood characteristic of Austria and England. Why Austria should have given up, should feel politically at an end, and should resign herself to the providence of Fate is obvious enough. What else can this little state with fewer people than are in New York City do? Civilized as are few of the peoples of Europe, the Austrians seem to be seeking in the consolations and refinements of their culture escape from the anxieties of political problems. The easy and natural solution of those problems is union with Germany, and even that, the Austrians hope for rather than work for.

The English have no such cause as the Austrians to feel defeated. They are of the victors in the war, and the Empire has grown greater out of it. But the mood of England did not seem to me a victorious one. Something of the old British

assurance and arrogance was gone. The very bobbies in the London streets seemed different. Anxiety, a certain tension of mind and heart came to me in whatever circles I found myself; whether that of unworldly Oxonian dons making *ex cathedra* deliverances about a world of which they had no experience; or of labor leaders trying to find their way in the tangle of precedent and policy and mixed counsel to some secure and effective base for industrial organization. The young men and women whom I met were no less eager than those of the continental countries about the United States and the possibilities of a living and a career there. The superciliousness which had been so characteristically and comically British when I was a student eighteen years ago, was still to be observed. It was not any longer, however, spontaneous and careless. It had something of a calculated character and was accompanied by what seemed to me an anxiety about how the Americans in the company were taking it. Something, clearly enough, is rotten in the state of England; but what? What is the wellspring of this antithesis between the mood and the power?

I could not on any one visit stay in England a sufficient time to find my way to a reasonable answer. I got a sense as of somebody lost in the

woods and circling back on his own tracks. It may be that both the inner economy of England with its serious problems of unemployment and markets and the like, and the imperial structure have become too complex to be muddled through any longer. It may be that muddling isn't done any longer, that it has ceased to be the method for attaining ends, and that the situation calls for quite another mode of public action. All of England seemed to me like one of those coal fires in a British hotel. You pay extra for it and in return it gives forth smoke and strong smells, a flicker of a dim light, and heat hardly any. In a Franklin stove or a modern furnace it would give neither smoke nor smells, only heat and light.

I do not doubt, since human nature is inveterate and hope springs eternal, that the countries of Europe will find their way to a more stable order and some sanity of life. In one mode or another, the unities which the character of the progressively industrial economy of Europe requires will establish themselves. It may be even that a United States of Europe will replace the old empires. It may be that the diversity of nationalities, whose paranoiac imperialist trends are at the root of the present evil quite as definitively as their repression by the rule of empire was at the root of the evils that came to a head in the Great War, will

attain an harmonious orchestration within that large economic and political frame. But these possibilities are on the laps of the gods, in the hands of the investors of the United States, and in the minds of the children in the schools. The present rulers of Europe have no portion in them.

2

NOR, I cannot help setting down with sadness, do the Jews seem to have. Always an anomaly in the political economy and the social order of the European peoples, their position has, since the war, become more anomalous than ever. Not even the Armenians have been more radically disinherited. From the centers in which they were massed in middle and eastern Europe, Jewry have been spread, by forces over which they had no control, over the whole Continent. Their numbers have grown by immigration in Italy, in Germany, in Spain and in France. Paris promises the development of as spirited and interesting a ghetto as Chicago.

In the original countries of their domicile, outside of Russia, the Jews are endowed under the law of nations with rights such as they have never had since Christianity became a state religion. The law has set up even a guardian and admin-

istrator of those rights. But in every place they are rights without power, administered and guarded by an agent not honored. The League of Nations is a laughingstock and the Commission on National Minorities is, like the Commission on Mandates, a pliant servant of the powers. With the minority rights goes a medieval intensity of anti-Semitism. The formulæ of this anti-Semitism are not new. They still follow the pattern laid down by the Christian system of salvation. The chosen people under the New Covenant, the Christian covenant of God with man, have become the rejected people; outside of the elect congregations of salvation, and therefore outlaws from the fellowship of mankind. This was the principle on which, through the thousands of years that the mind of Europe was set in the Christian posture, the Jews had been permitted to function in the life of Europe. They did openly the work which the children of grace did secretly, being by the laws of grace forbidden. They were the money dealers, the individualistic craftsmen, the middlemen. They performed their services at their own risk and they had to bribe protection and to seduce security while serving.

*When the economy of Europe changed and the prohibitions of the church ceased to have force in keeping commerce and money-trading on a bootleg

level, the power of the Jews increased without any considerable improvement in their status as Jews. But their function was acknowledged. According to Sombart and other historians of the economic life of the western world, they contributed as much as any people to the making of what is modern in the economy of Europe. Abstractly, it was admitted that they were human beings and endowed with the correlative rights. Specifically, their separation from the fellowship of mankind persisted; and although they were admitted successively to participation in the various rights and responsibilities of citizenship, they were not so admitted as Jews, but as abstract, detached individuals. Practically this change made no very great difference in their collective status. They were still an unterritorial nationality. In so far as they were Jewish Jews, they were an alien minority among suspicious neighbors. The dogmas of the Christian tradition continue to apply to them where they persist. Where the dogmas have lapsed, they are replaced by secularizations.

Of those, some make an economic interpretation of the Christian exclusion. The Jews are no longer rejected from the fellowship of salvation because they rejected the Christ; but because they are the quintessential capitalist middlemen, and so without claim or status in the proletarian City of

God. Another gets its categories from anthropology. The history of the world is seen by the proponents of anti-Semitism in this mode as the work of two races: one, fair-skinned, blue-eyed, golden-haired, tall, honest, straightforward, creative; the other short, dark-skinned, brown-eyed, curly-haired, essentially inferior and servile. Whatever is precious in civilization is the work of the blondes; whatever is worthless and evil is the work of the brunettes. The worst of the brunettes are the Jews. Their position is ambiguous. Their minds are devious, their behavior is ambivalent, they are not to be trusted. If foreign relations are troublesome or business is bad or disease spreads or the crops fail, *cherchez le Juif*. If there are defeats in war, the Jews have sold the army out to the enemy. If the terms of peace are hard, it is the work of Jewish bankers. The Jews are described as being in a constant melodrama of conspiracy against the rest of civilization.

That this view is an old wives' tale, obviously and irrefutably without any ground in history or experience or reality, offers no obstruction to its being held and believed by the "best people." Such a belief is an attribute of their bestness, and even when it is given up and apologized for as the distinguished Mr. Henry Ford gave it up and

apologized for it, its basis in inherited attitude, in the Christian tradition, and in the posture of the social mind, is not obliterated.

The consequences in the Jews, through the thousands of years in which their neighbors thought of them in terms like these, can be seen in almost any Jew picked at random anywhere. They have been mitigated in the United States, although recent events have been contributing to their reënforcement. In Europe the vividness and range of these consequences have been magnified since the war. The stamp of personal and national insecurity is well marked. It shows itself in both the virtues and the defects of the Jews, in their intellectuality, in their dialectical propensity, their passionate idealism, their equally passionate worldliness, their neurasthenia and hysteria, their watchfulness and evasiveness, their claims of superiority as the chosen people, as a pure race endowed with all the virtues, including the "mission of Israel," their fanatic assertion of the Jewish entity and their even more fanatic denial of it. For if the term Jew is a term of derogation and reproach as the gentile uses it, it is a term of suffering and handicap and hardship as well as of superiority and glory as the Jew uses it.

To cease being a Jew in this dual sense, somehow, on some conditions, becomes the unconscious

objective of every self-conscious Jew. Like Job, he suffers. He knows that he suffers innocently, without sin, without guilt. He knows that he is helpless in his suffering and that no way of escape from it is really open. The alternative to clinging to his integrity is death. There is no middle way. Many seek death as by conversion, by assimilation, by conscious and intentional self-identification with non-Jews, but more seek a middle way, such as the reformation of Judaism as a religion. But the mass of Jewry cling to their integrity. They are dominated by an ineluctable feeling that not in the abolition of their being as Jews, not in the obliteration of their Jewishness, but in the vindication of their Jewishness lies their hope of salvation.

Parties as opposed as the Yevsekzie and the regular Zionists live in this regard by essentially the same principle. The saving forms are quite diverse, but the intention to conserve the Jewish integrity is the same. In its post-Palestinian European manifestation this integrity had an overruling, religious and ecclesiastical content, and the Jews had clung to it and vindicated it in the face of overwhelming odds. This religious form no longer has a future. Only those who are so blind that they will not see would claim any future for it in the face of what is potent in the settle-

ment of Palestine or the colonization of southern Russia.

The modern form of the Jewish integrity is social and cultural. It is what the word "nationality" designates, not what the word "religion" designates. And it is this in effect which the undoctinaire humanitarian colonization of the Ukraine and the Crimea, no less than the doctrinaire Zionist colonization of Palestine, is predestined to conserve and to perfect. The difference between the two is one of emphasis, not consequence. Zionism is willy-nilly humanitarian. Agrojoint is willy-nilly nationalist. If the work of the Joint Distribution Committee in Russia is salvage for the Russian Jews, the work of the Zionists and the other agencies in Palestine is salvage for all the disinherited and uprooted Jews of Europe and the rest of the world. The latter, however, is more deeply involved in the psychosis of Jewry than the former. It is the outstanding symbol both of the anomalies of the Jewish position and its normalization. The healing of Israel is focused on these two points: southern Russia and Palestine.

That this healing will be a solution of the other problems of the Jews, no one need expect. The matter of making a living and completing a life in contact with neighbors whose *mores* and folk-

ways are different, will always be a problem. But such problems have nothing abnormal in them. They are inherent in the nature of human groupings. What is specifically "the Jewish problem" is exclusively abnormal. It is the problem set up by the peculiar status of the Jews as a social group in the Christian world. When that peculiarity has been obliterated, then the Jewish position will cease to involve attitudes and ideas different fundamentally from the Irish or the Polish or the Turkish or any other nationality's position. What is peculiar and different in the Jewish problem will then have been dissolved. The Jews will be a people among other peoples, no worse, no better, only different, and out of that difference giving their particular enrichment of the symphony of civilization.

Quite other than the lovingkindness, than the mere saving of individual life and individual character, upon which American Jewry is engaged, is this other, deeper, more signal task of saving the Jewish integrity by normalizing the Jewish position. Since the war the abnormalities of this position have been intensified. Under the terms of the Peace the Jew has simply been made to replace the Turk as the Sick Man of Europe. To the social and spiritual duplecity of Jewry's collective status, there has now

been formally added a political one. They have the rights of nationality, and no power except to cry out that their rights are being violated. They have the institutional structure of nationality and no land to build it up on. So far, the rights have only increased enmities without improving status. Except for Russia and Palestine, the Jews as a nationality would live in desire without hope. In these two countries are the foci of normalization of the Jewish position. There to save the individual Jew, and by saving the individual Jew to hold fast, to validate the integrity of Israel, is the task of the fortunate Jewry of America, whose nationality is already a ghost that passes.

THE END

[illegible]

Library Bureau Cat. No. 1137

DS
149
.K39

DS 8416
149
.K39 Kallen
AUTHOR

Frontiers of Hope

DS 8416
149
.K39 Kallen
AUTHOR

Frontiers of hope

TITLE

DATE DUE	BORROWER'S NAME	ROOM NUMBER
----------	-----------------	-------------

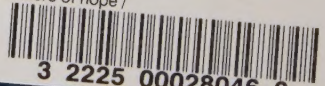
DS
149
.K39

8416

Kallen—Frontiers of hope

PROPERTY OF
PEARLMAN MEMORIAL LIBRARY
CENTRAL BIBLE INSTITUTE

CENTRAL BIBLE COLLEGE
DS149.K39
Frontiers of hope /



3 2225 00028046 6